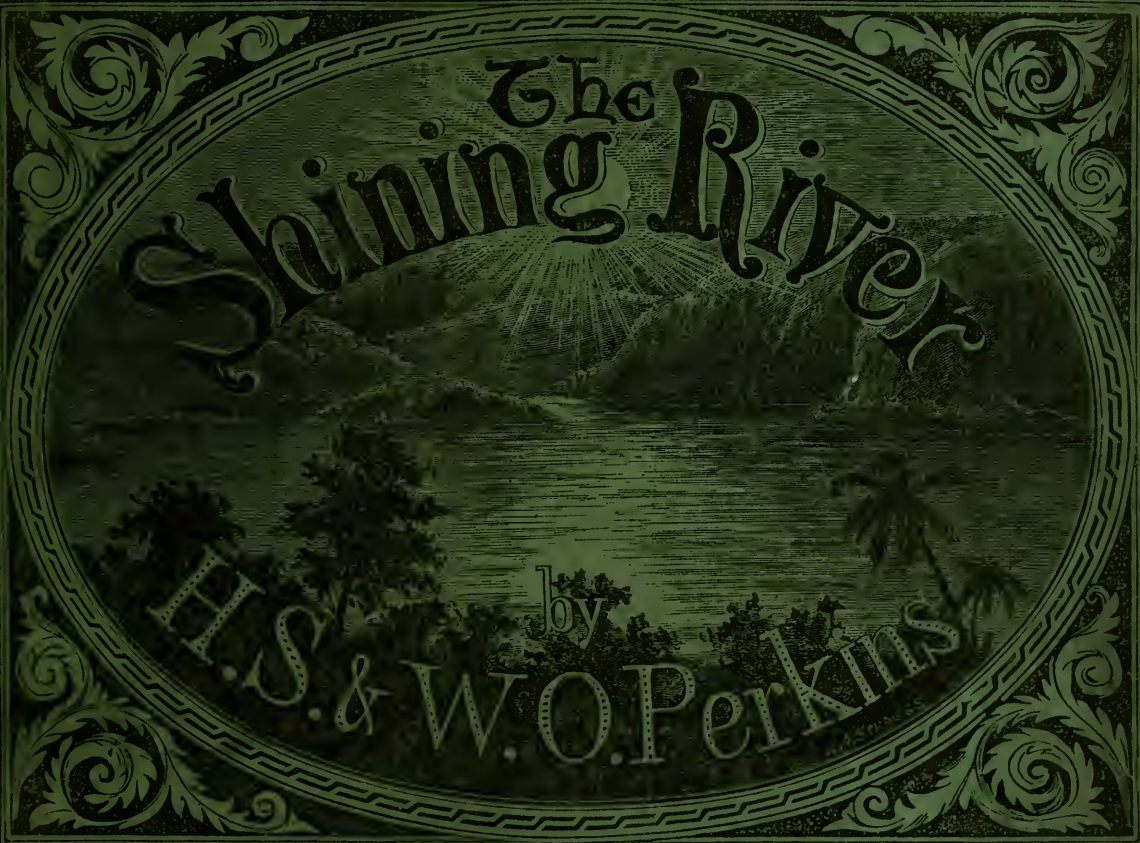


The Shining River

An oval illustration of a river scene. In the center, a small boat is on the water, with a bright sunburst emanating from behind it, creating rays that spread across the sky. The river is flanked by trees and foliage. The entire scene is enclosed within an oval frame decorated with intricate scrollwork and floral patterns at the corners.

by
H.S. & W.O. Perkins

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PREFACE.

THE music and words of the SHINING RIVER are mostly new, and the Editors, in making selections from the large quantity of material at their command, have endeavored to make use of such only as would prove attractive and serviceable to the Sunday School.

The work contains many new pieces, never before published, from some of the most successful authors in the land, and the Editors take this opportunity to thank their numerous friends who have so generously contributed to its pages.

H. S. & W. O. PERKINS.

THE SHINING RIVER.

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

Words and Music by H. S. PERKINS.

Heartily.

1st.

2d.

- | | | | | |
|------|------|---|---|------------------------------|
| 1. { | Flow | on, thou SHINING Ri - ver, And may thy wa - ters roll, | } | And slake the thirsty soul: |
| | To | bless and heal the na - tions, [omit.....] | | |
| 2. { | Flow | on, thou SHINING Ri - ver, An ev - er - liv - ing stream, | } | Make earth with beauty teem: |
| | Give | health to ev - 'ry crea - ture, [omit.....] | | |
| 3. { | Flow | on, thou SHINING Ri - ver, With gladness; fill each heart | } | Who doth its life im - part: |
| | With | love to God, the giv - er, [omit.....] | | |

D.C.—Flow on, thou SHINING Ri - ver, [omit.....] To cheer the plains be - low.

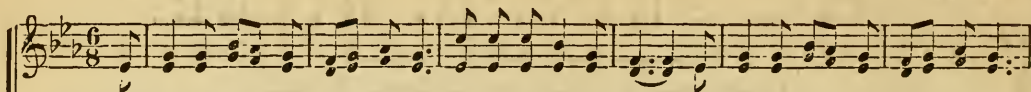
D. C.

From	moun - tain,	hill, and	val - - ley,	Pure,	spark - ling	as you	flow;
Re -	fresh	the	thirst - y	As	on - ward	thou	dost go;
And	nev - er	cease	thy	flow - - ing	Till	all his	love shall know;

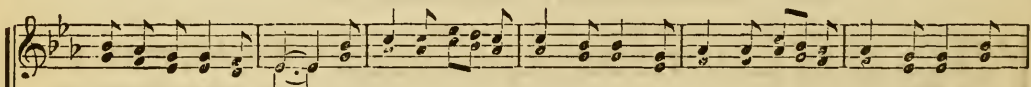
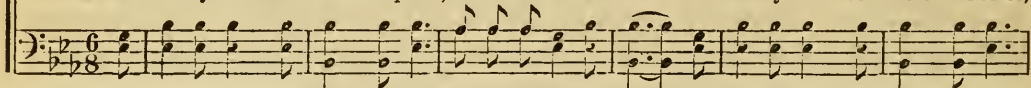
GOLDEN JERUSALEM.

ELLEN M. HASTINGS.

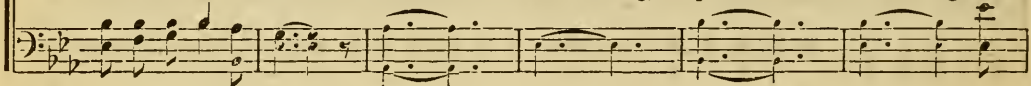
W. O. PERKINS.



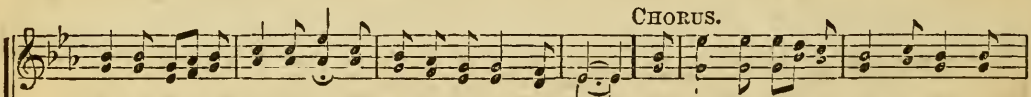
1. There is be-yond a shin-ing land, Golden Je-ru-sa - lem— Where dwells a ho-ly, hap - py band,
2. No ear hath heard, no tongue can tell, Golden Je-ru-sa - lem— What bliss with-in thy walls doth dwell,
3. With - in thy bor-ders there is peace, Golden Je-ru-sa - lem— All earth-ly tri - als there will cease,



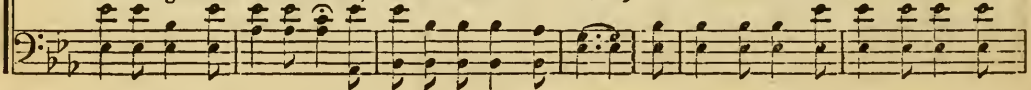
Gold-en Je - ru - sa - lem— The streets of gold, and jasper wall, With gates of pure, white, glitt'ring pearl Are
 Gold-en Je - ru - sa - lem— And mor-tal eye hath nev - er seen Thy riv - er pure, of crys-tal sheen, That's
 Gold-en Je - ru - sa - lem— Our Sa-viour there will be our King, His praises ev-er-more we'll sing When



CHORUS.



shin-ing in God's glorious light, Dear Golden Jerusa - lem.
 flowing from the throne of God, Dear Golden Jerusa - lem.
 to that glorious land we come, Dear Golden Jerusa - lem. } To that bright home I long to go, When



GOLDEN JERUSALEM. Concluded.

5

I shall leave this world of woe, How sweet 'twill be to see and know Dear Golden Jeru - sa - lem.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence on the word 'Jerusalem'.

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN.

*

1. Little children, one and all, Listen to the Saviour's call; Lo! with gracious love and care, He will all your troubles bear.
 2. Listen with attentive ear: Ever guard your heart with fear: Press unto the shining way Leading to the perfect day.
 3. Come, while youth is on thy brow, Come, accept the promise now; Christ will lead you by his love To his home in heav'n above.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence on the word 'above'.

CHORUS.

Hear the in - vi - ta - tion,—to all it is free, "Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to me."

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence on the word 'me'.

GIRD ON THE ARMOR.

With Vigor.

Words and Music by H. S. PERKINS.

1. Gird on the ar - mor, brave soul, to-day; Work for the truth and the right; Though sin and er - ror
 2. Storms may assail, and darkness surround, Thunders of malice a - rise; Raise high the banner,
 3. God's truth will conquer, e'en though, to-day, Er - ror may rule in the land; Light breaks the darkness,

CHORUS.

stand in the way, Darkness will soon take its flight.
 shout forth the sound, Cloudless will soon be the sky.
 drives gloom away: Ev - er by truth firmly stand. } Soldiers of progress, honest and true,

March to the front 'gainst the wrong, Those who'd be victors, those who would win, Must be valiant, courageous and strong.

WE ARE MARCHING ON TO ZION.

7

ELLEN M. HASTINGS.

W. O. PERKINS.

1. We are marching on to Zi - on, We are marching on to Zi - on, We are marching on to Zi - on, A
 Jesus Christ shall be our leader, Jesus Christ shall be our lead - er, Jesus Christ shall be our lead - er, To
 2. We shall see the blessed Zi - on, We shall see the blessed Zi - on, We shall see the blessed Zi - on, When
 We shall hear the glad hosannas, We shall hear the glad hosannas, We shall hear the glad hosannas, When
 3. Dearest friends, won't you go with us, Dearest friends, won't you go with us, Dearest friends, won't you go with us, And
 Let us all march on to Zi - on, Let us all march on to Zi - on, Let us all march on to Zi - on, That

CHORUS.

happy pilgrim band,
 lead us to that land.
 all our toil is o'er.
 on that heav'nly shore.
 join this pilgrim band?
 glorious shining land.

Whatsoe'er we want he'll provide.
 He will be our strength and guide,
 Let us sing as we
 Let us sing

march For we're a happy pilgrim band, Let us sing as we march For we're a happy band.
 as we march, Let us sing as we march,

THANKS BE TO GOD.

Written and composed for the S. S. Convention, Picnic, and Musical Festival exercises at the Natural Bridge,
Lexington, Va., July 23, 1875.

H. S. PERKINS.

S. Moderato.

ff

1. Thanks be to God, Thanks be to God, Thanks for his mer-ci-ful kind-ness, For
2. Thanks be to God, Thanks be to God, Thanks for all na-ture a-round us, For
3. Thanks be to God, Thanks be to God, Thanks for the sun-shine and shad-ow, For
4. Thanks be to God, Thanks be to God, Thanks to our Heav-en-ly Fa-ther, Whose

com-forts we dai-ly re-ceive; Thanks for his boun-ti-ful goodness, For health-giving air that we
perfumes that come in the breeze; Thanks for the fruit-age and flow-ers, For songsters, for for-ests and
mountain, for val-ley and plain; Thanks for the brook-let and river, Which brings to earth freshness a-
care he so rich-ly be-stows; Thanks to his Son and Re-deem-er, Whose measure of love o-ver-

CHORUS.

breathe; For sunshine and rain, To ri-pen the grain, All praise to his glo-ri-ous name.
trees; For friendship so dear, As we gather here, And all things that bring us good cheer.
gain; For ver-dure so green, For breez-es un-seen, All praise to our Heav-en-ly King.
flows; His name we a-dore, And mer-cy implore, We'll praise his great name evermore.

} Thanks be to

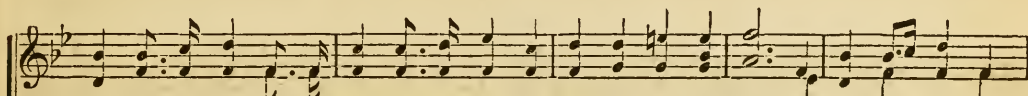
THANKS BE TO GOD. Concluded.

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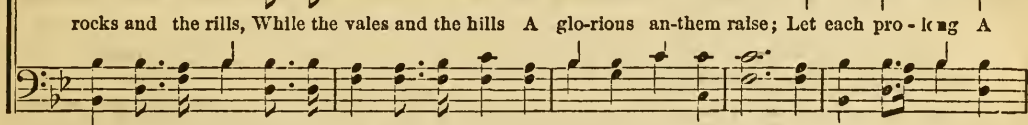
FULL CHORUS.
Spirited.



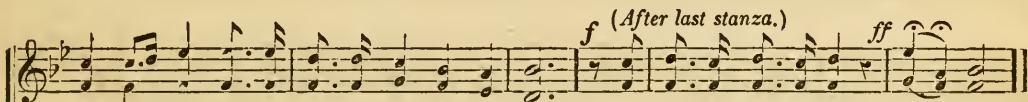
God, Thanks be to God, Thanks be to God, Thanks be to God, All praise to his glorious name. While the

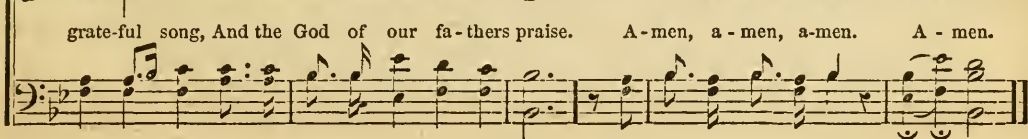
rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills A glo-rious an-them raise; Let each pro-long A



f (After last stanza.) *ff*



grate-ful song, And the God of our fa-thers praise. A-men, a-men, a-men. A-men.



Words written for this work by ELLEN M. HASTINGS.

*

1. This dark world is not my dwell- ing—Far be- yond, in heav'n above, Is the home to which I'm
 2. To my Father's house I'm go - ing, When this toilsome journey's o'er— To my heavenly Father's
 3. He is waiting to receive me, And his Son will lead me in; Then I nevermore shall
 4. I'll not mind the care and sor - row That up - on this earth I find, For I know there comes to—

CHORUS.

go - ing.— Blessed home of peace and love.
 man - sion, There to dwell for-ev-er - more. } Go - ing home, go - ing home, Never-
 wan - der In this wildernss of sin. } Going home, going home.
 - mor - row, When I'll leave it all be-hind. }

Repeat pp.

- more a - gain to roam; How this thought doth soothe and cheer me, That I am go - ing home.
 To roam;

REST IN THEE.

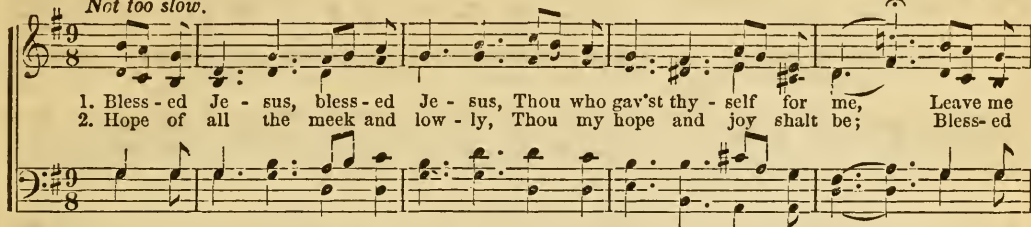
11

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. II, 28.

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him."—PS. XXXVII, 7.

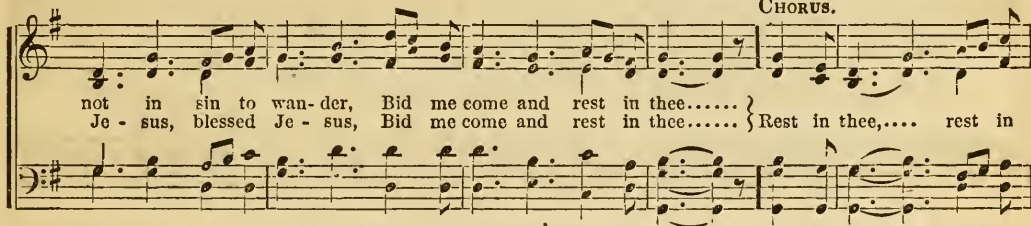
H. S. PERKINS.

Not too slow.



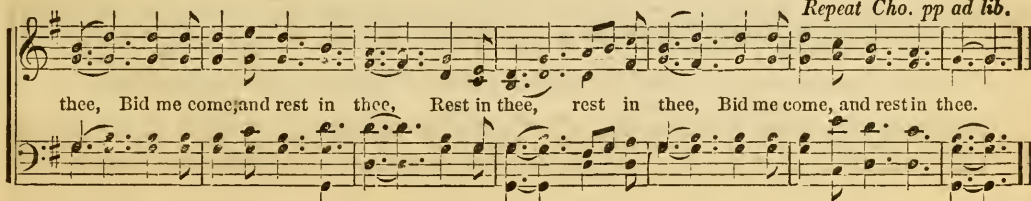
1. Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou who gav'st thy - self for me, Leave me
2. Hope of all the meek and low - ly, Thou my hope and joy shalt be; Bless - ed

CHORUS.



not in sin to wan - der, Bid me come and rest in thee..... }
Je - sus, blessed Je - sus, Bid me come and rest in thee..... } Rest in thee,.... rest in

Repeat Cho. pp ad lib.



thee, Bid me come, and rest in thee, Rest in thee, rest in thee, Bid me come, and rest in thee.

WE'LL SOFTLY REST.

Words and Music by CHARLES GABRIEL.

1. When toils of earth are o'er, And we our work have done; We'll lay these bodies down to rest And
 2. Oh, joy-ful then 'twill be, To meet each one at home, Where pain will trouble us no more, And

CHORUS.

sing the "welcome home." } We'll go home, We'll go home, We'll go home, To our
 we shall nev - er roam. } We'll go home, We'll go home,

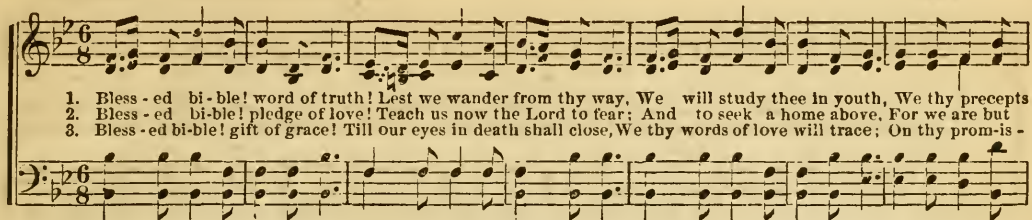
sweet and peaceful rest, And sing with an-gels round the throne Glad songs among the blest.

BLESSED BIBLE.

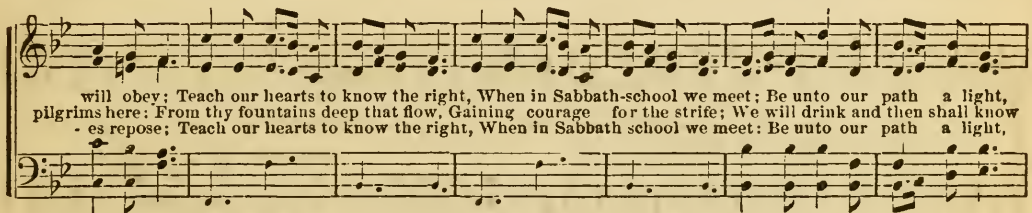
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E. R. LATTÄ.

W. O. PERKINS.

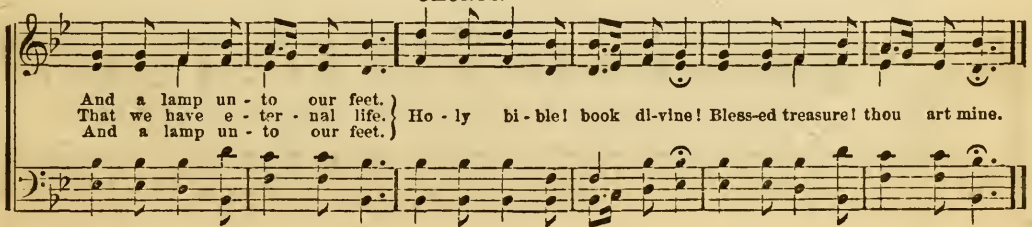


1. Bless - ed bi - ble! word of truth! Lest we wander from thy way, We will study thee in youth, We thy precepts
 2. Bless - ed bi - ble! pledge of love! Teach us now the Lord to fear; And to seek a home above, For we are but
 3. Bless - ed bi - ble! gift of grace! Till our eyes in death shall close, We thy words of love will trace; On thy prom - is -



will obey; Teach our hearts to know the right, When in Sabbath-school we meet; Be unto our path a light,
 pilgrims here: From thy fountains deep that flow, Gaining courage for the strife; We will drink and then shall know
 - es repose; Teach our hearts to know the right, When in Sabbath school we meet: Be unto our path a light,

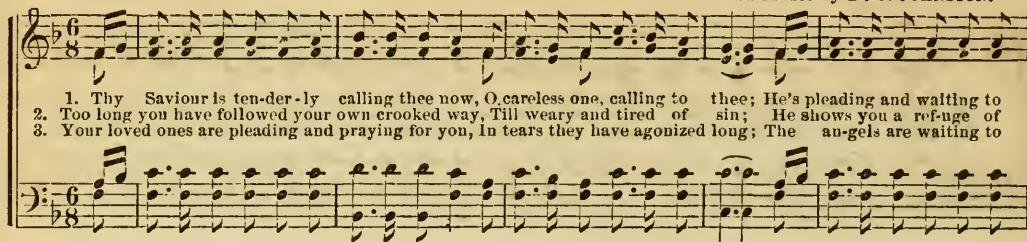
CHORUS.



And a lamp un - to our feet.
 That we have e - ter - nal life. } Ho - ly bi - ble! book di - vine! Bless - ed treasure! thou art mine.
 And a lamp un - to our feet. }

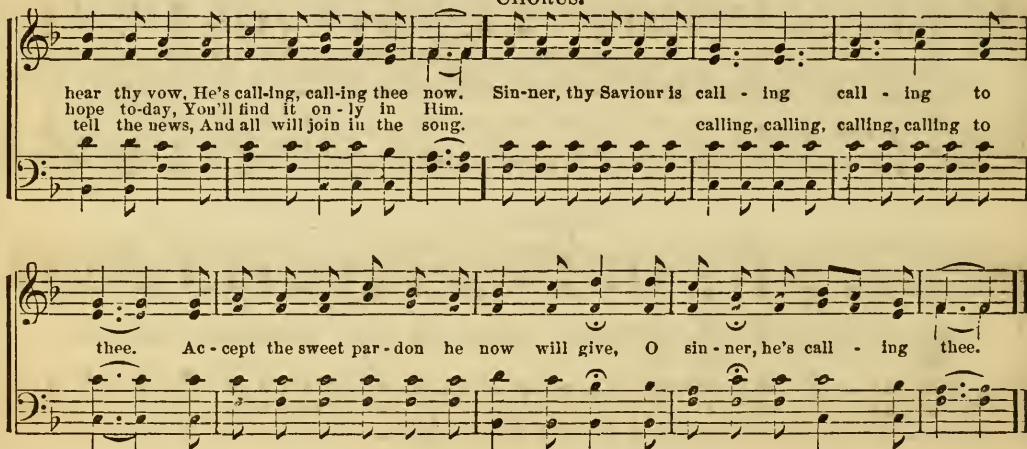
SINNER, THY SAVIOUR IS CALLING.

Words and Music by D. S. JOHNSTON.



1. Thy Saviour is ten-der-ly calling thee now, O careless one, calling to thee; He's pleading and waiting to
 2. Too long you have followed your own crooked way, Till weary and tired of sin; He shows you a ref-uge of
 3. Your loved ones are pleading and praying for you, In tears they have agonized long; The an-gels are waiting to

CHORUS.



hear thy vow, He's call-ing, call-ing thee now. Sin-ner, thy Saviour is call - ing call - ing to
 hope to-day, You'll find it on - ly in Him. calling, calling, calling, calling to
 tell the news, And all will join in the song.

thee. Ac - cept the sweet par-don he now will give, O sin - ner, he's call - ing thee.

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER, HEAR OUR PRAYER.

15

W. N. EVANS,
Andante.

HYMN BEFORE PRAYER.

H. S. PERKINS, By per.

1. Our heaven - ly Fa - ther! as we bow be - fore thee, Hear us, thy chil - dren,
2. Thou art our Fa - ther, thou so high and ho - ly, And we may ven - ture
3. Help us to lay a - side all world - ly feel - ing, To give our hearts to

in our hum-ble prayer; In child-like trust our souls would fain a-dore thee, And praise and bless thee
on thy name to call; For still thy voice in - vites the meek and low - ly, Thy heavenly love does
good-ness, truth, and love; Oh, send thy Spir - it, with its deep re - veal - ing, To lift our souls from

tempo ad lib. *p* *pp*
for thy lov - ing care. } Hear our prayer, Oh, hear our prayer! A - men.
- seek and keep us all.
earth to heaven a - bove.

LORD, REMEMBER MY PRAYER.

"Ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your hearts."—JER. 29: 13.

CHARLES GABRIEL.

H. S. PERKINS.

1. In the dark-ness of night, When the earth's wrapt in sleep, Then a-lone do I
 2. Oft a-stray I have gone From thy dear, lov-ing fold, Yet thou didst fol-low
 3. Keep me near to thy side, Let me walk close to thee, Till a few days pass

kneel, My lone prayer to re-peat; Sin-ful though I may be, Yet thy love I may
 on, Brought me back as of old; I have transgressed thy law, I thy name would not
 by, Then my soul will be free; Thou wilt take me to thee, To thy man-sions so

share; In the dark-ness of night, Lord, re-mem-ber my prayer, Lord, re-mem-ber my
 bear; Now in mer-cy I ask, Lord, re-mem-ber my prayer, Lord, re-mem-ber my
 fair; Then in heav-en I'll say, Thou re-mem-bered my prayer, Thou re-mem-bered my

LORD, REMEMBER MY PRAYER. Concluded.

17

prayer, Lord, re-mem-ber my prayer; In the dark-ness of night, Lord, re-mem-ber my prayer.
 prayer, Lord, re-mem-ber my prayer; Now in mer-cy I ask, Lord, re-mem-ber my prayer.
 prayer, Thou re-mem-bered my prayer; Then in heav-en I'll say, Thou re-mem-bered my prayer.

MORE LOVE, O GOD, TO THEE.

Mrs. E. PRENTISS. By per.

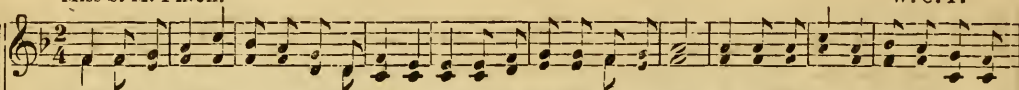
H. S. PERKINS. By per.

1. More love, O God, to thee, More love to thee; Hear thou the prayer we make On bended knee;
2. Once earth-ly joys I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now thee, my God, I seek, Give what is best;
3. Then shall my la-test breath Whisper thy praise: To thee the part-ing cry My heart shall raise;

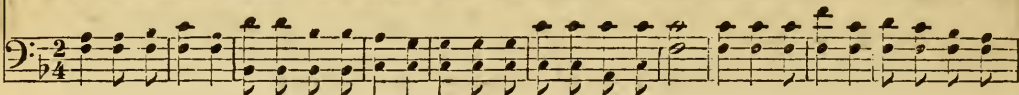
This is my ear-nest plea: More love, O God, to thee; More love, O God, to thee, More love to thee.
 This all my prayer shall be: More love, &c.
 This still its prayer shall be: More love, &c.

Miss S. M. FINCH.

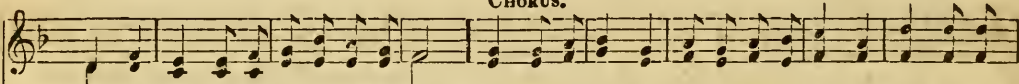
W. C. P.



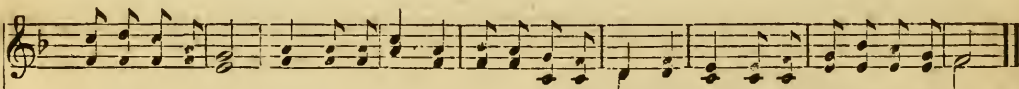
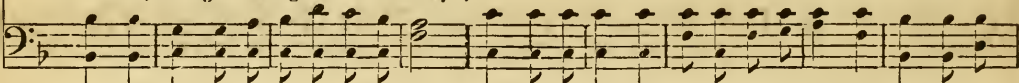
1. Where the unfading tree of life is growing, Beyond bright Eden's golden gate, Beside the crystal river ev - er
 2. God's holy laws the angels ne'er have broken, The way of sin they ne'er have known, Yet love they all who bear the precious
 3. 'Tis sweet to think the holy angels love us, That they are watching, night and day, From worlds on high, the stately heav'ns a-



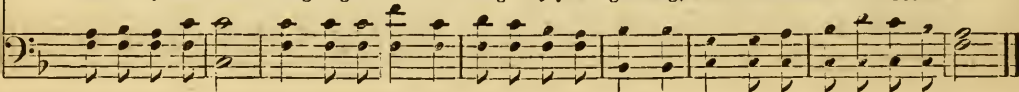
CHORUS.



flow - ing, For us the ho - ly angels wait.
 to - ken That Jesus claims them as his own. } Just o'er the stream the angel hosts are waiting, Waiting to
 - bove us, To guard and guide us on our way.



take us by the hand, Sing - ing to us their songs of joyous greeting, As we draw near the Happy Land.



FEED MY LAMBS.

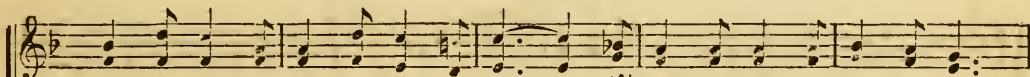
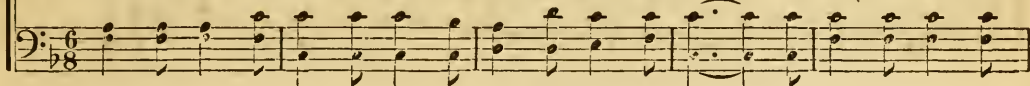
19

A. N. O.

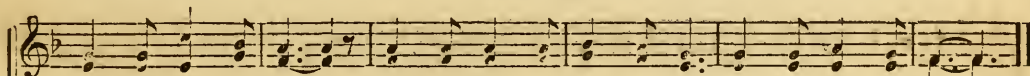
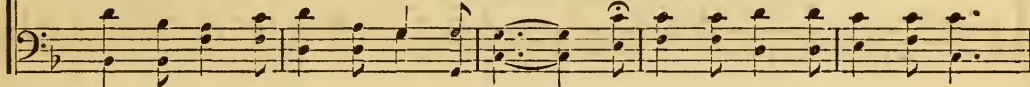
HARRY SOUTHWICK.



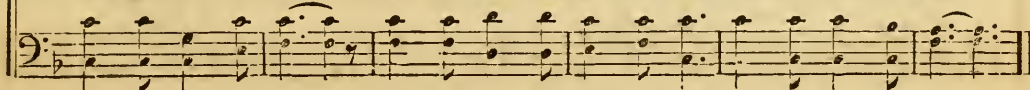
1. "Feed my lambs," the Sa - viour said, "With pa - tient watchful care,.... And those who love's God's
2. "Feed my lambs," the Sa - viour said, "And in my like - ness grow,.... That words of love and
3. "Feed my lambs," the Sa - viour said, "My face you soon shall see,..... And those dear lambs that



ho - ly name Shall soon my glo - ry share.".... Yes, "Feed my lambs," the Sa - viour said,
 gen - tle - ness Un - ceas - ing - ly shall flow.".... Yes, "Feed my lambs," &c.
 hear my voice Your crown of joy shall be."..... Yes, "Feed my lambs," &c.



"Take them to your care; He who helps the lit - tle ones Shall my glo - ry share."



LIZZIE ASHBAUGH.

H. S. PERKINS. By per.

Not too slow.

1. Christians, go work for Je - sus, Work, while 'tis called to - day; Soon will your life be o - ver,
 2. Thrust in the sharpened si - cle, Gather the golden grain Scattered so free-ly round you,
 3. Plen - te - ous is the har - vest, Li - bor - ers are too few; God blesses ev - 'ry work - er,

CHORUS.

Therefore, go work and pray.
 Growing on hill and plain. } We'll work for Je - sus, work for Je - sus, Till our day is o'er,
 He will bless me and you.

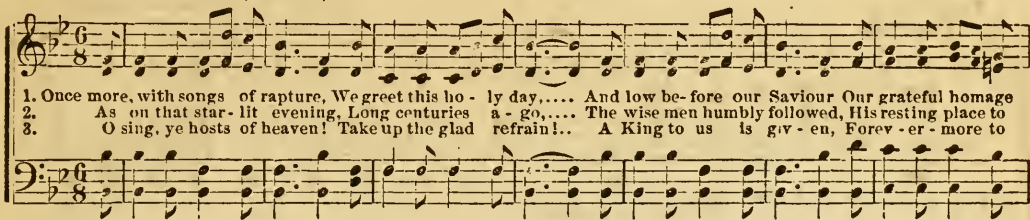
Then we'll bear our sheaves, rejoicing, Resting evermore; Resting, resting, resting, resting, Resting ev - er - more.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

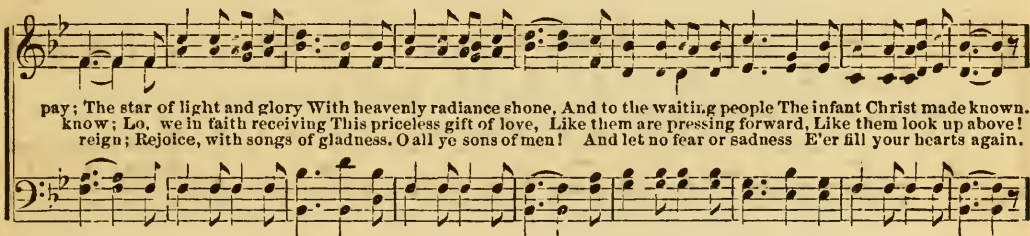
21

Mrs. R. N. TURNER, Warren, R. I.

W. O. PERKINS.



1. Once more, with songs of rapture, We greet this ho - ly day,.... And low be - fore our Saviour Our grateful homage
 2. As on that star - lit evening, Long centuries a - go,.... The wise men humbly followed, His resting place to
 3. O sing, ye hosts of heaven! Take up the glad refrain!.. A King to us is giv - en, Forev - er - more to



pay; The star of light and glory With heavenly radiance shone, And to the waiting people The infant Christ made known.
 know; Lo, we in faith receiving This priceless gift of love, Like them are pressing forward, Like them look up above!
 reign; Rejoice, with songs of gladness, O all ye sons of men! And let no fear or sadness E'er fill your hearts again.

CHORUS.



Carol, carol, merri - ly, Before the new-born King; Joyful, joyful, in the air, Our Christmas praises ring.

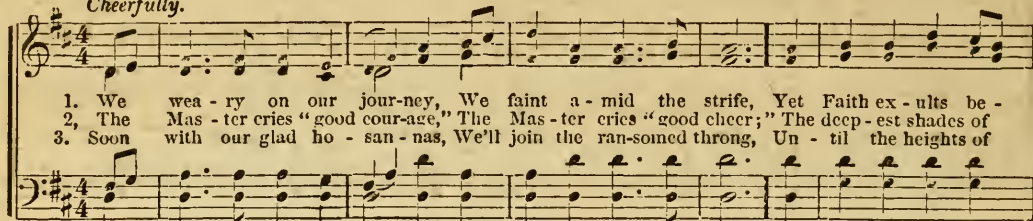
CROWN OF LIFE.

"And henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of life that fadeth not away."

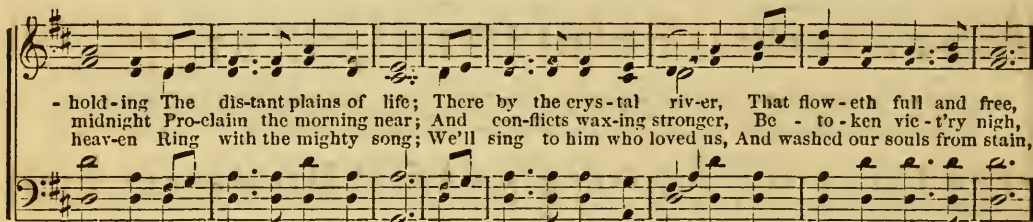
FLORA BEST.

Cheerfully.

WM. W. BENTLEY.

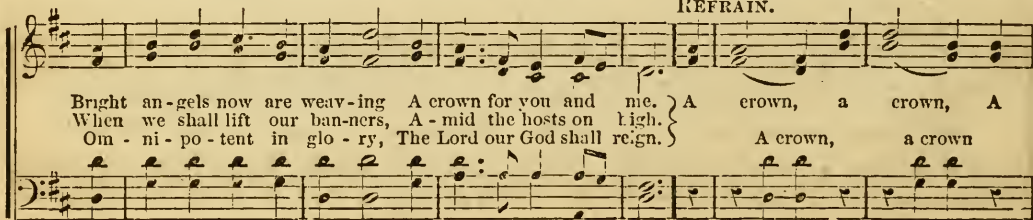


1. We wea - ry on our jour - ney, We faint a - mid the strife, Yet Faith ex - ults be -
 2. The Mas - ter cries "good cour - age," The Mas - ter cries "good cheer;" The deep - est shades of
 3. Soon with our glad ho - san - nas, We'll join the ran - soined throng, Un - til the heights of



- hold - ing The dis - tant plains of life; There by the crys - tal riv - er, That flow - eth full and free,
 midnight Pro - claim the morning near; And con - flicts wax - ing stronger, Be - to - ken vic - t'ry nigh,
 heav - en Ring with the mighty song; We'll sing to him who loved us, And washed our souls from stain,

REFRAIN.



Bright an - gels now are weav - ing A crown for you and me. } A crown, a crown, A
 When we shall lift our ban - ners, A - mid the hosts on high. }
 Om - ni - po - tent in glo - ry, The Lord our God shall reign. } A crown, a crown

CROWN OF LIFE. Concluded.

23

crown of life for you and me, A crown, a crown, A crown of life for you and me.
 crown of life for you and me, A crown, a crown,

J. C. M.

THE CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

W. O. P.

1. The Christmas chimes are ringing in The day when Christ was born; And children's voices sweetly tuned, Wel-
 2. Ju - de - a's hills with glo-ry crowned, Be-held the Prince of Peace; While angels of his ad - vent sung, In
 3. None oth-ers raise the joy - ful song From Jew or Gen-tile tongue! But now from eastern shore to west That
 4. "Glo - ry to God in sweet-est songs!" Let children's voices raise Th' an-gel-ic cho - rus, till the earth Be

- come the bless-ed morn With that first Christmas song a-gain, "Glo - ry to God, good will to men."
 songs that ne'er shall cease: Each year re-sounds the cho - rus still, "Glo - ry to God, to men good will."
 Christ-mas song is sung, Which first swelled out o'er Ju-dah's plain, "Glo-ry to God, good will to men,"
 all enwrap with praise, And ev - 'ry heart the an - them thrill, "Glo-ry to God, to men good will."

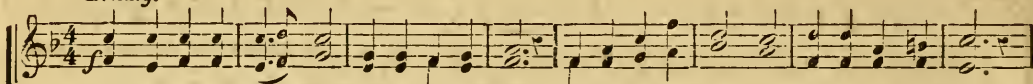
ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

"The Lord will do wonders among you."

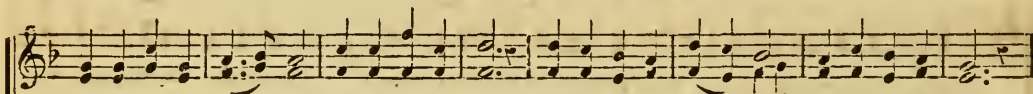
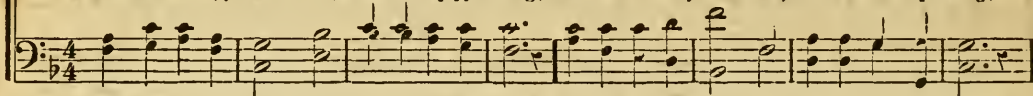
S. BARING GOULD.

Briskly.

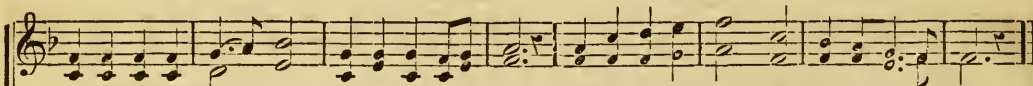
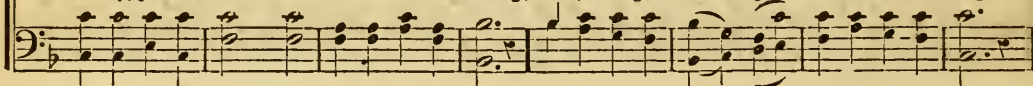
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



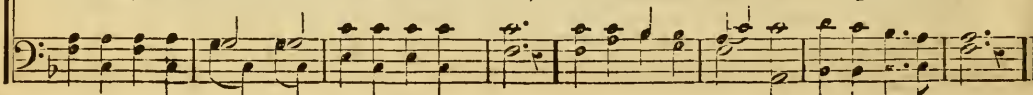
1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers, God's own land restore; With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore;
 2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the church of God: Brothers, we are tread-ing Where the saints have trod;
 3. On-ward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap-py throng; Blend with ours your voices, In the tri-umph song;



Christ, the Roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; Forward in-to bat - tle Let his ban-ners go.
 We are not di - vi - ded, All one bod-y we; One in hope and pur - pose, One in char - i - ty.
 Glo-ry, praise, and hon - or Un-to Christ our King; This, through endless a - ges, Men and an-geis sing.

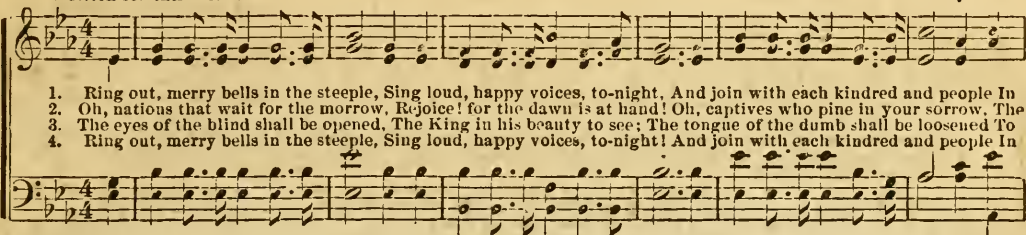


On-ward, Christian Sol-diers, God's own land re - store; With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore.



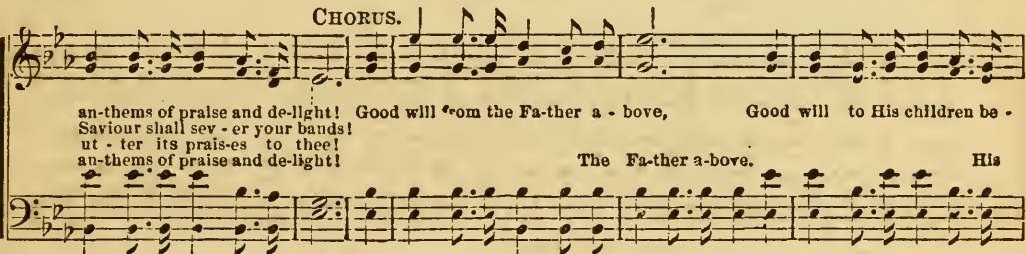
Written for this work.

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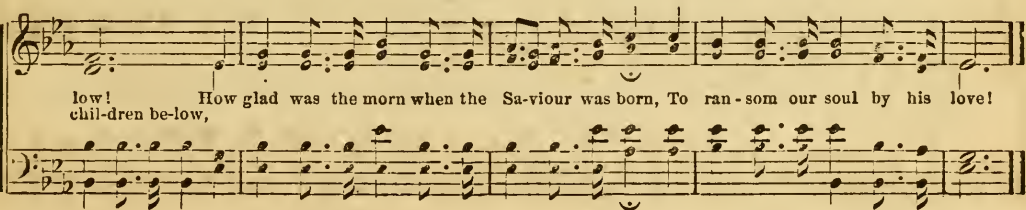
1. Ring out, merry bells in the steeple, Sing loud, happy voices, to-night, And join with each kindred and people In
2. Oh, nations that wait for the morrow, Rejoice! for the dawn is at hand! Oh, captives who pine in your sorrow, The
3. The eyes of the blind shall be opened, The King in his beauty to see; The tongue of the dumb shall be loosened To
4. Ring out, merry bells in the steeple, Sing loud, happy voices, to-night! And join with each kindred and people In

CHORUS.



an-thems of praise and de-light! Good will from the Fa-ther a - bove, Good will to His children be -
 Saviour shall say - er your baad!
 ut - ter its prais-es to thee!
 an-thems of praise and de-light!

The Fa-ther a-bove. His

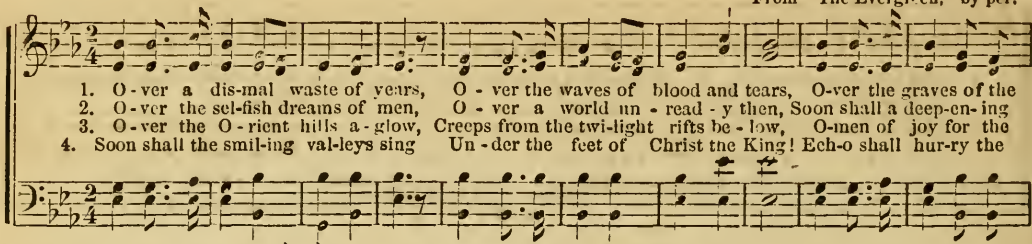


low! How glad was the morn when the Sa-viour was born, To ran-som our soul by his love!
 chil-dren be-low,

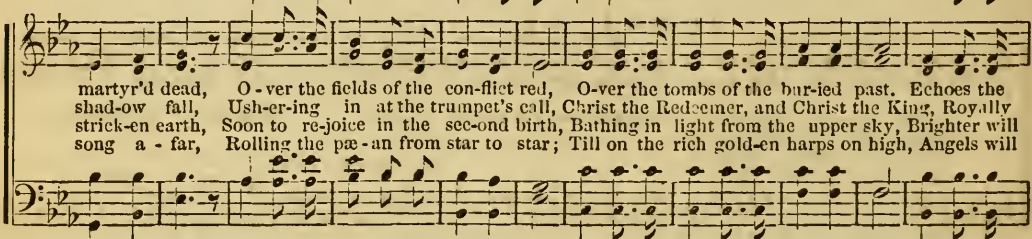
WATCHMAN, AWAKE!

H. S. P.

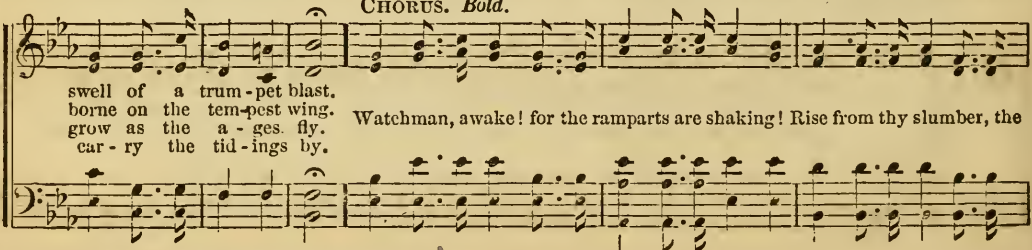
From "The Evergreen," by per.



1. O-ver a dis-mal waste of years, O-ver the waves of blood and tears, O-ver the graves of the
 2. O-ver the sel-fish dreams of men, O-ver a world un-read-y then, Soon shall a deep-en-ing
 3. O-ver the O-rient hills a-glow, Creeps from the twi-light rifts be-low, O-men of joy for the
 4. Soon shall the smil-ing val-leys sing Un-der the feet of Christ the King! Ech-o shall hur-ry the



martyr'd dead, O-ver the fields of the con-flict red, O-ver the tombs of the bur-ied past. Echoes the
 shad-ow fall, Ush-er-ing in at the trumpet's call, Christ the Red-empter, and Christ the King, Royally
 strick-en earth, Soon to re-joice in the sec-ond birth, Bathing in light from the upper sky, Brighter will
 song a-far, Rolling the pæ-an from star to star; Till on the rich gold-en harps on high, Angels will

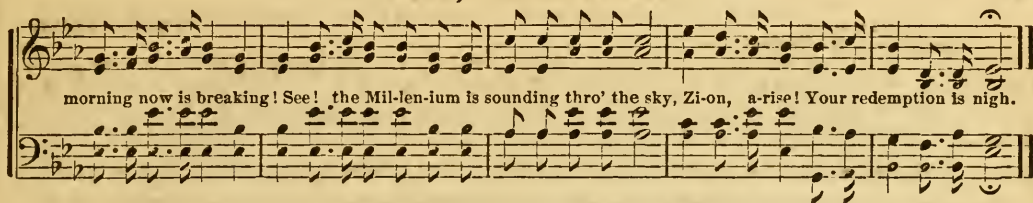
CHORUS. *Bold.*


swell of a trum-pet blast.
 borne on the tem-pest wing.
 grow as the a-ges fly.
 car-ry the tid-ings by.

Watchman, awake! for the ramparts are shaking! Rise from thy slumber, the

WATCHMAN, AWAKE! Concluded.

27



morning now is breaking! See! the Mil-len-ium is sounding thro' the sky, Zi-on, a-rise! Your redemption is nigh.

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

H. S. P.



1. { Now to heav'n our prayer as - cend - ing, God speed the right! }
 { In a no - ble cause con - tend - ing, [OMIT.....] } God speed the right!

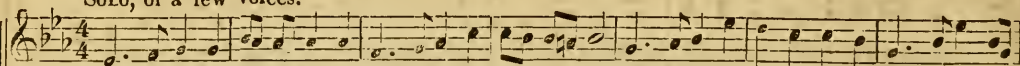
2. { Be that prayer a - gain re - peat - ed, God speed the right; }
 { Ne'er de - spair - ing, though de - feat - ed, [OMIT.....] } God speed the right!

3. { Still their on - ward course pur - su - ing, God speed the right; }
 { Ev - ry foe at length sub - du - ing, [OMIT.....] } God speed the right!

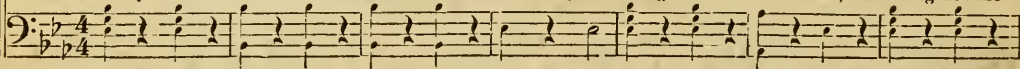
{ Be their zeal in heaven re - cord - ed, }
 { In the bet - ter land re - ward - ed, } God speed the right! God speed the right.
 { Like the good and great in sto - ry, }
 { If they fail, they fail with glo - ry; } God speed, &c.
 { Truth thy cause, what-e'er de - lay it, }
 { There's no power on earth can stay it. } God speed, &c.

WHO ARE THESE.

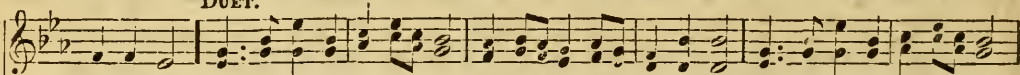
"CHURCH HYMNAL," "And lo, a great multitude, which no man could number."—REV. VII, 9. WM. W. BENTLY.
Solo, or a few voices.



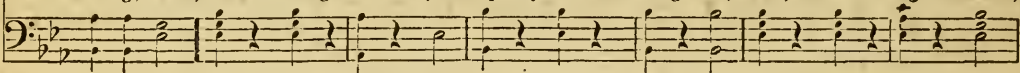
1. Who are these, like stars appearing. These before God's throne who stand, Each a golden crown is wearing, Who are all this
 2. Who are these in dazzling brightness, Clothed in God's own righteousness, These, whose robes of purest whiteness, Still their
 3. These are they whose hearts were riven, Sore with woe and anguish tried, Who in pray'r full oft have striven With the God
 4. These are they who have contended For their Saviour's honor long, Wrestling on till life was ended, Following not the



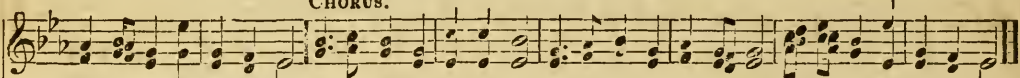
DUET.



glorious band? Hal - le - lu - jah! hark, they sing Praises to their heavenly King, Hal - le - lu - jah! hark, they sing
 shall possess, Still untouch'd by time's rude hand, Whence comes all this glorious band? Still untouch'd by time's rude hand,
 glo - ri - fied. Now, their painful conflict o'er, God has bid them weep no more; Now, their painful conflict o'er
 sinful throng; These, who well the fight sustain'd, Triumphs by the Lamb have gain'd; These, who well the fight sustain'd,

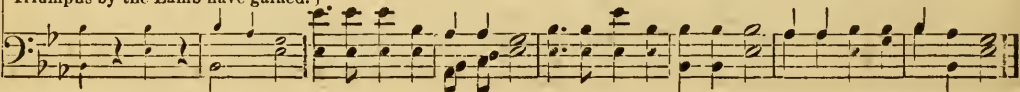


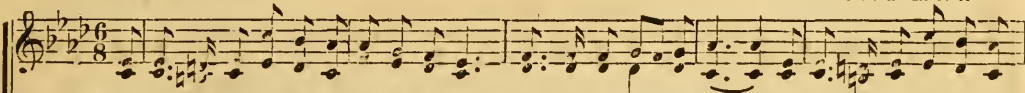
CHORUS.



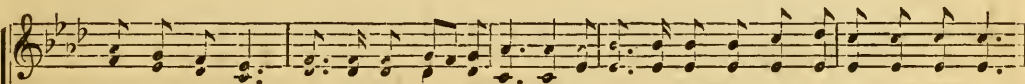
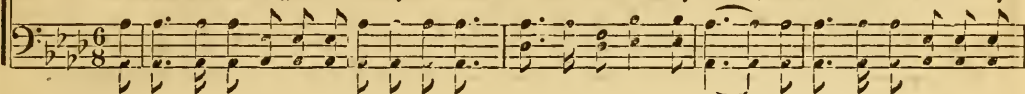
Praises to their heavenly King.
 Whence comes all this glorious band?
 God has bid them weep no more.
 Triumphs by the Lamb have gained.

Hallelu-jah! hark, they sing Praises to their heav'nly King, Praises to their heav'nly
 [King.]

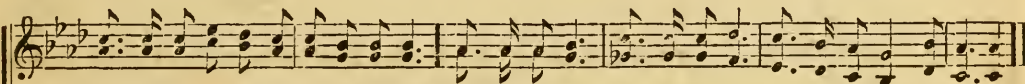




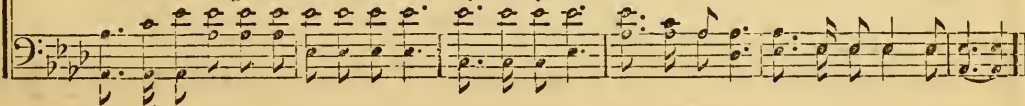
1. We'll gather the children from lane and from street In - to the Sunday School; We'll ask them to come, ev'ry
2. The place is so pleasant, and all are so kind, In our dear Sunday School, Such words of sweet welcome and
3. We want to make larger our Sunday School band—Come to our Sunday School; We want in the ranks ev'ry



one that we meet, In - to the Sunday School; We love it so well, that we want all to come
good-ness we find In our dear Sunday School; And sweet songs of praise to our Saviour and King
child in the land— Come to our Sunday School; No one can be spared, for has Je - sus not said,

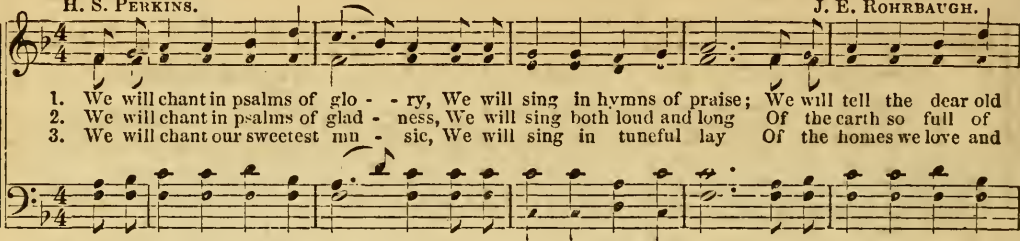


Where they can learn of the heavenly home; Joy - ful - ly come, Joy - ful - ly come, Come to our Sun - day School.
In this blest place we are learning to sing Joy - ful - ly come, &c.
Of such the kingdom of heaven is made? Joy - ful - ly come, &c.

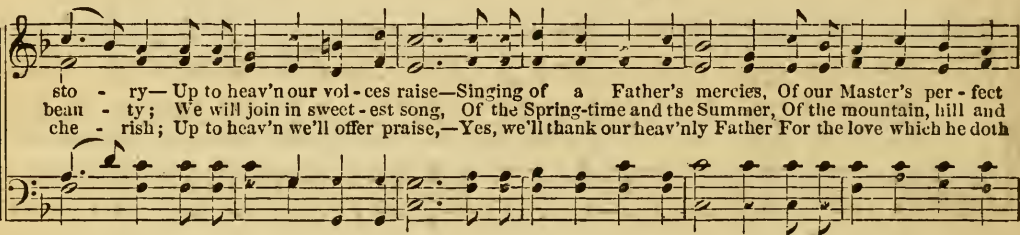


H. S. PERKINS.

J. E. ROHRBAUGH.

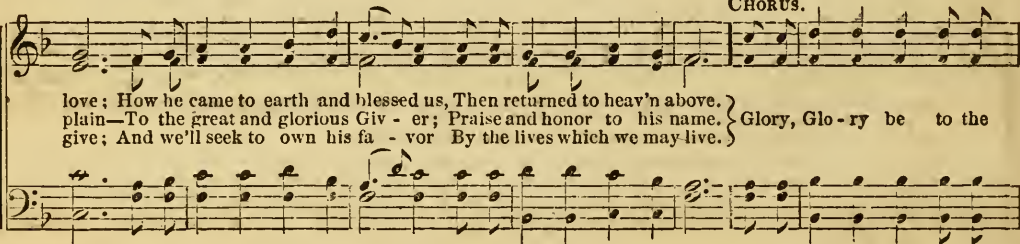


1. We will chant in psalms of glo - - ry, We will sing in hymns of praise; We will tell the dear old
 2. We will chant in psalms of glad - ness, We will sing both loud and long Of the earth so full of
 3. We will chant our sweetest mu - sic, We will sing in tuneful lay Of the homes we love and



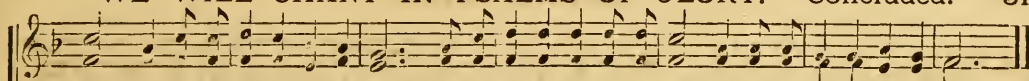
sto - ry—Up to heav'n our voi - ces raise—Singing of a Father's mercies, Of our Master's per - fect
 beau - ty; We will join in sweet - est song, Of the Spring-time and the Summer, Of the mountain, hill and
 che - rish; Up to heav'n we'll offer praise,—Yes, we'll thank our heav'nly Father For the love which he doth

CHORUS.



love; How he came to earth and blessed us, Then returned to heav'n above.
 plain—To the great and glorious Giv - er; Praise and honor to his name.
 give; And we'll seek to own his fa - vor By the lives which we may live. } Glory, Glo - ry be to the

WE WILL CHANT IN PSALMS OF GLORY. Concluded. 31



Father, Praise and honor to the Son: We will chant in loudest hosan - nas For the viet'ry he has won.

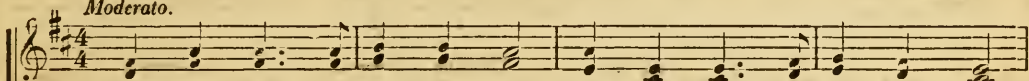


Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

MY SAVIOUR KNOWS.

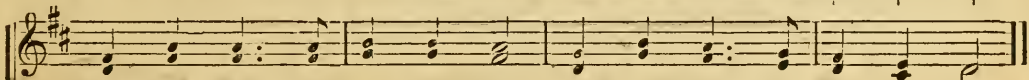
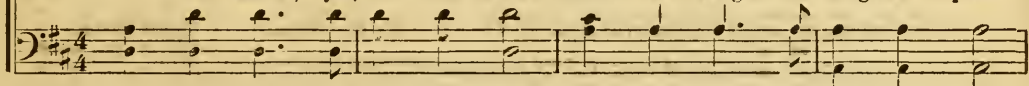
H. S. PERKINS.

Moderato.

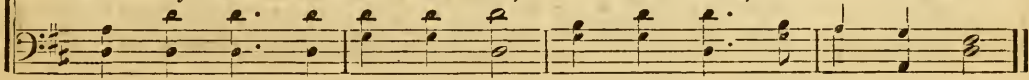


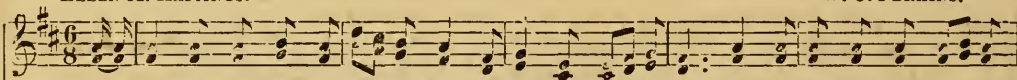
When my sins be - fore me lie, When my guilt seems moun - tain high,
When my friends for - sake me here, When death takes my kin - dred dear,
When the way looks dark to me, When no help - ing hand I see,
When I pass thro' Jor - dan's tide, When I near the oth - er side,

D.C.—CHO. Je - sus knows, yes, Je - sus knows— Bless - ed thought that brings re - pose—

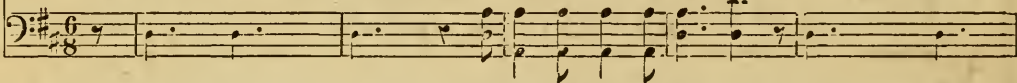


When my heart is steeped in woes,— This, all this my Sa - vour knows.
Ah, how soft - ly fall the blows, As I pon - der, Je - sus knows.
When my path seems thick with foes, When I cry,— my Sa - vour knows.
Though the bil - lows o'er me close, Safe I'll mur - mur, Je - sus knows.
All my sin and care with - in; Je - sus knows, dear Je - sus knows.

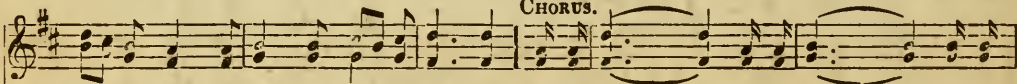




1. The skies are fair, and the sun shines bright, All joyous in the morning! Our hearts, like the birds, are
2. To the woods we'll go with a fes-tal show, Our hap-py songs now singing: Our banners unfur'd in
3. The grove so sha-dy, so fresh and green, Invites with gen-tle whis-per, As high on the boughs the
4. Sweet flow-ers bloom, and the cooling spring A rippling welcome rais-es; And there in that leaf-y



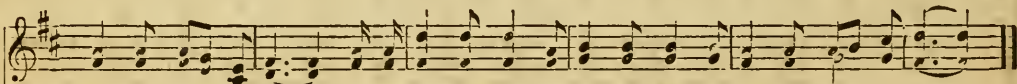
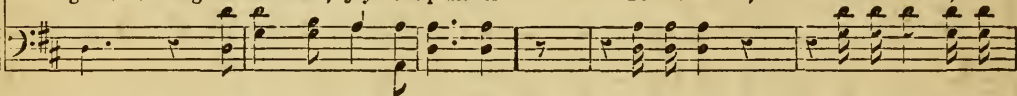
CHORUS.



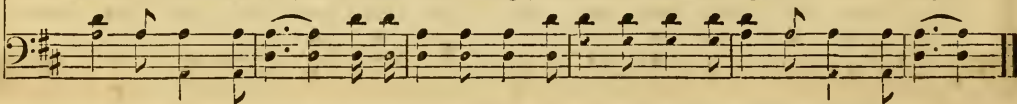
free and light, To hail the glorious dawn-ing.
 eas-tern glow, And mer-ry voi-ces ring-ing.
 birds are seen, And redbreasts shy-ly lin-ger.
 grove we'll sing Our thankful, joy-ous prais-es.

To the woods,..... to the woods,..... to the

To the woods, To the woods,



woods, the woods a-way, To the woods we'll go, with fes-tal show And spend our hol-ly-day.



PRAYING AT THE DOOR.

33

"Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."—MATT. VII., 7.

Not too fast.

cres.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Keep praying at the door, And knocking while you pray, Nor tremble, though the tempter's voice would
2. The Lord will surely come; His promise cannot fail; Oh, knock and pray and plead, and call, Thy
3. The door will o - pen wide, And thou shalt en - ter in, And from the Ho - ly One receive A

p CHORUS.

cres.

fright your soul a - way.
prayer will yet pre - vail.
par - don for thy sin.

Keep pray - ing at the door, Still pray - ing at the door, Though

rall.

A tempo.

long the an - swer is de - layed, Keep pray - ing at the door.

NEARER HOME.

PHOEBE CARY.

Andante e legato.

H. S. PERKINS. From "River of Life," by per.

1. One sweet-ly so-lemn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er;.... I'm near-er home to-
 2. Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where ma-ny man-sions be:.... Near-er where Je-sus
 3. We ask a Fa-ther's aid To lay the bur-den down;.... Then take us to his

CHORUS.

day,.... Than I have been be-fore.... } Near-er home, near-er home, We'll
 reigns,.. Near-er the crys-tal sea....
 home... To wear a heav'n-ly crown.. }

Repeat Chorus, pp.

sing as we go; Near-er home, near-er home, We'll sing as we go....

WE THANK THEE, HEAVENLY FATHER.

35

W. N. EVANS.

E. E. WHITTEMORE.

Andantino.

mp

1. We thank thee, Heavenly Fa - ther, For that most help - ful word, Which from the bless - ed
2. To walk in thy command - ments, For - ev - er be our aim: By lives of pure de -

m

Bi - ble, Our out - ward ears have heard :.... And grant, we now be - seech thee, That
- vo - tion To glo - ri - fy thy name :.... Thus joined in liv - ing un - ion With

cres. f dim.

it may sink within, And prove our great pro - tec - tion From heed - less - ness and sin.
all the saints a - bove, We'll spread a - broad thy King - dom Of jus - tice, peace, and love.

Written for this work

*

1. There is work for little children In the vineyard of the Lord—Work for ev-'ry lit-tle follower In some
2. From the blessed fifth commandment, Ev-'ry lit-tle child will know That strict honor and o-bedience To their
3. To restrain the e-vil temper, And to learn kind, loving ways, To wait on the sick and a-ged, Making
4. Lit-tle children, never fal-ter Tho' the work sometimes is hard, There is One who watches o'er you, And with

way that pleases God; Lit-tle hands and feet can always Find some work to do for Je-sus, If they
 parents they should show; This is what the Saviour bids them, And this is the task he sets them, This the
 glad their lone-ly days; Yes, this is the work for children, And Christ with his love will bless them, If they
 lov-ing care doth guard; When your work on earth is o-ver, And you leave this world forev-er He will

CHORUS.

follow God's commands.
 work that they should do.
 love to work for Him.
 give a rich reward.

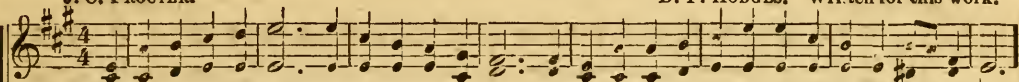
} Yes, children, there's work enough for all to do, Work for each one who loves the Saviour.

REJOICE! REJOICE!

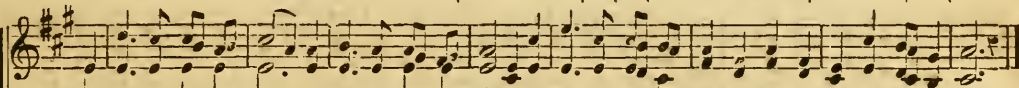
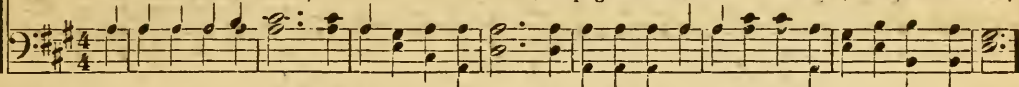
37

J. C. PROCTER.

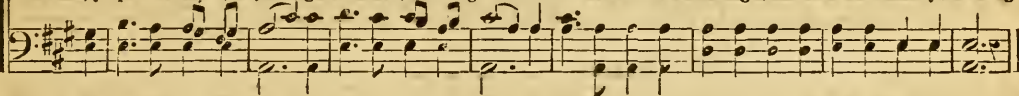
D. F. HODGES. Written for this work.



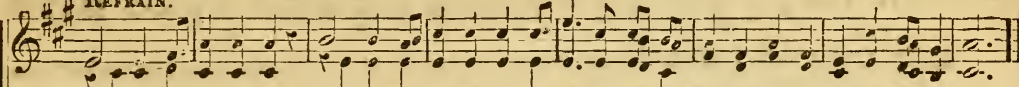
1. Rejoice, ye pure in heart, Rejoice, give thanks, and sing! Your festal banner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King:
2. Yes, onward, onward still, With hymn and chant and song, Thro' gate and porch and columned aisle, The hallowed path-
[ways throng:
3. Yes, on thro' life's long path, Still chanting as ye go, From youth to age, by night and day, In gladness and in woe,
4. At last the march shall end, The wearied ones shall rest, The pilgrims and their Father's house, Jerusalem the blest;



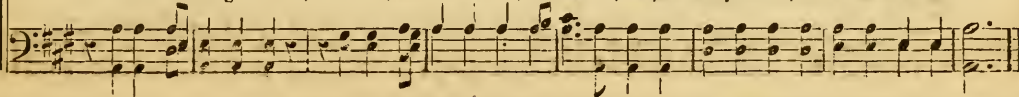
Bright youth and snow-crowned age, Strong men and maidens meek, Raise high your free, exulting song, God's wondrous
[praises speak.
With all the angel choirs, With all the saints on earth' Pour out the strains of joy and bliss, Pure rapture, noblest mirth.
Still lift your standard high, Still march in firm array, As warriors thro' the darkness toil Till dawns the golden day.
Then on, ye pure of heart, Rejoice, give thanks, and sing! Your festal banners wave on high, The cross of Christ your King.



REFRAIN.



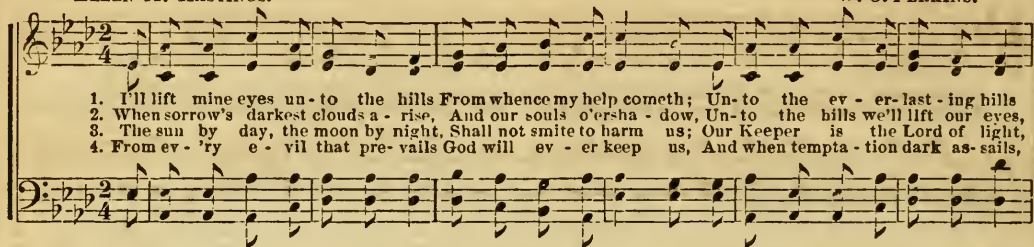
Praise Him who reigns above, Our Lord, whom we adore, The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One God forever-
er- more.



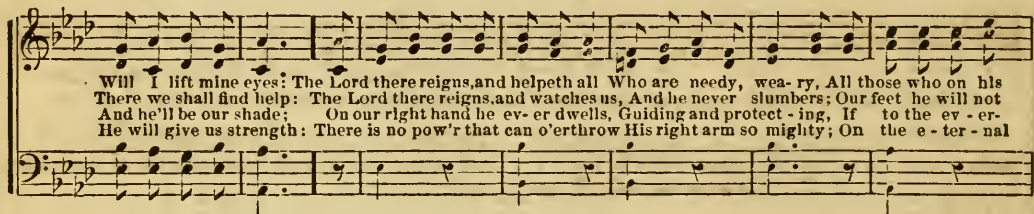
I WILL LIFT MINE EYES.

ELLEN M. HASTINGS.

W. O. PERKINS.

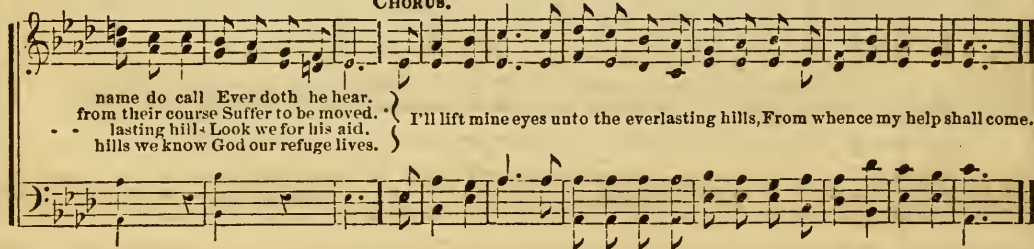


1. I'll lift mine eyes un-to the hills From whence my help cometh; Un-to the ev - er - last - ing hills
 2. When sorrow's darkest clouds a - rise, And our souls o'er-sha - dow, Un-to the hills we'll lift our eyes,
 3. The sun by day, the moon by night, Shall not smite to harm us; Our Keeper is the Lord of light,
 4. From ev - 'ry e - vil that pre - vails God will ev - er keep us, And when tempta - tion dark as - sails,



Will I lift mine eyes: The Lord there reigns, and helpeth all Who are needy, wea - ry, All those who on his
 There we shall find help: The Lord there reigns, and watches us, And he never slumbers; Our feet he will not
 And he'll be our shade; On our right hand he ev - er dwells, Guiding and protect - ing, If to the ev - er -
 He will give us strength: There is no pow'r that can o'erthrow His right arm so mighty; On the e - ter - nal

CHORUS.



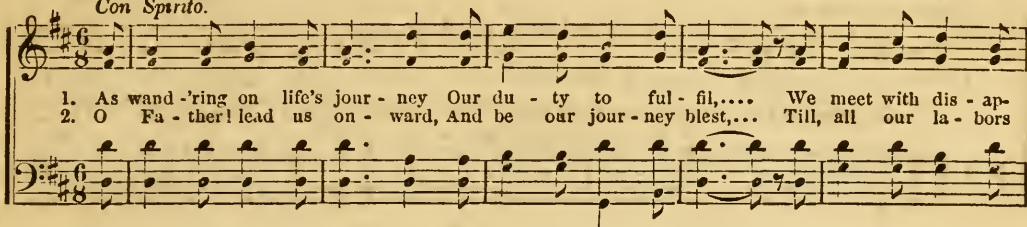
name do call Ever doth he hear,
 from their course Suffer to be moved. } I'll lift mine eyes unto the everlasting hills, From whence my help shall come.
 - lasting hill - Look we for his aid.
 hills we know God our refuge lives. }

AS WANDERING ON LIFE'S JOURNEY.

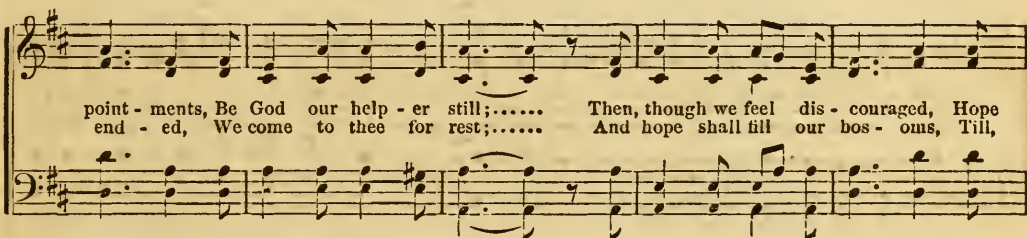
39

W. N. EVANS.
Con Spirito.

ARTHUR BAKER.



1. As wand - ring on life's jour - ney Our du - ty to ful - fil.... We meet with dis - ap -
2. O Fa - ther! lead us on - ward, And be our jour - ney blest,... Till, all our la - bors



point - ments, Be God our help - er still;..... Then, though we feel dis - couraged, Hope
end - ed, We come to thee for rest;..... And hope shall fill our bos - oms, Till,



still will point the way.... Through scenes of toil and dark - ness To ev - er - last - ing day....
standing near the throne,.. We hear the blessed sentence, "Thou child of God, well done!"

E. A. HOFFMAN.

W. O. PERKINS. By per.

1. There are an - gels arrayed in white, There, there, o - ver, o - ver there, And their wings are bathed in light,
 2. There are mansions prepared a - bove, There, there, o - ver, o - ver there, In the land of peace and love,
 3. Je - sus sits on the great White Throne, There, there, o - ver, o - ver there, And he claims me as his own,

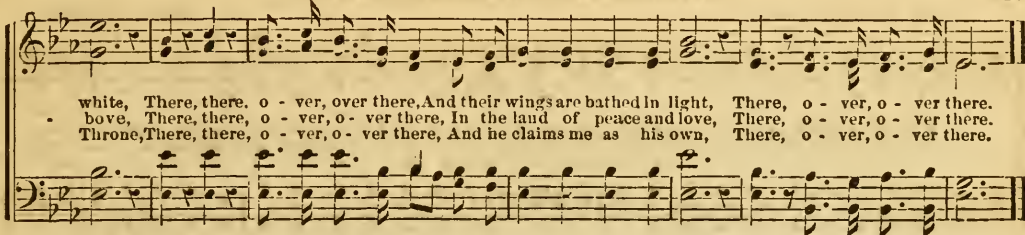
There, o - ver, o - ver there; I'm a pil - grim to that land, To that blest hap - py land, And I
 There, o - ver, o - ver there: There's a mansion there for me, O - ver death's ra - ging sea. And I
 There, o - ver, o - ver there; He sustains me by his grace In my brief, earthly race, And I

CHORUS.

hope ere long I may join that throng In that hap - py glo - ry - land. There are an - gels arrayed in
 fond - ly hope Soon its gates will ope, And its glo - ry I shall see. There are mansions prepared a -
 soon shall rest On his lov - ing breast, And shall see him face to face. Je - sus sits on the great White

OVER THERE. Concluded.

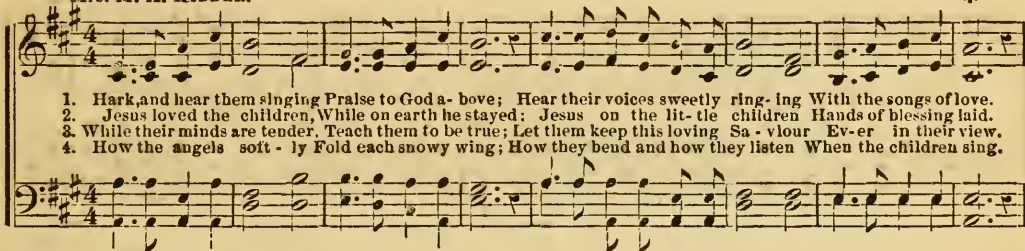
41



white, There, there, o - ver, over there, And their wings are bathed in light, There, o - ver, o - ver there.
 - bove, There, there, o - ver, o - ver there, In the land of peace and love, There, o - ver, o - ver there.
 Throne, There, there, o - ver, o - ver there, And he claims me as his own, There, o - ver, o - ver there.

JOIN THE CHILDREN'S CHORUS.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.



1. Hark, and hear them sing Praise to God a - bove; Hear their voices sweetly ring - ing With the songs of love.
 2. Jesus loved the children, While on earth he stayed; Jesus on the lit - tle children Hands of blessing laid.
 3. While their minds are tender, Teach them to be true; Let them keep this loving Sa - vour Ev - er in their view.
 4. How the angels soft - ly Fold each snowy wing; How they bend and how they listen When the children sing.

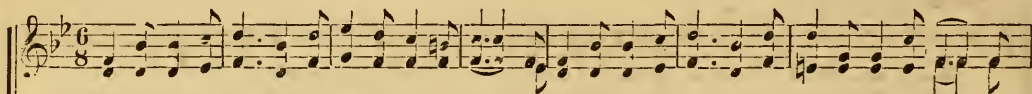
CHORUS.



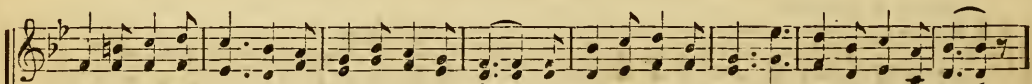
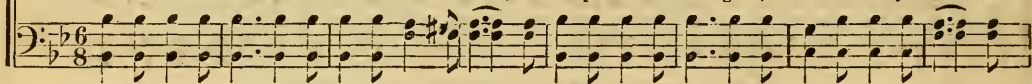
For the mercy brooding o'er us, } Let us join the children's cho - rus, Prais - ing God a - bove.
 For the heav'n that waits before us, }

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

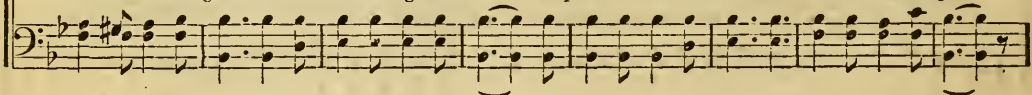
GEO. B. LOOMIS.



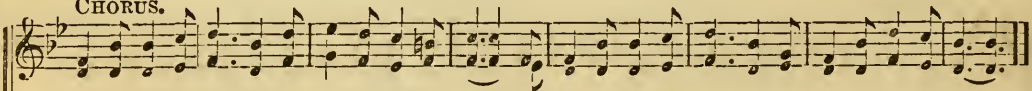
1. Children, to the res-cue! The world is full of sin; Come to the field of har-vest And thrust the sickle in; Let
2. Children, to the res-cue! The world is full of woe, Put smiles for tears I pray you, In some heart as you go; Fear
3. Children, to the res-cue! The world is full of doubt; The lamp of faith hold higher, And send its rays about; Fail



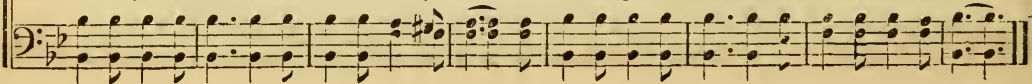
no one ll-ger t - dle, Or urge his friend to stay, There's work enough for all In God's great field to-day.
 not to do a kind act, To an - y by the way, But work to has-ten on The great mil-len-ial day.
 not to shed a glim-mer On some benighted heart, And point him to the home God's love has set a - part.



CHORUS.



Children, to the res-cue! And do whate'er you can; For 'tis a glorious mis-sion To work for God and man.

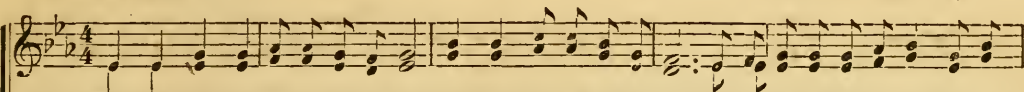


FEEBLE, FAINTING.

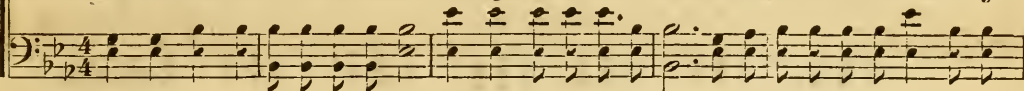
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Written for this work.

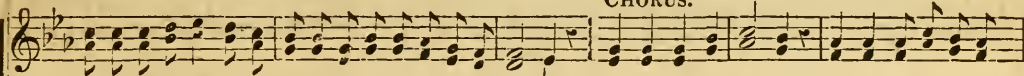
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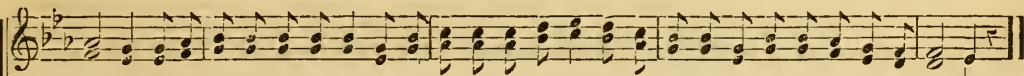
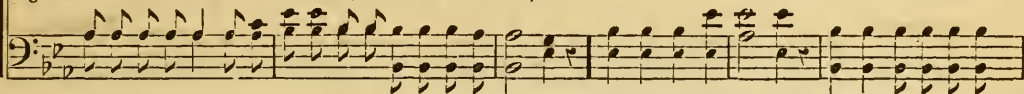
1. Fee - ble, faint-ing, Lord, I come to thee, Yes, dear Lord, I come to thee; Wilt thou hear me when I pray? For my
2. I have wandered from the heavenly fold, Wandered from the heavenly fold; Sinful pleasures led me on, 'Till my
3. On this earth, dear Saviour, thou didst come, To bring sinful wand'ers home; And we know thou'lt not refuse To give



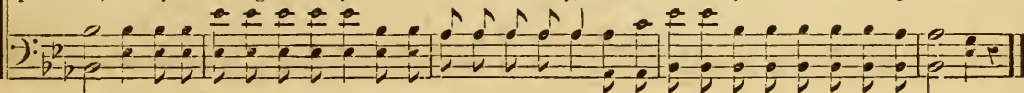
CHORUS.



feet have gone astray, Wilt thou hear me, wilt thou save me, gentle Saviour?
guiding star was gone, Wilt thou bring me back again, my loving Saviour? Hear my pray'r, O Saviour, Feeble, fainting, we im-
light and life to those Who have wander'd, but come back to thee, dear Saviour.



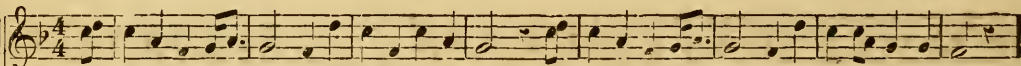
-plore thee, For my feet have gone astray, And I cannot find the way, Wilt thou hear me, wilt thou save me, gentle Saviour?



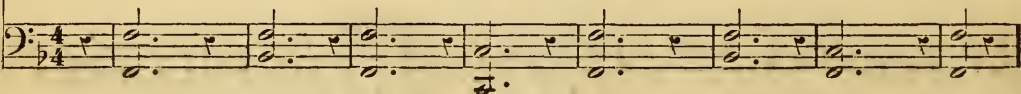
WE SING THE SONG OF JESUS.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

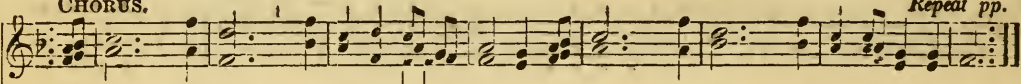
J. P. WEBSTER.



1. We sing the song of Jesus, With happy heart and voice; Come, join our tuneful numbers, With us may you rejoice!
2. For us he waits in glory, Upon the farther shore; When sin and all transgression Shall live and haria no more.
3. We know our upward jour-ney is on-ly just be-gun: But fear not toil or dan-ger, While Jesus leads us on.
4. Come, walk with us the pathway That leads unto the skies; And let your tuneful voices With ours in anthems rise.



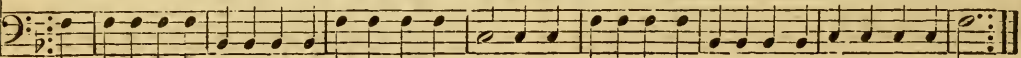
CHORUS.

Repeat pp.

We sing, we sing, We sing the song of Je-sus; We sing, we sing We sing the song of love.



We sing, we sing, we sing, we sing, We sing the song of Jesus; We sing, we sing, we sing, we sing, We sing the song of love.

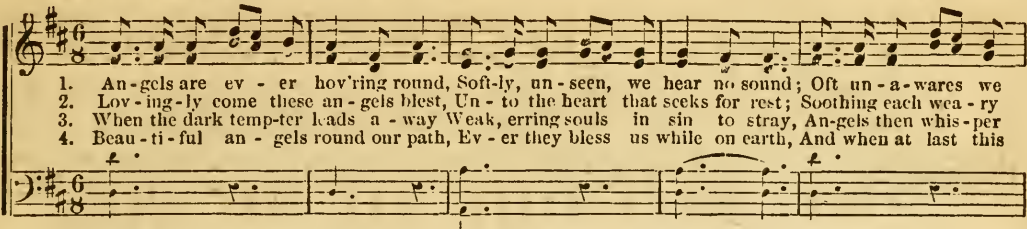


ANGELS ARE EVER HOV'RING ROUND.

43

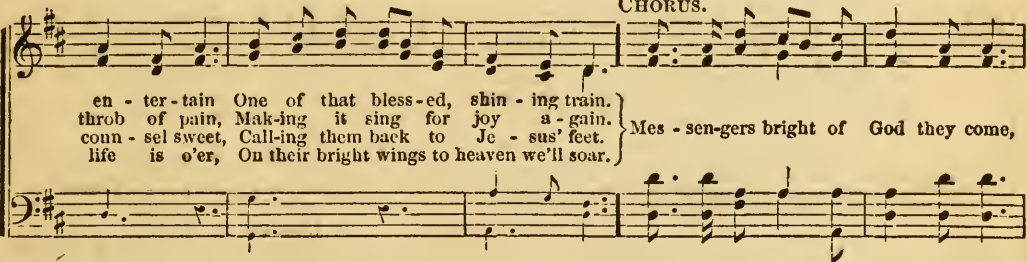
Written for this work.

W. O. P.



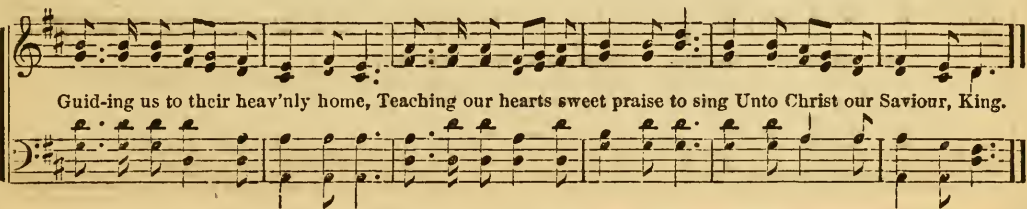
1. An-gels are ev - er hov'ring round, Soft-ly, un - seen, we hear no sound; Oft un - a - wares we
 2. Lov - ing - ly come these an - gels blest, Un - to the heart that seeks for rest; Soothing each wea - ry
 3. When the dark temp - ter leads a - way Weak, erring souls in sin to stray, An-gels then whis - per
 4. Beau - ti - ful an - gels round our path, Ev - er they bless us while on earth, And when at last this

CHORUS.



en - ter - tain One of that bless - ed, shin - ing train.
 throb of pain, Mak - ing it sing for joy a - gain.
 coun - sel sweet, Call - ing them back to Je - sus' feet.
 life is o'er, On their bright wings to heaven we'll soar.

Mes - sen - gers bright of God they come,

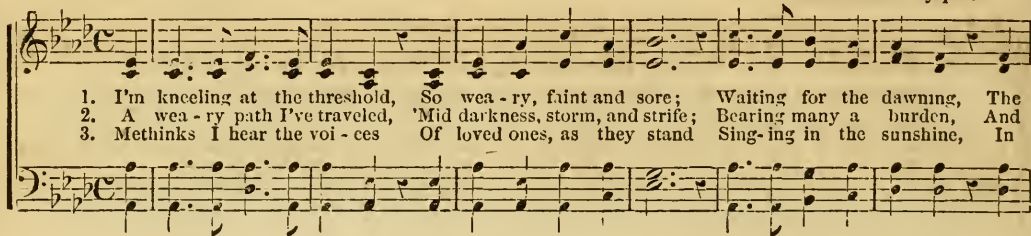


Guid - ing us to their heav'nly home, Teaching our hearts sweet praise to sing Unto Christ our Saviour, King.

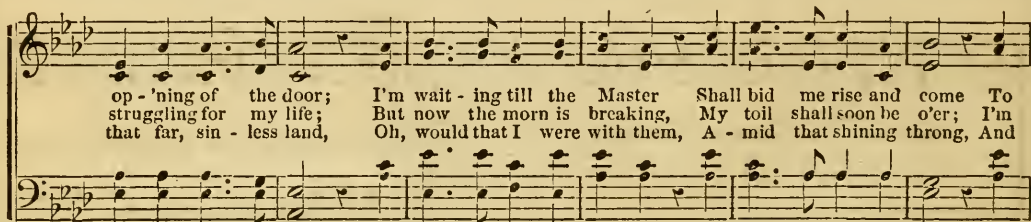
KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD.

Rev. Dr. GUTHRIE.

KARL REDEN. By per.

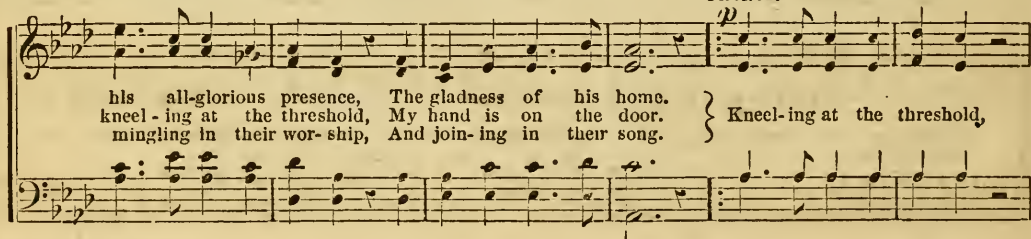


1. I'm kneeling at the threshold, So wea-ry, faint and sore; Waiting for the dawning, The
 2. A wea-ry path I've traveled, 'Mid darkness, storm, and strife; Bearing many a burden, And
 3. Methinks I hear the voi-ces Of loved ones, as they stand Sing-ing in the sunshine, In



op-'ning of the door; I'm wait-ing till the Master Shall bid me rise and come To
 struggling for my life; But now the morn is breaking, My toil shall soon be o'er; I'm
 that far, sin-less land, Oh, would that I were with them, A-mid that shining throng, And

CHORUS.



his all-glorious presence, The gladness of his home.
 kneel-ing at the threshold, My hand is on the door.
 mingling in their wor-ship, And join-ing in their song. } Kneel-ing at the threshold,

rit. e dim.

Wear - ry faint and sore; Kneel - ing at the threshold, My hand is on the door.

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in a key of two flats (B-flat major or D-flat minor). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

4

The friends that started with me,
Have entered long ago;
One by one they left me,
Still struggling with the foe:
Their pilgrimage was shorter,
Their triumph surer won,
How lovingly they'll hail me,
When all my toil is done.—CHORUS.

5

With them the blessed angels,
That know no grief or sin;
See them by the portals,
Prepared to let me in!
O Lord, I wait thy pleasure—
Thy time and way are best;
But I'm all worn and weary,
O Father, give me rest.—CHORUS.

BEAUTIFUL VALE OF REST.

Words and music by H. S. PERKINS.

DUET. *Cheerful.* AIL. DUET.

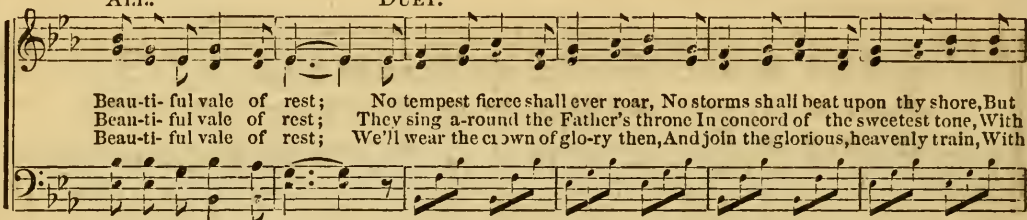
1. With joyful hearts we look to thee, Beautiful vale of rest;... The land of bliss beyond the sea,
2. Our friends have gone, thy joys to seek, Beautiful vale of rest;... To join the anthem of the meek,
3. We soon shall reach that holy place, Beautiful vale of rest;... And see our Master's lov - ing face,

The musical score is for a duet, with two staves. It begins with a 'Duet' section, followed by an 'AIL.' (Ad Libitum) section, and then another 'Duet' section. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

BEAUTIFUL VALE OF REST. Concluded.

All.

DUET.




Beau-ti-ful vale of rest; No tempest fierce shall ever roar, No storms shall beat upon thy shore, But
 Beau-ti-ful vale of rest; They sing a-round the Father's throne In concord of the sweetest tone, With
 Beau-ti-ful vale of rest; We'll wear the crown of glo-ry then, And join the glorious, heavenly train, With

CHORUS.



peace shall reign for-ev-er-more In the beau-ti-ful vale of rest!
 hearts of love, and love a-lone, In the beau-ti-ful vale of rest!
 hal-le-lu-jah and A-men, In the beau-ti-ful vale of rest!

Beau - ti - ful vale,
 Beautiful vale, beautiful vale,

Repeat Chorus *pp.*


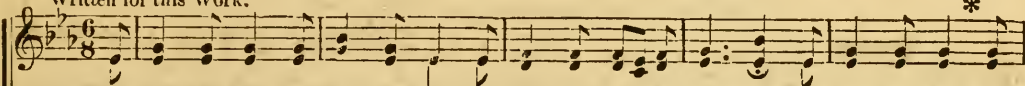
Beau-ti-ful vale of rest! We'll sing thy glo-ries ev-er-more, Thou beautiful vale of rest!

CHILDRENS' MISSIONARY HYMN.

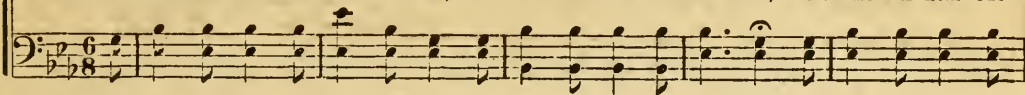
49

Written for this Work.

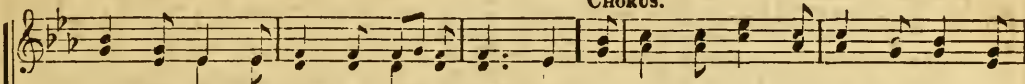
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1. What can we lit - tle chil - dren do To save the far off hea - then? How can we help them
2. The hea - then chil - dren nev - er heard Of our dear lov - ing Sa - viour; They can - not read the
3. Our pen - nies we can save that now On tri - fling toys we're spending; For them they'll buy good
4. It is not much that we can do, For we are lit - tle chil - dren; But Christ will hear our

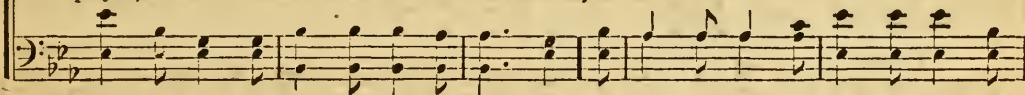


CHORUS.

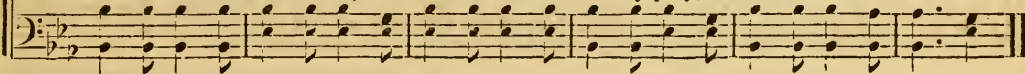


on the way That leads to Christ and hea - ven?
 bless - ed Word That tells of life for - ev - er.
 books that tell Of life that's nev - er end - ing.
 pray'rs, we know: 'Tis he that saves the hea - then.

We can - not go to them, we know, Nor



see them here on earth below; But un - to God we'll dai - ly pray, That he will save the hea - then.



COME, AND SEEK THE SAVIOUR.

"Those that seek me early, shall find me."—PROV., : 8: 17.

Sprightly.

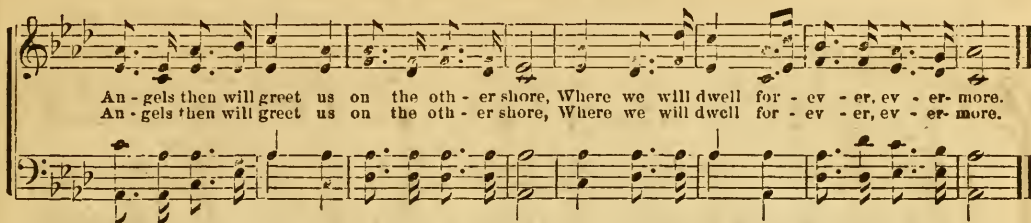
Words and Music by CHAS. A. CARROLL.

1. Come, and seek the Saviour, In life's ear-ly morn; Come and seek him ear-ly, Ere the winter's storm;
 2. Come, and seek the Saviour, Come without de-lay, Ear-ly in the morning: Seek his face to-day;
 3. Come, and seek the Saviour, Come and sing his praise; Joining in the an-them, Thankful voi-ces raise;

Seek him with thy young heart, The blessed way of truth; Come, and seek him early, In the bloom of youth.
 Ask him for di-rect-tion In all we say and do; And to be our Sa-viour, Guide and Helper too.
 Sing-ing to his glo-ry, A hap-py joy-ous band, There to join the an-gels, In the heav'nly land.

CHORUS.

Then when all our pil-grim-age is past, When we bid fare-well to earth at last,
 Yes, when all our pil-grim-age is past, When we bid fare-well to earth at last,

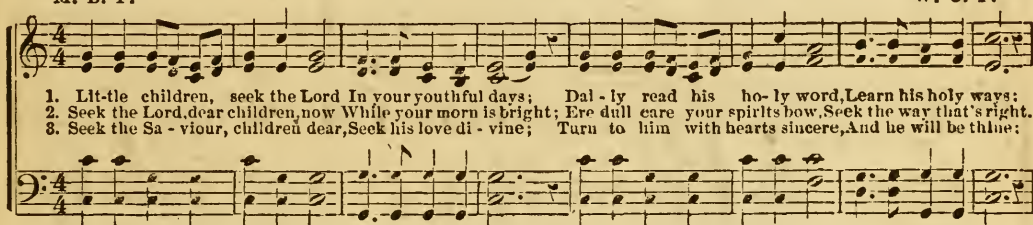


An - gels then will greet us on the oth - er shore, Where we will dwell for - ev - er, ev - er - more.
An - gels then will greet us on the oth - er shore, Where we will dwell for - ev - er, ev - er - more.

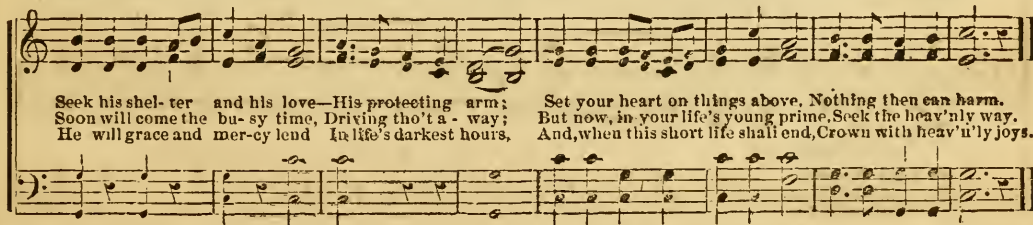
LITTLE CHILDREN.

M. B. P.

W. O. P.



1. Lit - tle children, seek the Lord In your youthful days; Dal - ly read his ho - ly word, Learn his holy ways;
2. Seek the Lord, dear children, now While your morn is bright; Ere dull care your spirits bow, Seek the way that's right.
3. Seek the Sa - viour, children dear, Seek his love di - vine; Turn to him with hearts sincere, And he will be thine;



Seek his shel - ter and his love—His pro - tecting arm;
Soon will come the bu - sy time, Driv - ing tho't a - way;
He will grace and mer - cy lend In life's darkest hours,
Set your heart on things above, Nothing then can harm.
But now, in your life's young prime, Seek the heav'nly way.
And, when this short life shall end, Crown with heav'nly joys.

"Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance."—LUKE 15: 7.

Sing without Interlude.

1. There are an - gels hov - 'ring round, There are an - gels hov - 'ring
 2. They will car - ry ti - dings home, They will car - ry ti - dings
 3. To the new Je - ru - sa - lem, To the new Je - ru - sa -
 4. Wan - d'ring chil - dren turn - ing home, Wan - d'ring chil - dren turn - ing
 5. And the an - gels sing for joy, And the an - gels sing for

round; There are an - - - gels, an - - - gels hov - 'ring round.
 home; They will car - - - ry, car - - - ry ti - dings home,
 - lem; To the new,..... the new..... Je - ru - sa - lem.
 home; Wan-d'ring chil - - - den, chil - - - dren turn - ing home.
 joy; And the an - - - gels, an - - - gels sing for joy.

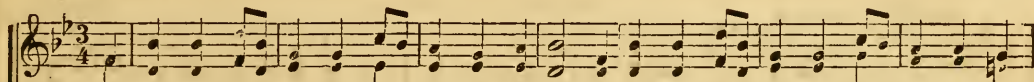
hov'ring round.
 tidings home.
 Je - ru - sa - lem.
 turning home.
 sing for joy.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

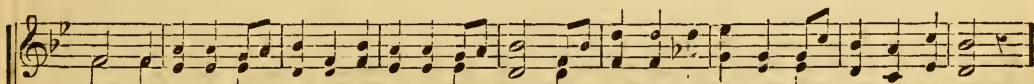
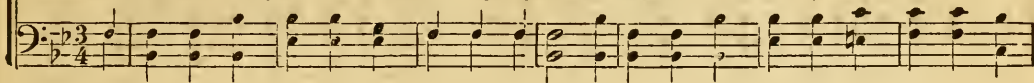
53

E. M. H.

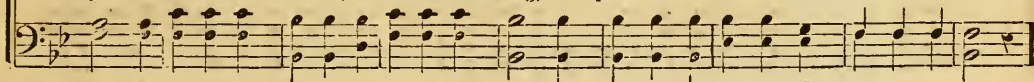
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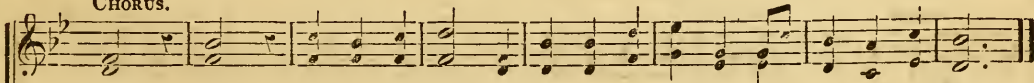
1. Thy works, Lord, do praise thee on earth and a-bove; They tell of thy might, of thy goodness and
2. On mountains and hill - tops we hear this glad song, Each ti - ny green blade points where praise doth be-
3. The beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, The monsters be - neath, all his praise do de-
4. And shall we not join in this grand song of praise To him whose kind mer - cy has bless'd ail our



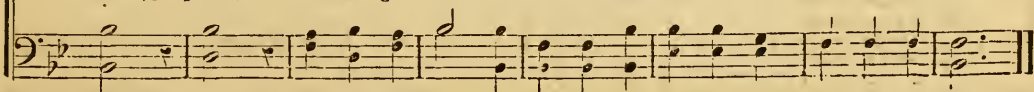
love; The sun, moon and stars, that in turn give their light, All tell of thy goodness, thy love and thy might.
 - long; The thunder's loud roaring, the fire, hail and snow, Ful - fill - ing his or - ders, his greatness do show.
 - clare; Each flow' ret and in - sect, so per - fect in form, So sweet - ly do tell us from God's hand they come.
 days? To him who redeemed us, our Saviour and King, Loud prais - es for - ev - er and ev - er we'll sing.



CHORUS.



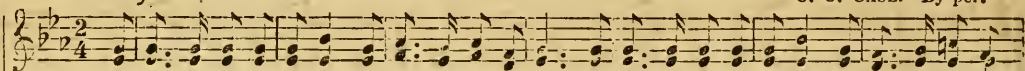
Praise, _ praise, hear the glad sound! To God. the Cre - a - tor our prais - es re - sound.



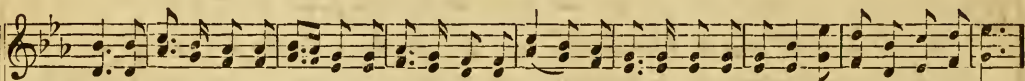
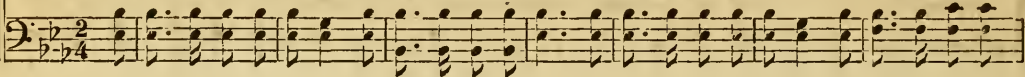
"JESUS, HOW DEAR THOU ART TO ME!"

Gently.

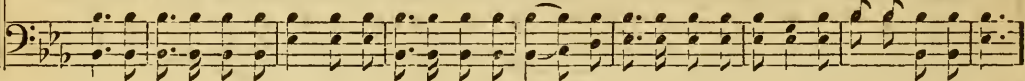
C. C. CASE. By per.



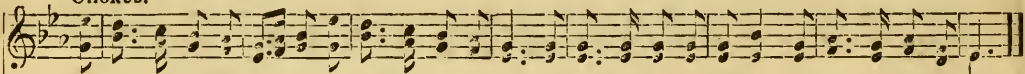
1. O Je-sus, Friend unfailing, How dear art thou to me! Are cares or fears as-sail-ing? I find my strength in
2. Naught, naught I count as heaven Compar'd, O Christ, with thee! Thy sorrow, without measure, Earn'd peace and joy for
3. What fills my soul with gladness? 'Tis thine abounding grace! Where can I look in sadness, But, Je-sus, in thy



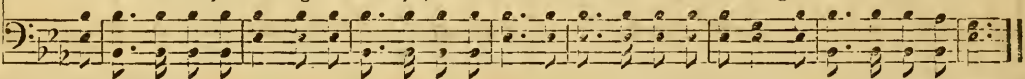
thee! Why should my feet grow weary Of this, my pilgrim way? Rough tho' the path, and dreary. It ends in perfect day.
me; I love to own, Lord Jesus, Thy claims on me and mine! Bought with thy blood most precious, Whose can I be but thine?
face? My all is thy providing; Thy love can ne'er grow cold; In thee, my Refuge, hiding, No good wilt thou withhold.



CHORUS.



No fear of foes pre-vailing! I tri-umph, Lord in thee! O Je-sus, Friend unfailing, How dear art thou to me!



OH, WE LOVE THE BIBLE!

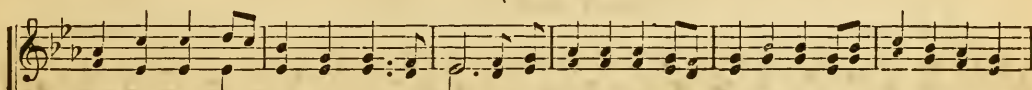
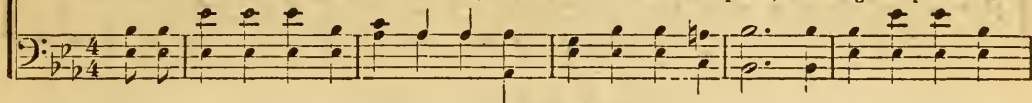
55

F. M. H.

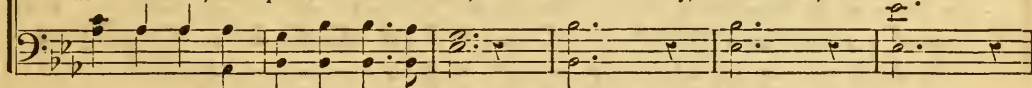
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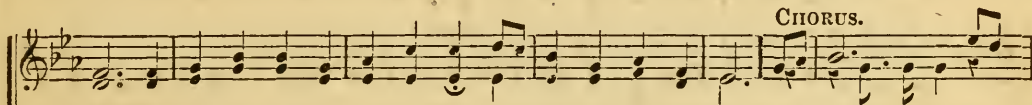
1. Oh, we love the Bi - ble—book di - vine!—Which God to man has giv'n; For as we read each
 2. Of the good and chos-en men of God In this blest book we read,—All those who tru - ly
 3. There is com - fort for the mourn-er here, In words of love and peace; And songs of praise the



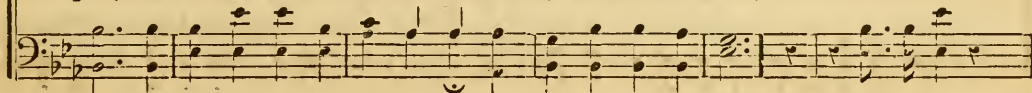
sa - cred line, We learn the way to heav'n: Like a lamp it shines up - on the road In which our feet should
 served the Lord In ev - ry word and deed; They are bright exam-ples for us here—Those saints in heav'n a-
 heart to cheer, When pain and sor - row cease; But the sweetest sto - ry, and the best, That in this book is



CHORUS.



tread;— Oh, yes, we love the Sa - cred Word! The Word that God has said. } We love, we
 bove; Their per - fect faith, their rev-'rent fear, And hum - ble, fer - vent love! } yes, we love
 giv'n, is where we learn of Je - sus Christ, Our hope on earth and heav'n. }



OH, WE LOVE THE BIBLE! Concluded.

love,
yes, we love, We love this blessed Word; We love, we love,
yes, we love, yes, we love, We love this blessed Word!

WHEN WE GET HOME.

E. R. LATTA.

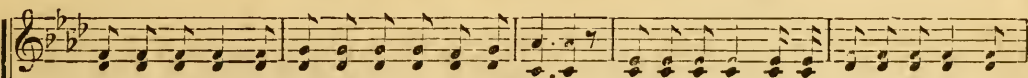
W. O. PERKINS.

1. When we get home to that beau-ti-ful land, With its beau-ti-ful ci-ti of gold;; When
2. When we get home from our wan-der-ings here To that clime where they wander no more; When,
3. When we get home, (and it will not be long Till we fin-ish our jour-ney be-low;) When

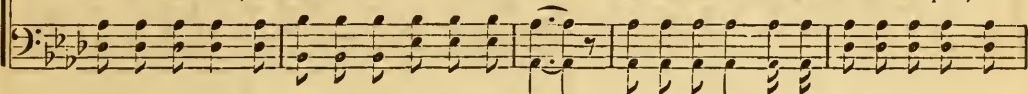
we have pass'd o'er the riv-er of death, And are safe in the hea-ven-ly fold; Wea-ri-some toil, trib-u-
with the lov'd that have pass'd into rest, We shall stand with our harps on the shore; Sorrow and strife, and our
we shall lose ev-ry cumbering weight, And the sins that doth hinder us so; Tears that we shed in our

WHEN WE GET HOME. Concluded.

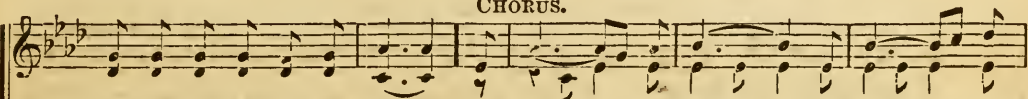
57



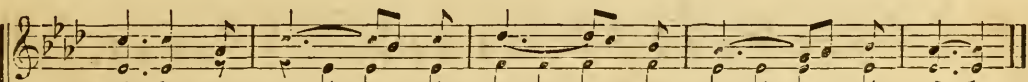
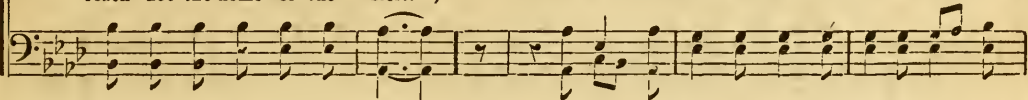
- la - tion and care, That bur - den our spir - its to - day, Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass—Shall
 proneness to err, The pain and the sick - ness we bear Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass, And
 sor - row - ful hours, The fears and the doubts that mo - lest, Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass, And



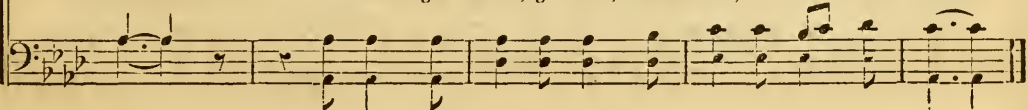
CHORUS.



pass, un - re - turn - ing, a - way. } When we..... get home..... How sweet..... 'twill
 ne'er shall they trou - ble us there. } When we get home, get home, How sweet, how sweet 'twill
 reach not the home of the blest.



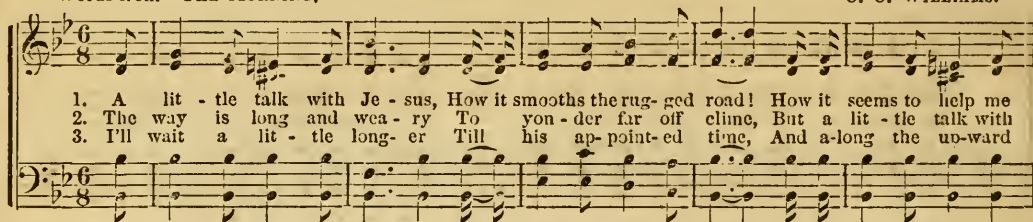
be!.... When we..... get home..... How sweet..... 'twill be!....
 be!.... When we get home, get home, How sweet, how sweet 'twill be!



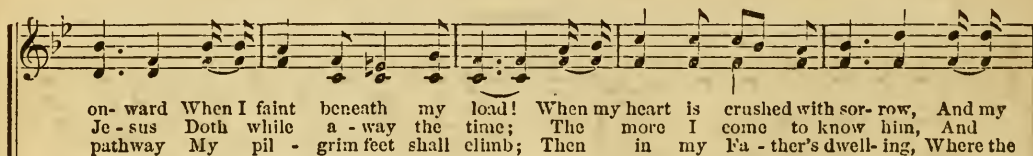
A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

Words from "THE MORNING,"

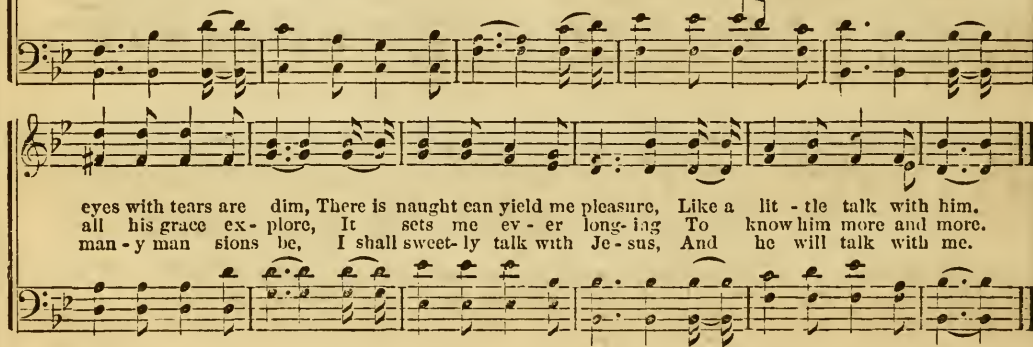
C. C. WILLIAMS.



1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, How it smooths the rug - ged road! How it seems to help me
 2. The way is long and wea - ry To yon - der far off clime, But a lit - tle talk with
 3. I'll wait a lit - tle long - er Till his ap - point - ed time, And a - long the up - ward



on - ward When I faint beneath my load! When my heart is crushed with sor - row, And my
 Je - sus Doth while a - way the time; The more I come to know him, And
 pathway My pil - grim feet shall climb; Then in my Fa - ther's dwell - ing, Where the



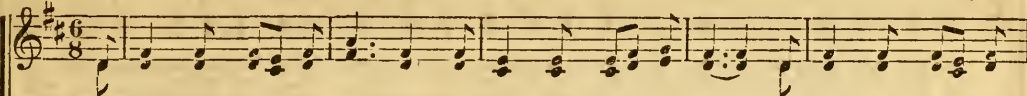
eyes with tears are dim, There is naught can yield me pleasure, Like a lit - tle talk with him.
 all his grace ex - plore, It sets me ev - er long - ing To know him more and more.
 man - y man sions be, I shall sweet - ly talk with Je - sus, And he will talk with me.

WHAT CAN I DO FOR JESUS?

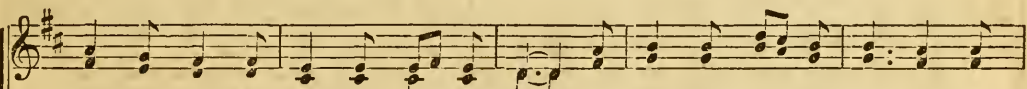
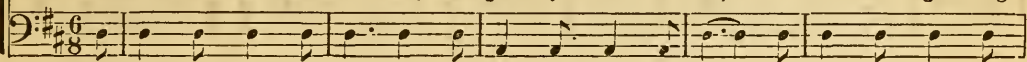
59

M. B. P.

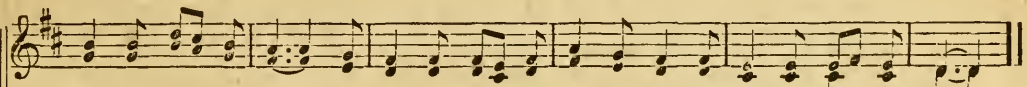
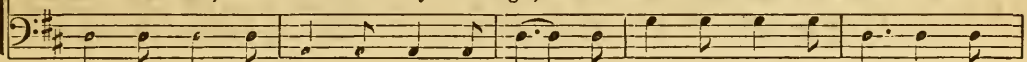
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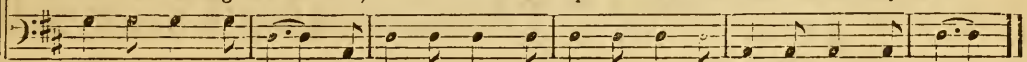
1. What can I do for Je - sus, Who's done so much for me? How can I tru - ly
2. 'Tis thus I'll serve my Sa - viour By walk - ing in his ways, — And now I will de -
3. What - ev - er Christ doth bid me, That glad - ly will I do; And where his guid - ing



serve him now, Whose grace has set me free? So fee - ble and so sin - ful, So
- vote to him The rem - nant of my days; With all my heart I'll love him, And
hand doth lead, I cheer - ful - ly will go; And this I'll do for Je - sus — I



apt to go a - stray; What can I do but fol - low him His meek and low - ly way!
read his bless - ed Word, And fol - low him in faith and truth, And thus I'll serve the
can do noth - ing more — Oh, will he thus ac - cept me when I reach the heav'nly shore?



TELL ME THE STORY OVER.

1. Tell me the sto - ry o - ver, O - ver and o - ver a - gain; Tell of the Lamb that suffer'd,
 2 Un - to the shepherds watch-ing, Out on the plains by night, Com-eth the wondrous message
 3. Un-to our spir - its ev - er Com-eth the mes - sage nigh, Once by the shin-ing her-alds

Suffer'd and died for men; Down from the shining man - sions Je - sus, the Sa - viour came,
 Borne by the an - gels bright; And from the East the wise men, Leav - ing their homes a - far,
 Borne from the star - ry sky; Ev - er that star to guide us, We may, by faith, be - hold;

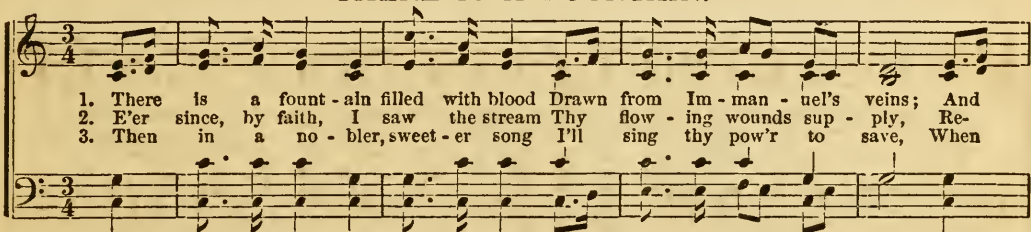
CHORUS.

And, on the cross, to save us; Suffered a death of shame. }
 Un - to the Saviour's birthplace Fol - low the guiding star. } Tell me the sto - ry o - ver,
 And in its course may fol - low Like as they did of old.

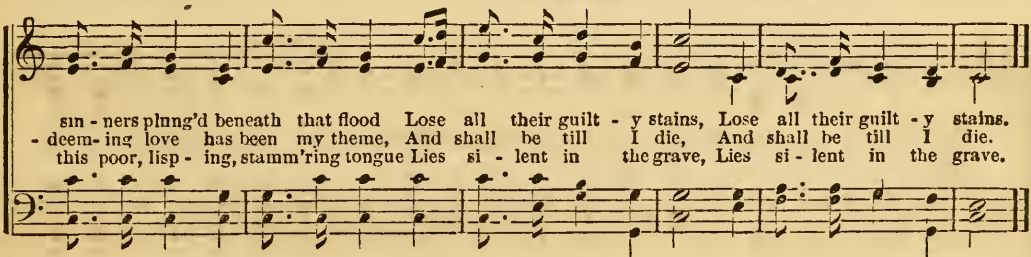


O - ver and o - ver a - gain; Tell of the Lamb that suffered, Suffered and died for men.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.



1. There is a fount - ain filled with blood Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins; And
 2. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply, Re-
 3. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song I'll sing thy pow'r to save, When



sin - ners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
 - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die.
 this poor, lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave.

M. P. B.

*

1. In the silent watches of the night, Comes to me a still small voice, Speaking words of love and peace, When the
 2. 'Tis not al- ways in the silent night That this still small voice I hear Softly whisp'ring in my ear; For when
 3. Sinner, turn not from that still small voice! 'Tis thy watchword In the hour When the tempter would devour: It will

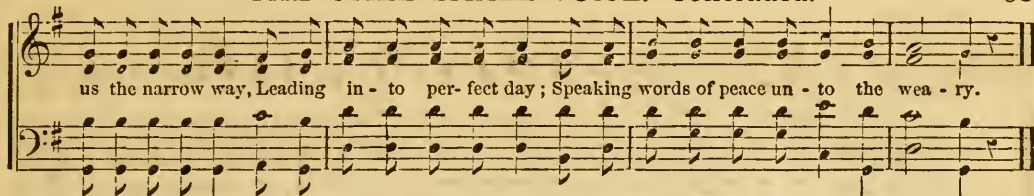
cares and toils of life, For a sea- son quit their strife, Then this voice so sweet- ly whispers words of
 world- ly tu- mul- torage, And my wand'ring thot's en- gage, Then I hear the voice of Je- sus, lov- ing
 show the bet- ter way, It can nev- er lead a- stray; List- en, sin- ner, to that gen- tle voice of

CHORUS.

com- fort. }
 Sa- viour. } Sa- viour, 'tis thy voice I hear, Gent- ly whisp'ring, soft- ly plead- ing, Teach- ing
 warn- ing. }

THE STILL SMALL VOICE. Concluded.

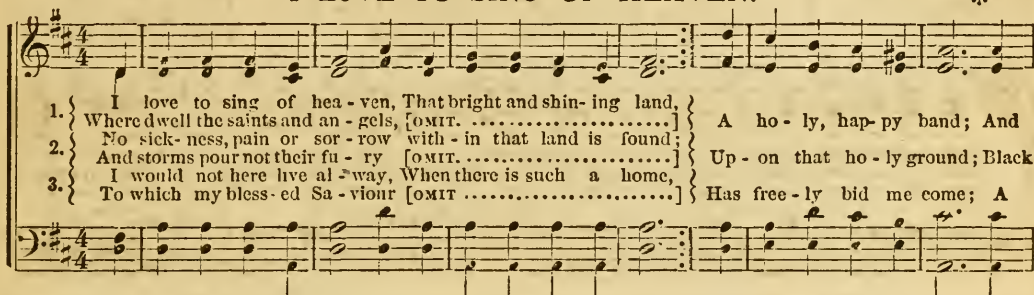
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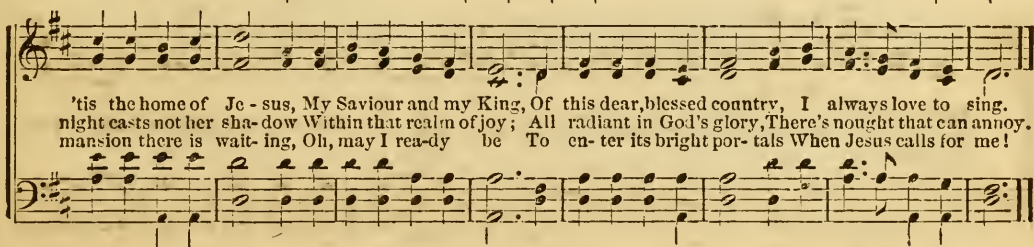
us the narrow way, Leading in - to per - fect day ; Speaking words of peace un - to the wea - ry.

I LOVE TO SING OF HEAVEN.

*

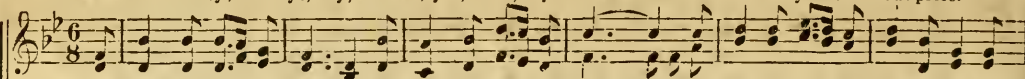


1. { I love to sing of hea - ven, That bright and shin - ing land, } A ho - ly, hap - py band ; And
 2. { Where dwell the saints and an - gels, [omit.] } Up - on that ho - ly ground ; Black
 3. { No sick - ness, pain or sor - row with - in that land is found ; }
 4. { And storms pour not their fu - ry [omit.] } Has free - ly bid me come ; A
 5. { I would not here live al - way, When there is such a home, }
 6. { To which my bless - ed Sa - viour [omit.] }

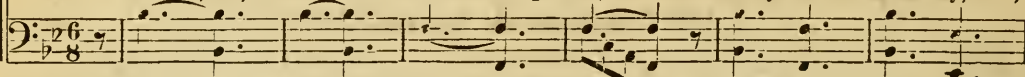


'tis the home of Je - sus, My Saviour and my King, Of this dear, blessed country, I always love to sing.
 night casts not her sha - dow Within that realm of joy ; All radiant in God's glory, There's nought that can annoy.
 mansion there is wait - ing, Oh, may I ready be To en - ter its bright por - tals When Jesus calls for me !

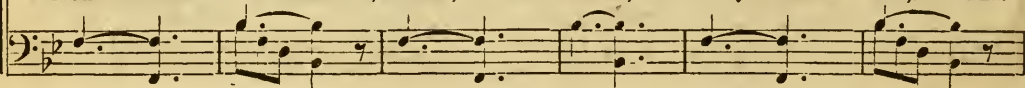
"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters: and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."



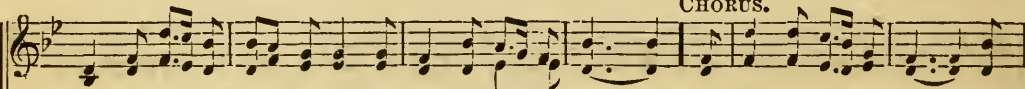
1. My precious class for Je - sus, Who did so much for me, *for me*, Who paid the price which justice claim'd In
2. My whole dear class for Je - sus, Oh let not one be lost, *be lost*, When Calv'ry was the fearful sum Their
3. My whole dear class for Je - sus, Now, in their youthful bloom, Ere shadows lie a - cross the path, dull
4. For Je - sus, oh, for Je - sus! The time is fleeting fast; The ho - ly Sabbaths hasten by, Soon,



hours of a - go - ny;..... 'Tis lit - tle, O my Saviour! My emp - ty hands can give, -.... Oh,
wondrous ran - som cost;.... One lit - tle step may sev - er The part - ing veil a - way,..... And
sick - ness and the tomb;... While life is in its morn - ing, And bright things cluster nigh,.... May
soc - n will come the last:..... Oh, teachers, toil for Je - sus, As ne'er ye toiled be - fore,..... That

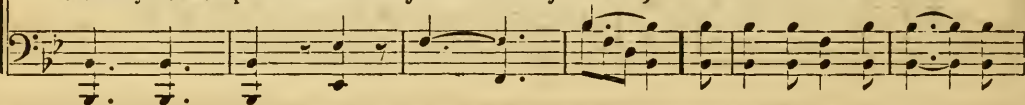


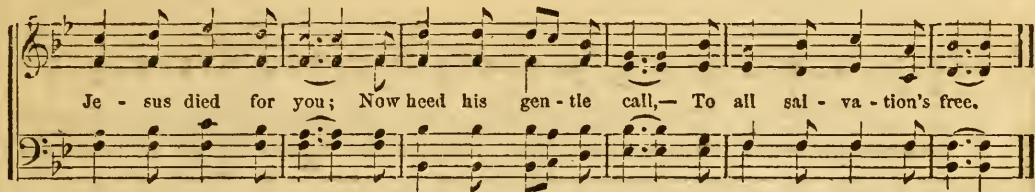
CHORUS.



let me win those thoughtless ones To look to thee and live.
forms that now are glad and fair, To - mor - row may be clay.
these im - mor - tal souls lay up Their treasures in the sky.
each may bear a precious sheaf To yon - der shin - ing shore.

This Je - sus died for me, Yes,



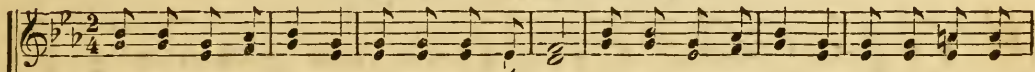


Je - sus died for you; Now heed his gen - tle call, - To all sal - va - tion's free.

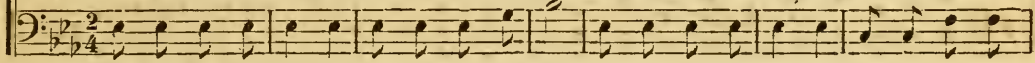
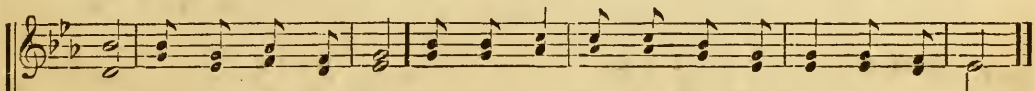
WALK IN LOVE.

(INFANT CLASS.)

"And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted."

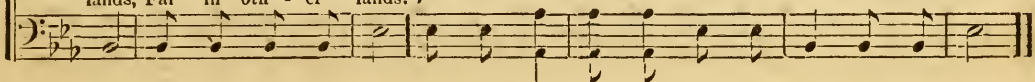


1. Kind hearts are the gardens, Kind tho'ts are the roots; Kind words are the blossoms, Kind deeds are the
2. Love is sweet-est sunshine That warms in - to life; For on - ly in darkness Grow ill - will and
3. Lit - tle deeds of kindness, Lit - tle words of love, Make our earth an E - den, Like the heav'n a -
4. Lit - tle deeds of mer - cy, Sown by youth - ful hands, Grow to bless the na - tions, Far in oth - er

fruits, Kind deeds are the fruits.
 strife, Grow ill will and strife.
 -bove, Like the heav'n a - bove.
 lands, Far in oth - er lands.

} Walk in love with each oth - er, Walk, walk, in love.



EILEEN M. HASTINGS.

W. O. PERKINS.

1. Let us sing loud praises To our Sa-viour King—Of his grace and mer-cy Let us ev-er sing;
 2. Weak and sinful mor-tals Are we, ev-'ry one; Sad our lot, and hope-less, But for God's dear Son;
 3. On this earth he labored, Heal'd the sick and blind; Spoke un-to the wayward Words of wis-dom kind;

'Tis our sweetest pleasure Oft to sing of him, Christ, our King and Sav-tour, Born in Beth-le-hem.
 From his home in hea-ven, Came he to this earth; In a low-ly man-ger Was his hum-ble birth.
 And his work was finished, When, up-on the cross, By vile hands he per-ished To give life to us.

CHORUS.

Praise him, praise him, all in earth and heav'n, He who died that we might be for-giv'n;

LET US SING PRAISES. Concluded.

67

Let us sing loud praises To our Sa-vi-our King; Of his grace and mer-cy Let us ev-er sing.

The musical score is written for two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes.

WORKING FOR JESUS.

S. M. F.

1. Let us not, in youth's bright morning, Dread the burden of the cross; Let us work for Christ, rejoicing For his sake to bear
[the loss.]
2. He has said, "My Father worketh, And I also work for you"; And if he for us has labor'd, Shall we fear to la-bor too?
3. If we sometimes should grow weary, May we think how once he wept; Praying all the long night for us, Even while his
[prov'd friends slept.]
4. And if sometimes all too thorny Seems the way in which we tread, Think we how the thorn-crown rested Once upon his
[precious head.]

The musical score is written for two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes.

CHORUS.

Let us live and work for Jesus, Trusting in his perfect love; Ever hoping, pressing onward To this blessed home above.

The musical score is written for two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes.

SINGING FROM THE HEART.

"I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also."—1st. COR., 14: 15. "Is any merry? let him sing psalms."—JAMES 6: 13.

ROBT. MORRIS, L. L. D.

H. R. PALMER. By per.

1. If you have a pleas-ant tho't, Sing it, sing it, Like the bird-ies in their sport,
 2. Ev-ry gracious love of his, Sing it, sing it; Nothing sounds so well as this—
 3. Are you wea-ry? are you sad? Sing it, sing it; Make yourselves and oth-ers glad—

Sing it from the heart; Does the Ho-ly Spir-it move For the lambkins of his love,
 Sing it from the heart; How he walk'd up-on the wave, Res-cued Laz-rus from the grave,
 Sing it from the heart; An-gels up be-fore his face Sing of his re-deem-ing grace;

SINGING FROM THE HEART. Concluded.

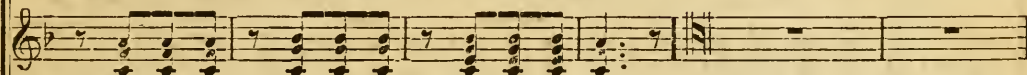
69

CHORUS.

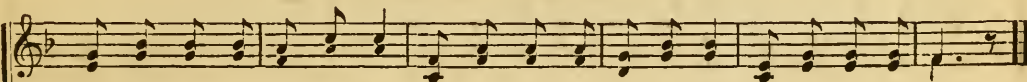
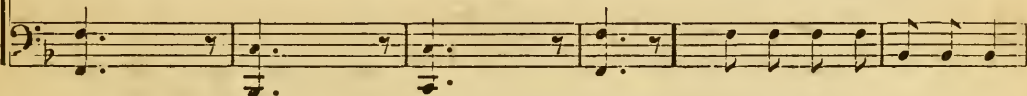


Sing and point the fold a - bove, Sing it from the heart.
Died, our guilt-y souls to save, Sing it from the heart.
Give the Sa-viour end-less praise, Sing it from the heart.

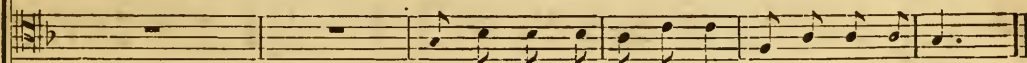
Sing-ing, sing-ing from the heart,



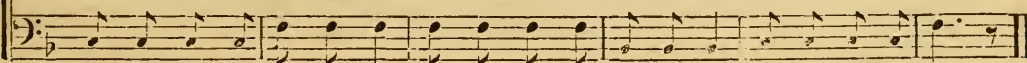
Sing-ing, sing-ing from the heart,



Ah, the joys our songs im-part! Je-sus bless the tune-ful art—Sing-ing from the heart.



Ah, the joys our songs im-part! Je-sus, bless the tune-ful art—Sing-ing from the heart.

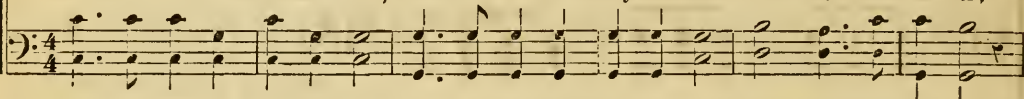


E. R. LATTI.

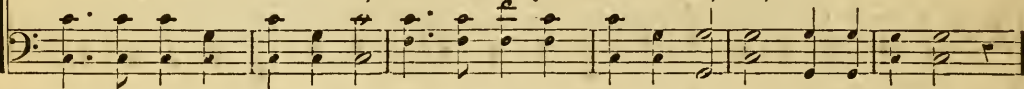
W. O. PERKINS.



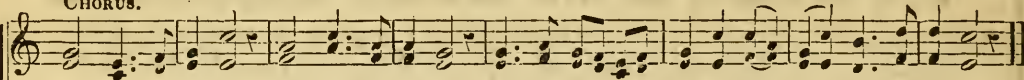
1. Children of the Sab-bath School, This should ev - er be your rule: Love one an - oth - er;
 2. "Let - tle children, un - to you Give I a commandment new: Love one an - oth - er;"
 3. When the ho - ly Sab-bath comes, And you leave your pleas-ant homes, Love one an - oth - er;
 4. In your class-es all a - gree, Let your fa - ces simi-ling be, Love one an - oth - er;
 5. Children of the Sab-bath School, This should ev - er be your rule: Love one an - oth - er;



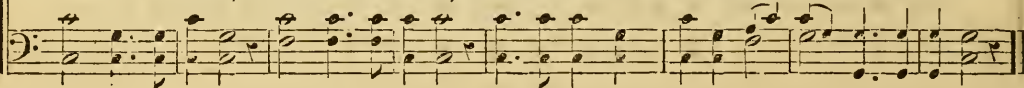
When at home, and when a - way, In your work, and in your play, Love one an - oth - er.
 Thus the lov - ing Sa - viour said, Who hath suf - fered in our stead, Love, &c.
 As you go to Sab-bath School, Let your hearts with love be full; Love, &c.
 Nev - er let an an - gry word From a boy or girl be heard: Love, &c.
 But the Sa - viour most of all, Who redeemed you from the fall; Love, &c.



CHORUS.



Love one an-oth-er, Love one an-oth-er, Children of the Sabbath School, Love one an-oth-er.



WHAT ARE THESE ?

71

"And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?"—Rev. vii: 1-3.

E. R. L.

*

1. 'What are these array'd in white, And whence come they?' Praising God by day and night, He bade me say: And I answer'd,
 2. These are they who bore the shame For love of God: And thro' tribu- la- tion came; Thro' fire and flood; Palms of vict'ry
 3. They shall nev- er hunger more, Nor thirst a -gain; All their suf- fer- ings are o'er From cruel men; In the temple

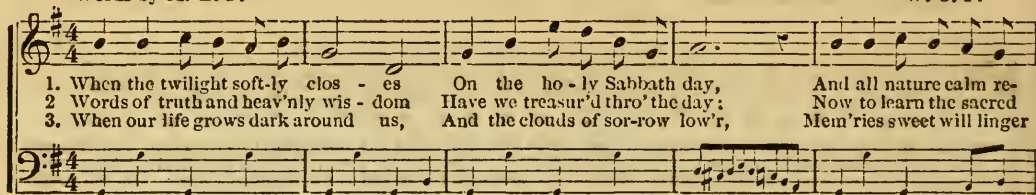
Thou dost know; And then he said, That their robes as white as snow They had wash'd in blood be - low, By Jesus shed,
 now they bear, Their struggle o'er; They have neither pain nor care; Theirs the heav'n-ly mansions fair Forevermore,
 of the skies, 'Tis theirs to stay: God shall meet their wants that rise, And the tears that dim their eyes, Shall wipe away.

CHORUS.

What are these in robes of white? Saints of God, whose toils are o'er, Praising God by day and night Forevermore.

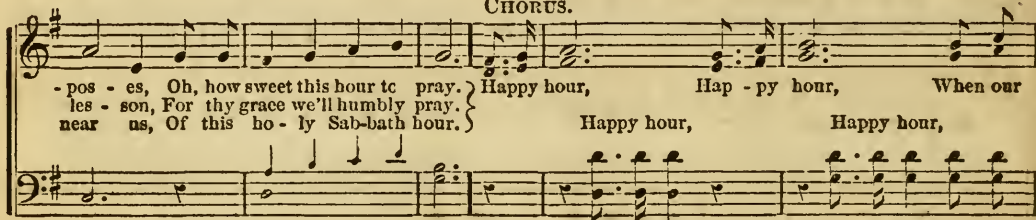
Words by M. B. P.

W. O. P.

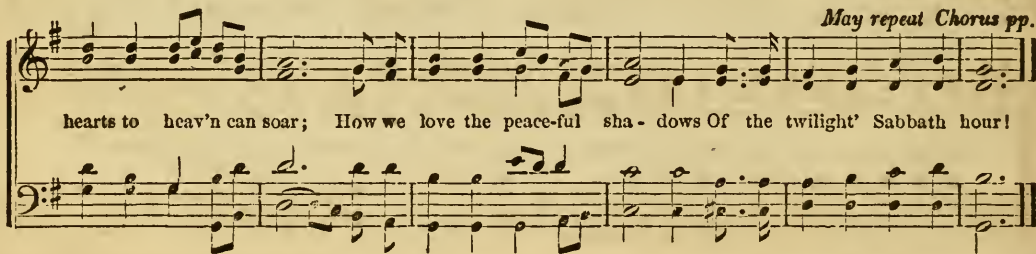


1. When the twilight soft-ly clos - es On the ho - ly Sabbath day, And all nature calm re-
 2. Words of truth and heav'nly wis - dom Have we treasur'd thro' the day: Now to learn the sacred
 3. When our life grows dark around us, And the clouds of sor-row low'r, Mem'ries sweet will linger

CHORUS.



- pos - es, Oh, how sweet this hour to pray. } Happy hour, Hap - py hour, When our
 les - son, For thy grace we'll humbly pray. }
 near us, Of this ho - ly Sab-bath hour. } Happy hour, Happy hour,

May repeat Chorus pp.


hearts to heav'n can soar; How we love the peace-ful sha - dows Of the twilight' Sabbath hour!

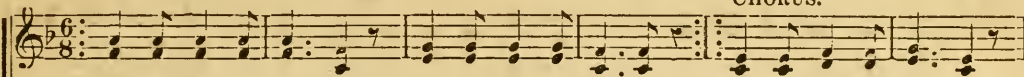
JESUS, ONLY JESUS!

73

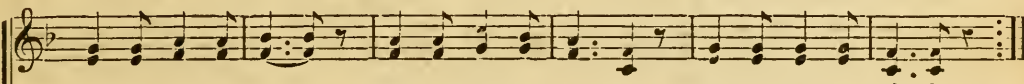
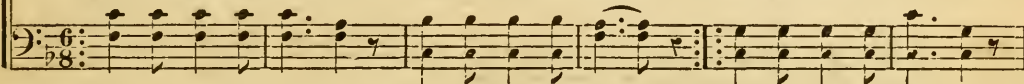
Words from "Voice of Praise."

KARL REDEN. By per.

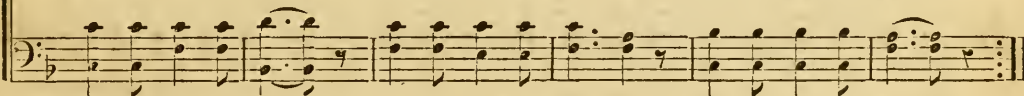
CHORUS.



- | | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,— | He is all we need; | } Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus! |
| He who doth for - ev - - er | For us in - ter - cede. | |
| 2. Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus! | Came from heav'n a - bove; | |
| Bore our sins and sor - rows— | Ah, a - maz - ing love! | |
| 3. Je - sus, gra-cious Je - sus! | He for us has died; | } Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus! |
| What a gra-cious Sa - viour | Is the cru - ci - fied! | |

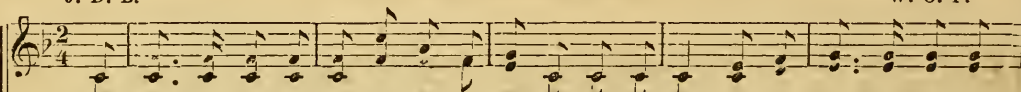


At thy feet we fall; Precious Saviour, Je - sus! Thou art all in all....

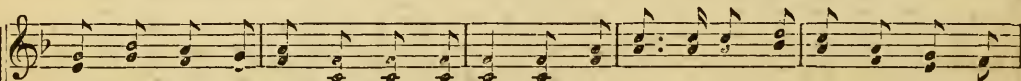
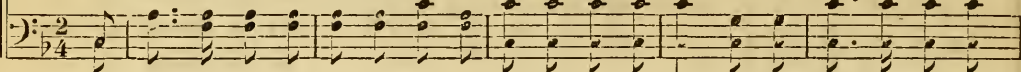


4 Jesus, holy Jesus,
Bids us God to serve:
From that holy service
May we never swerve.—Cho.

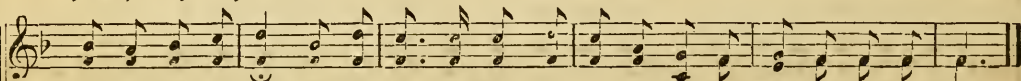
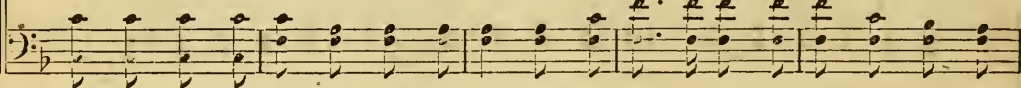
5 Jesus, faithful Jesus,
Ne'er will he forsake;
From his daily presence
May we courage take.—Cho.



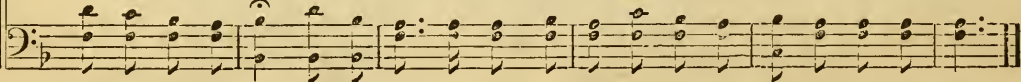
1. I heard the an-gels sing-ing As they went up thro' the sky, A sweet in-fant's spir-it
2. "We'll lead thee by a riv-er, Where the flow'rs are blooming fair; We will sing to thee for -
3. "Thou shalt see that blest country, Where a tear-drop nev-er fell; Where a foe made nev-er
4. "We'll bear thee a sweet blossom, To a sun-nier clime a-bove; There to lay thee in a



bring-ing To its Fa-ther's house on high: "Hap-py thou, so soon as-cend-ed, With thy
-ev-er, For no night may dark-en there; Thou shalt walk in robes of glo-ry; Thou shalt
en-try, And a friend ne'er said fare-well; Where, up-on the ra-diant fa-ces That will
bo-som Warm with more than moth-er's love; Hap-py thou, so time-ly gath-er'd From a



shin-ing rai-ment on! Hap-py thou, whose race is end-ed, With a crown so quick-ly won.
wear a gold-en crown; Thou shalt sing Re-demp-tion's sto-ry With the saints a-round the throne.
shine on thee al-way, Thou shalt nev-er see the tra-ces Of es-trangement or de-cay.
re-gion cold and bare, To bloom on, a flower un-with-ered, Thro' an end-less sum-mer there!"

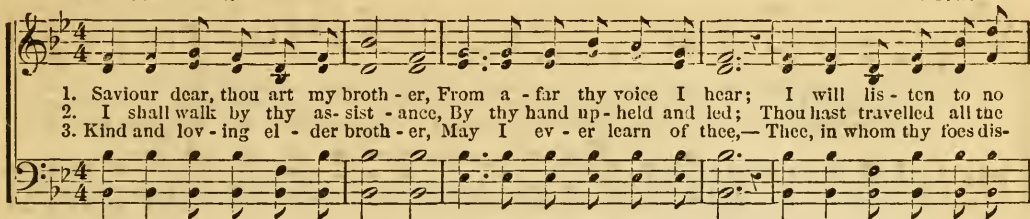


SAVIOUR DEAR, THOU ART MY BROTHER.

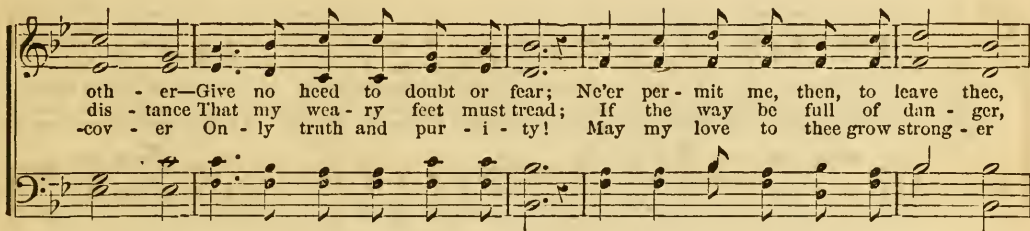
73

MISS S. M. FINCH.

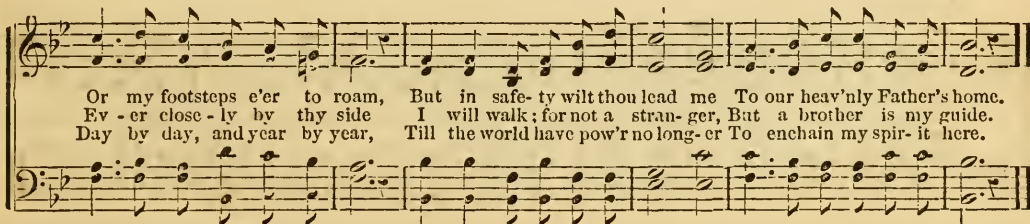
W. O. P.



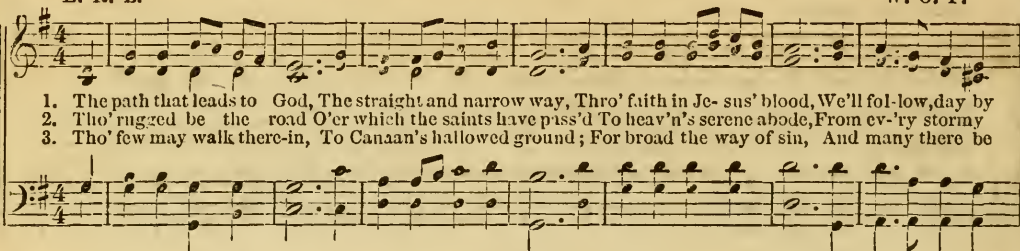
1. Saviour dear, thou art my broth - er, From a - far thy voice I hear; I will lis - ten to no
 2. I shall walk by thy as - sist - ance, By thy hand up - held and led; Thou hast travelled all the
 3. Kind and lov - ing el - der broth - er, May I ev - er learn of thee, — Thee, in whom thy foes dis -



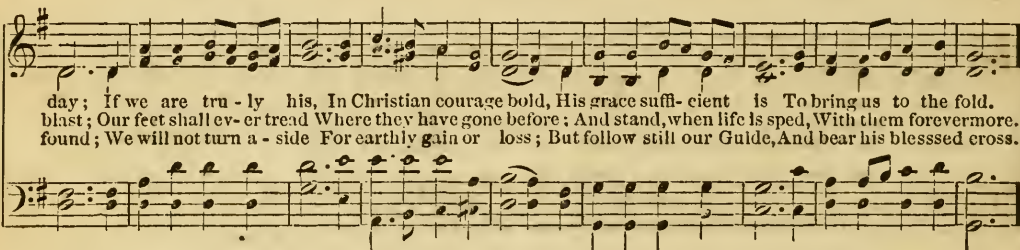
oth - er — Give no heed to doubt or fear; Ne'er per - mit me, then, to leave thee,
 dis - tance That my wea - ry feet must tread; If the way be full of dan - ger,
 cov - er On - ly truth and pur - i - ty! May my love to thee grow strong - er



Or my footsteps e'er to roam, But in safe - ty wilt thou lead me To our heav'nly Father's home.
 Ev - er close - ly by thy side I will walk; for not a stran - ger, But a brother is my guide.
 Day by day, and year by year, Till the world have pow'r no long - er To enchain my spir - it here.

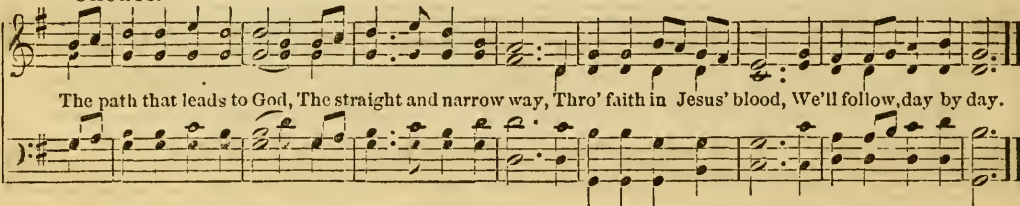


1. The path that leads to God, The straight and narrow way, Thro' faith in Je- sus' blood, We'll fol-low, day by
 2. Tho' rugged be the road O'er which the saints have pass'd To heav'n's serene abode, From ev'-ry stormy
 3. Tho' few may walk there-in, To Canaan's hallowed ground; For broad the way of sin, And many there be



day; If we are tru-ly his, In Christian courage bold, His grace suffi- cient is To bring us to the fold.
 blast; Our feet shall ev-er tread Where they have gone before; And stand, when life is sped, With them forevermore.
 found; We will not turn a- side For earthly gain or loss; But follow still our Guide, And bear his blessed cross.

CHORUS.



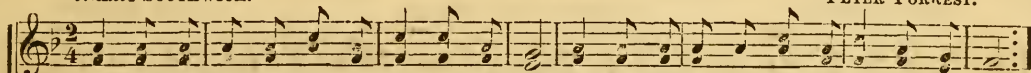
The path that leads to God, The straight and narrow way, Thro' faith in Jesus' blood, We'll follow, day by day.

TILL CHRIST SHALL COME.

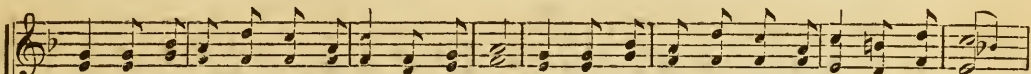
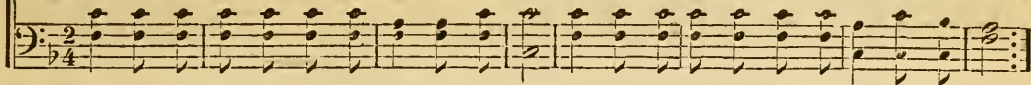
HARRY SOUTHWICK.

PETER FORREST.

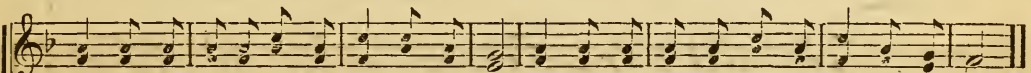
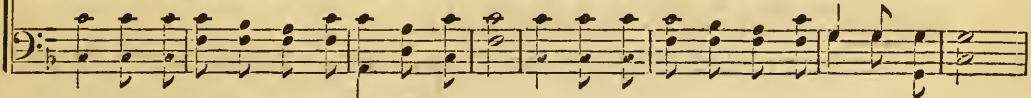
77



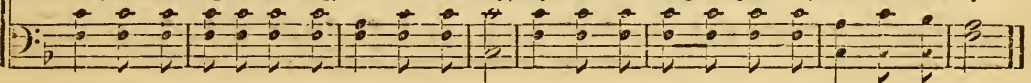
1. { Thro' life's dark vales and shadows, Till Christ shall come, We'll wander on our journey, Till Christ shall come;
E'en tho' the way seems dreary, Till Christ shall come, We'll bear our burdens meekly, Till Christ shall come;
2. { We'll struggle on and labor, Till Christ shall come, Helping our weary neighbor, Till Christ shall come;
'Twill make the way less dreary, Till Christ shall come, To keep the sad and weary, Till Christ shall come;
3. { We'll thank our heavenly Father, Till Christ shall come, For sunshine, show'r and shadow, Till Christ shall come;
With lamps all full and waiting Till Christ shall come, We'll keep them trimm'd and burning Till Christ shall come;



Then, with the ho - ly an - gels, Singing God's love, With friends and saints immor - tal In realms a - bove;
Then oh, what glo - ry waits us, In heav'n to sing; Our Father's smiles to greet us Pure joys will bring;
Then to his fold in glo - ry, Where all is fair; His arms are strong to take us With lov - ing care;



Sing - ing with hal - le - lu - jah's, Tri - umphant songs To God the Son and Spir - it All praise be - longs.
Then, O my soul, take courage, Rest in his love Till Christ shall come to take us To heav'n a - bove.
Then, on the wings of morning, We'll soar a - way, By wa - ters and green pastures, To end - less day.

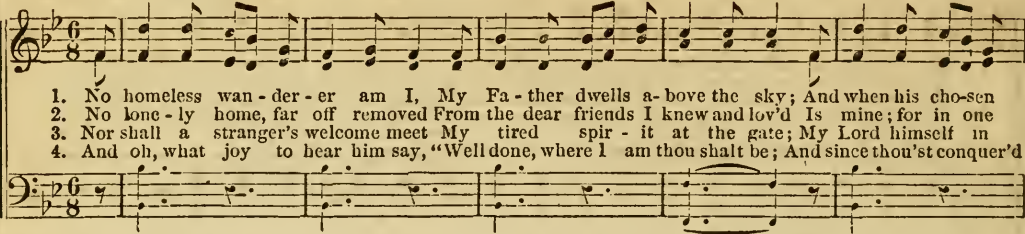


A SONG OF HOME.

REV. L. HOOKER.

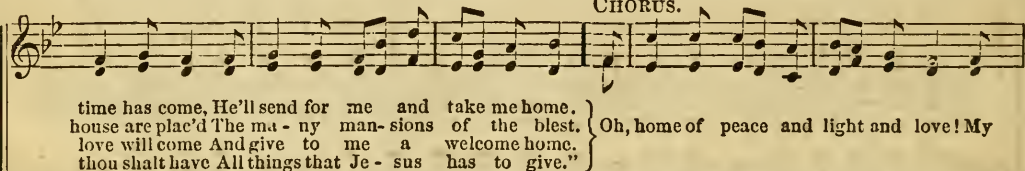
(DUETT, or a few voices.)

W. O. PERKINS.

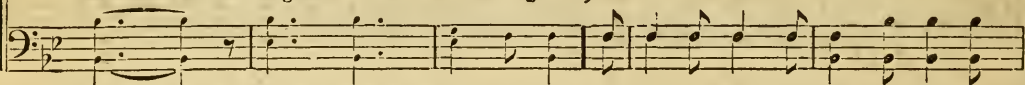
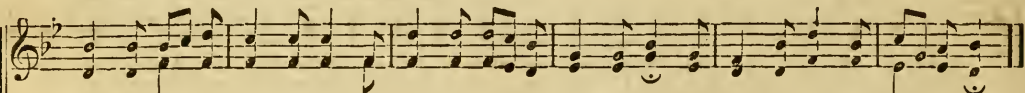


1. No homeless wan-der-er am I, My Fa-ther dwells a-bove the sky; And when his cho-sen
 2. No lone-ly home, far off removed From the dear friends I knew and lov'd Is mine; for in one
 3. Nor shall a stranger's welcome meet My tired spir-it at the gate; My Lord himself in
 4. And oh, what joy to hear him say, "Well done, where I am thou shalt be; And since thou'st conquer'd

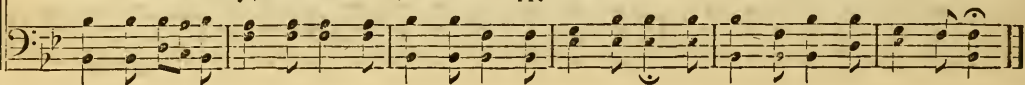
CHORUS.



time has come, He'll send for me and take me home.
 house are plac'd The ma-ny man-sions of the blest. } Oh, home of peace and light and love! My
 love will come And give to me a welcome home.
 thou shalt have All things that Je-sus has to give."

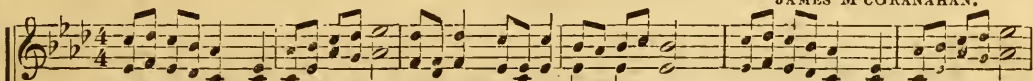
Father's home! my home above! Oh, haste thou happy hour to come When God shall send and take me home.



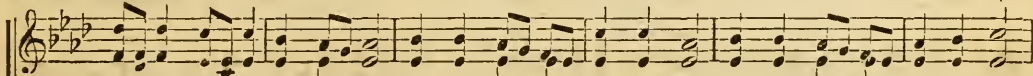
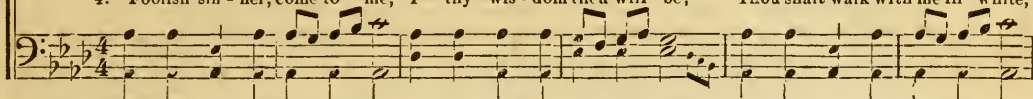
'TIS MY SAVIOUR'S VOICE: "COME UNTO ME!"

79

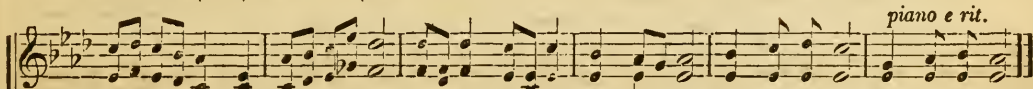
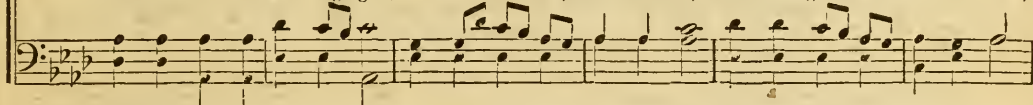
JAMES M'CGRANAHAN.



1. 'Tis my Saviour's voice I hear Ev - er breaking on my ear - Loud as thunders of the sea,
2. "Weary sin - ner, come to me, All my gen - tle - ness to see; Come, and lean up - on this breast,
3. "Doubting sin - ner, come to me, Light from heav'n shall beam on thee; All thy doubts shall flee a - way,
4. "Foolish sin - ner, come to me, I thy wis - dom then will be; Thou shalt walk with me in white,

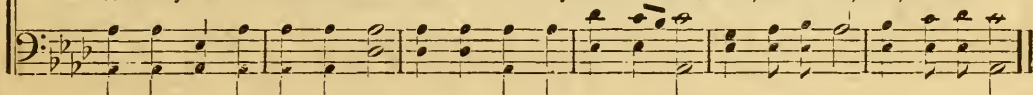


Soft as sweet - est har - mo - ny: "Burdened sin - ner, come to me, Trust Al - might - y sym - pa - thy;
Come, and taste e - ter - nal rest; Guilt - y sin - ner, come to me, Blood - bought par - don is for thee;
Lost in an e - ter - nal day; Help - less sin - ner, come to me, I thy strength will henceforth be;
Robed in ev - er - last - ing light; Hardened sin - ner, come to me, Boundless good - ness call eth thee;



piano e rit.

All thy bur - dens on me roll I can love, can save thy soul; Come, come to me, come, come to me!
Par - don full, and all thine own, And en - dur - ing as my throne; Come, come to me, come, come to me!
All thy sins I can sub - due, I have conquer'd Sa - tan too; Come, come to me, come, come to me!
Hear! thy heart of stone must melt At the woes thy Sa - viour felt; Come, come to me, come, come to me!"



NO FRIEND LIKE JESUS.

IDA W. BENHAM. From "River of Life," by per.

W. A. OODEN.

Andante.

1. There's no oth - er friend like Je - sus, None so faith - ful, none so true; Tho' the waves break wildly o'er us,
 2. There's no oth - er friend like Je - sus, He, who died our souls to save, Came and dwelt on earth in meekness,
 3. There's no oth - er friend like Je - sus, Ho - ly an - gels chant the song, Sing his love and wondrous mercy,

Cho. There's no other friend like Je - sus, None so faith - ful, none so true; Tho' the waves break wildly o'er us,

End.

He will guide us safe - ly thro'; Storms and tem - pests shrink be - fore him, He can calm them
 Healed and pit - ied, and for - gave; Still he pit - ies, still he loves us; From his ho - ly,
 Chil - dren join the heav'n - ly throng; Let us raise a joy - ful cho - rus, Thank him for his

He will guide us safe - ly thro'.

D. C. for Cho.

at his will; Je - sus still our storm - y pas - sions, With thy wondrous, "Peace, be still."
 hap - py home He, with voice of gra - cious mu - sic, Calls us chil - dren to come home.
 lov ing grace; Let it be our joy - ful por - tion, To proclaim the Saviour's grace.

"Thy kingdom come."—LUKE. 11:3.

1. Oh, haste thy kingdom, Lord, Then all shall bow to thee; According to thy word, The coming soon shall be; The
 2. Redeem-er of mankind, The rich-es of thy grace Shall fill the heathen's mind In earth's remotest place; The
 3. Thy bless-ed kingdom, Lord, Shall u-ni-ver-sal be; The nations have thy word, And they shall flock to thee; Thy

na-tions, small and great. The tribes of ev-'ry land, That glorious kingdom wait, 'Tis e-ven now at hand.
 heathen's gods shall fall, And he shall make his vow Un-to the Lord of all, And at his al-tar bow.
 ev-er-bless-ed name, Shall ev'rywhere be known; The world shall own thy claim, And thou shalt reign alone.

CHORUS.

Thy righteous kingdom, Lord, Shall spread from sea to sea; The nations all have heard The sound of Ju-bi-lee.

1. In heav'n, bright heav'n, the home of the blest, Where sorrow's unknown, I am long-ing for rest; To
 2. To heav'n, sweet heav'n I'm hop-ing to go, When I have accomplished my mis-sion be-low; The
 3. For heav'n I'll strive and nev-er give o'er Till safe-ly I stand on the beau-ti-ful shore, Be-

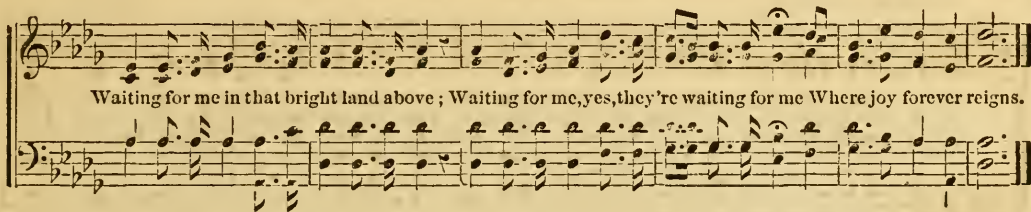
gain its fair por-tals my ef-fort shall be, For lov'd ones are waiting in hea-ven for me, For
 Bi-ble for-ev-er my standard shall be, For lov'd ones are waiting in hea-ven for me, For
 - yond the dark wa-ters of life's stormy sea, For lov'd ones are waiting in hea-ven for me, For

CHORUS.

lov'd ones are wait-ing in heav-en for me. Wait-ing for me, they are wait-ing for me,

THEY ARE WAITING FOR ME. Concluded.

83

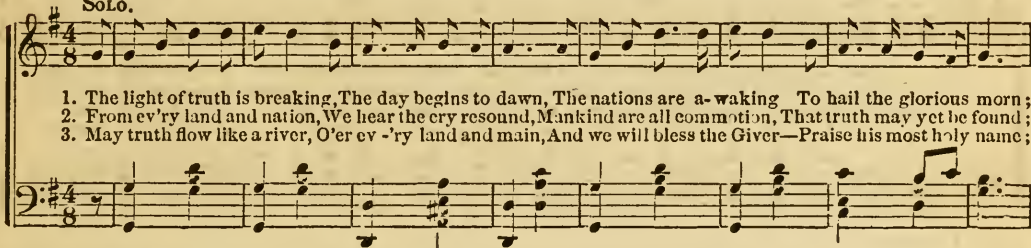


SOUTHWICK.

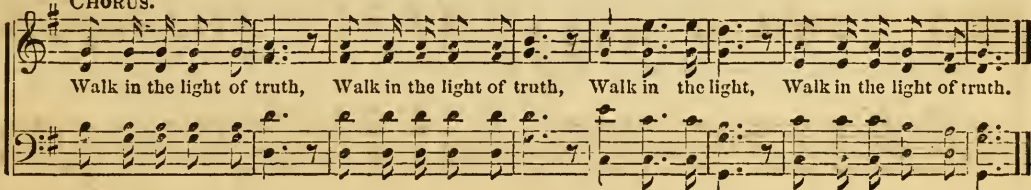
WALK IN THE LIGHT OF TRUTH.

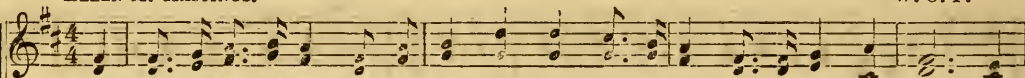
* *

SOLO.

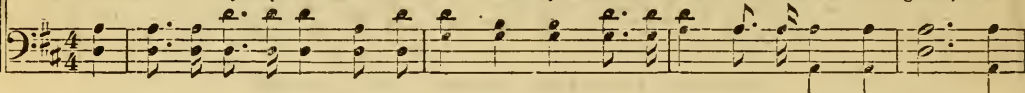


CHORUS.





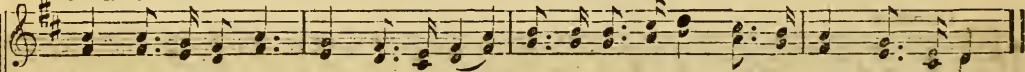
1. Oh, how I love the dawn of the Sab - bath day!—Blest and ho - li - est of the seven! When
 2. This is the sa - cred day when our Sa - viour rose From the bounds of the si - lent tomb, And
 3. Now to the house of God will we glad - ly go,—Ho - ly tem - ple of praise and pray'r; The
 4. We'll faith - ful - ly improv'e each blest Sab - bath day That on earth to us now is giv'n; And



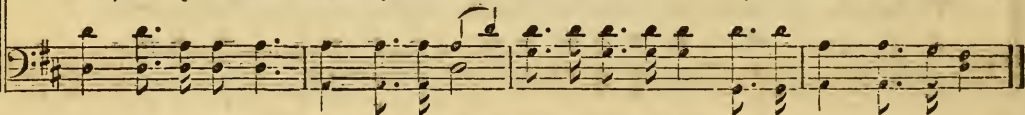
all the world doth cease from its toil, while peace Reigns on earth as a gift from heav'n.
 shed such glo - rious light on death's dark, cold night, Driv - ing out from the grave its gloom.
 Sab - beth bells do call, in sweet tones to all, Ring - ing out on the si - lent air,
 when they all shall end, then we hope to spend Bless - ed Sab - baths a - bove in heav'n.

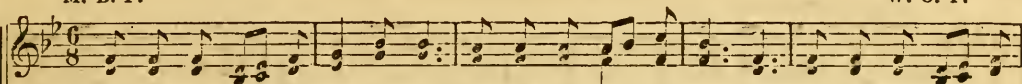


CHORUS.

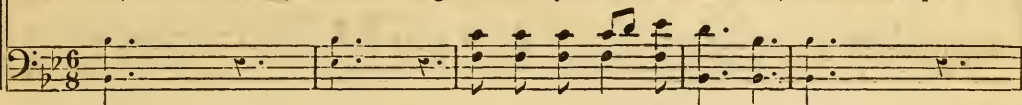


Sweet, ho - ly Sab - bath— best day of seven! When we learn of Je - sus, our Sa - viour, in heav'n.

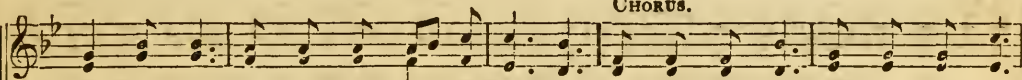




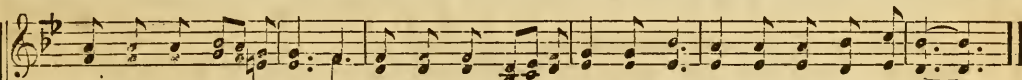
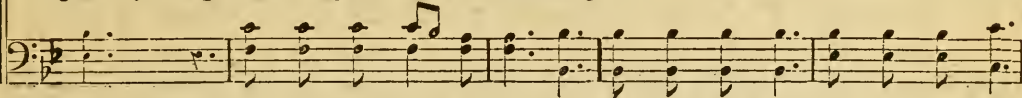
1. "Come un - to me," our Sa - viour calls, "Ye that are hea - vy la - den; I will give rest un -
2. "Ea - sy my yoke, my bur - den light," Thus says our bless - ed Sa - viour; "Take them, and learn of
3. "Sin - ners, and sor - row - burdened ones," Hear the kind Sa - viour call - ing; Dry up thy tears, and
4. Yes, to our Sa - viour we will bring Ev - er - y care and bur - den; Then to his praise we'll



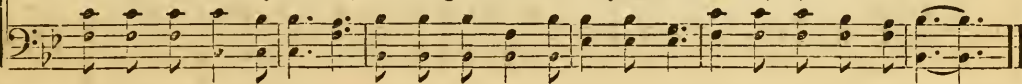
CHORUS.



- to your souls, Wea - ry and hea - vy la - den." }
 me the right, "Lov - ing - ly calls our Sa - viour. } "Come un - to me, come un - to me,
 cease thy moans, He will give joy for mourn - ing. }
 glad - ly sing When we pass o - ver Jor - dan. }

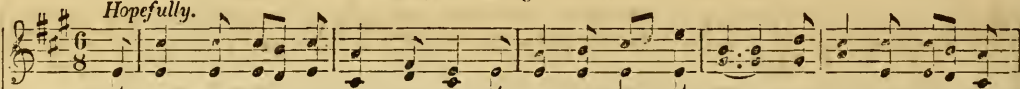


Ye that are hea - vy la - den; I will give rest un - to your souls—Come, oh, come unto me!"

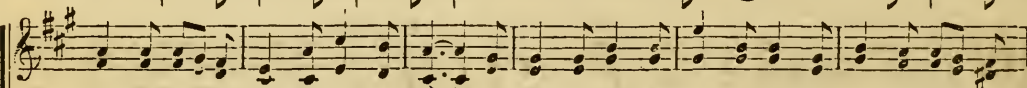
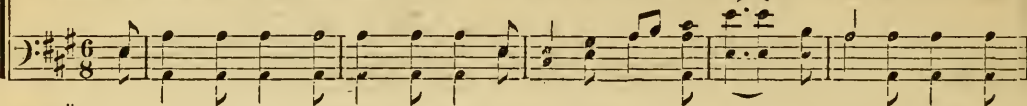


"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—REV. 2: 10.

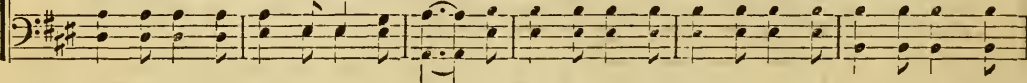
Hopefully.



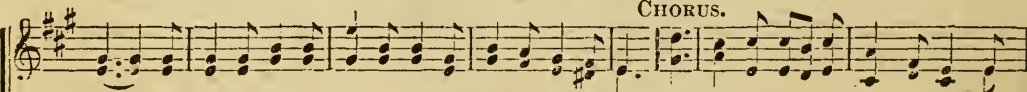
1. Ó crown of life! O daz-zling prize, Whose jewels star-like shine! Whose glo-ry dims these
2. Oh, yes, 'tis true, 'tis won-drous true, And all may share the meed, Who life's rough way with
3. The scourge, the nails, the cross he bore To gain this crown for me; Be-cause the crown of



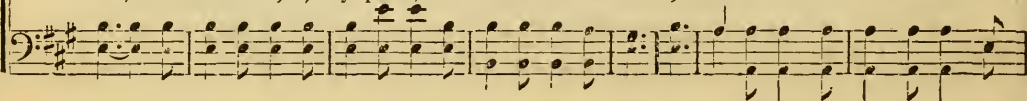
mor-tal eyes—Can such a prize be mine? Oh, can such radiance e'er be strown On my sin-darkened
flowers strewed Of lov-ing word and deed; For they are Christ's who Christ-like are, And such at last he'll
thorns he wore, The crown of life is free; Then may the light of Je-sus' love In all my ac-tions



CHORUS.



brow? With crown-ed hosts before the throne Shall I, in rapture, bow? }
own; They prove their right the crown to wear, And stand before the throne. } Yes, yes, for me the prize may be; For
shine; Faithful to death, oh, may I prove, And then the crown is mine! }



THE CROWN OF LIFE. Concluded.

87

so the Lord hath shown; Be faith-ful, thou, and on thy brow, He'll place the star-ry crown.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

F. P. C.

FATHER, TAKE US. Prayer.

H. S. P.

Reverently, with subdued voices.

1. O my Fa-ther, take me, make me Pure and ho-ly- all thine own;
2. Ho-ly Spir-it, woo me, draw me By thy gen-tle cords of love;

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

May each chang-ing mo-ment find me At the al-tar, near thy throne!
Guide me, guard me, safe-ly lead me To my heav'n-ly home a-bove!

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the top staff. The word "rit." is written above the top staff near the end of the first line of music.

WANDERING CHILD, COME HOME.

H. S. PERKINS.

"I will arise and go to my Father.—LUKE 16; 13"

1. Come home, come home! 'Tis your Fa - ther says, "Come, Thou hast wandered a - stray Far a -
 2. Come home, come home! In the des - ert and wild Thou hast gone from his fold, Yet thou
 3. Come home, come home! There is bread, and to spare, In thy Fa - ther's a - bode; He will

CHORUS.

- way from thy home.
 art his dear child.
 wel- come thee there." } Wandering child, come home, come home! Wander-ing child, come

For last stanza ad lib.

home, come home! I will a - rise, I will a - rise And
 I will a - rise, I will a - rise,

WANDERING CHILD, COME HOME. Concluded.

89

go to my Fa-ther, my Fa-ther, And will say un-to

And will say

The first system of musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff includes a triplet of eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with a dotted line indicating a continuation of the phrase 'And will say'.

him, Fa-ther, Fa-ther, I have sinned a-gainst thee, and am

un-to him,

The second system of musical notation continues the melody. It includes dynamic markings *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano). The lyrics continue with 'him, Fa-ther, Fa-ther, I have sinned a-gainst thee, and am un-to him,'.

no more wor-thy to be call-ed thy son; I will go, I will go, I will go.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. It includes the dynamic marking *rit. p* (ritardando piano). The lyrics are 'no more wor-thy to be call-ed thy son; I will go, I will go, I will go.' The melody ends with a final cadence.

1. Ere you left your room this morning Did you think to pray? In the name of Christ, our Sa - viour
 2. When you met with great temp - ta - tion Did you think to pray? By his dy - ing love and mer - it,
 3. When your heart was filled with an - ger, Did you think to pray? Did you plead for grace, my broth - er,
 4. When sore tri - als came up - on you, Did you think to pray? When your soul was bowed with sor - row,

CHORUS.

Did you sue for lov - ing fa - vor, As a shield to - day? }
 Did you claim the Ho - ly Spir - it As your guide and stay? } Oh, how pray - ing rests the wea - ry!
 That you might for - give an - oth - er Who had cross'd your way? }
 Balm of Gil - ead did you bor - row At the gates of day? }

Pray'r will change the night to day; So, when life seems dark and drea - ry, Don't for - get to pray.

HAVE YOU HEARD THE STILL SMALL VOICE?

91

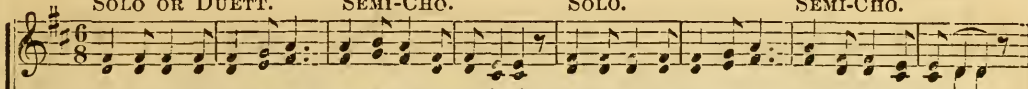
**

SOLO OR DUETT.

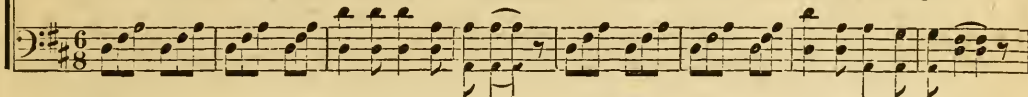
SEMI-CHO.

SOLO.

SEMI-CHO.



1. Have you heard the still small voice? Heed its gentle teaching; Making heart and soul rejoice, Never sad or weeping;
2. Have you felt his pard'ning love? 'Twas the Spirit's power; 'Twas the Spirit from above, Like a gen-tle shower;
3. Has God sent his blessing down On the plain and mountain? Strowing all thy path around, Like a flowing fountain?

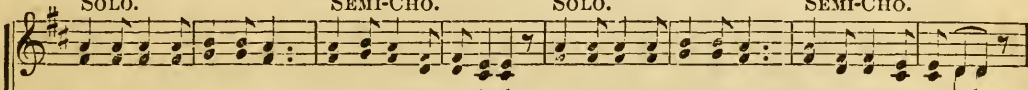


SOLO.

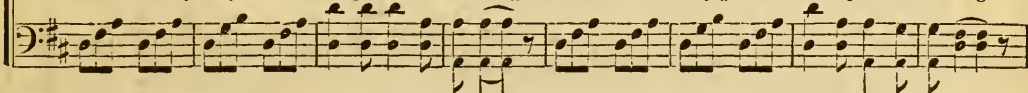
SEMI-CHO.

SOLO.

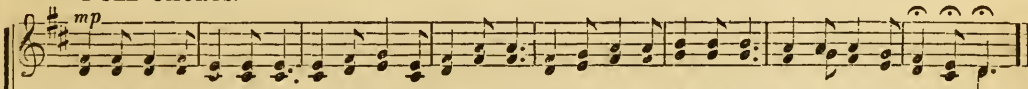
SEMI-CHO.



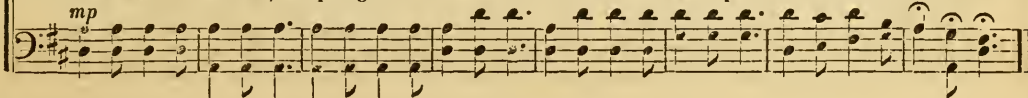
'Tis the voice of God you hear, Chiding and beseeching; Promising his children dear, Blessing and safe-keeping.
'Twas the love which Jesus gave, Like the sweetest flower, When he died, our souls to save, In that dreadful hour.
Thank him for thy daily food, Morning, noon, and evening; Look to him for ev-'ry good, On his prom-ise leaning.



FULL CHORUS.



'Tis the still small voice we hear, Whisp'ring words of love and cheer: God our souls with peace will fill, If we seek to do his will.



1. In the ear - ly morn - ing, For life is but a day; To my Sa - vior
 2. Should he let me tar - ry Un - till the noon of life, His ban - ner I will
 3. Should my day be lengthened Till eve - ning sha - dows come By his Spir - it

CHORUS.

turn - ing, I'll learn his ho - ly way.
 car - ry Thro' all the storm and strife. } All my love to Je - sus, For his love to
 strengthened, I'll serve till summoned home. }

me; All my life to Je - sus, Till his face I see.

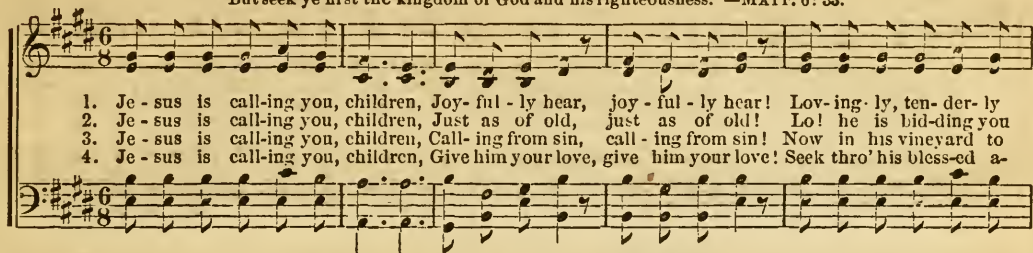
E. R. LATTA.

JESUS IS CALLING YOU, CHILDREN.

H. S. P.

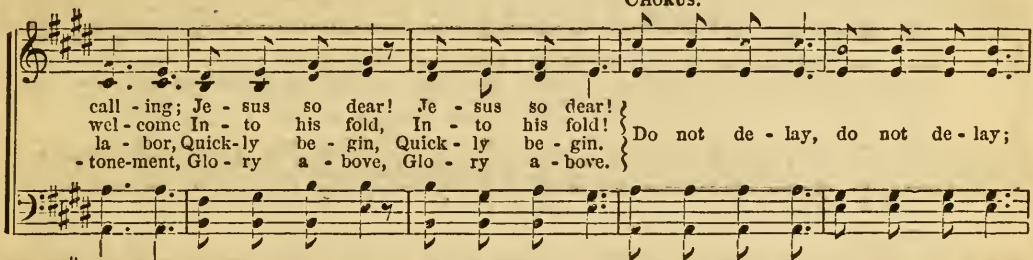
93

"They that seek me early shall find me."—PROV. 8: 17,
 "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."—MATT. 6: 33.

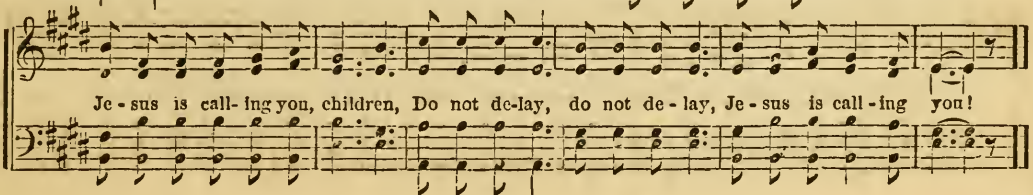


1. Je - sus is call-ing you, children, Joy - ful - ly hear, joy - ful - ly hear! Lov-ing - ly, ten - der - ly
 2. Je - sus is call-ing you, children, Just as of old, just as of old! Lo! he is bid-ding you
 3. Je - sus is call-ing you, children, Call - ing from sin, call - ing from sin! Now in his vineyard to
 4. Je - sus is call-ing you, children, Give him your love, give him your love! Seek thro' his bless-ed a-

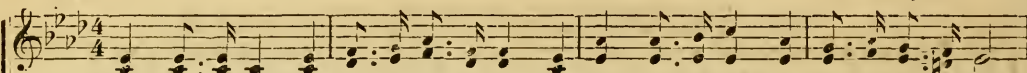
CHORUS.



call - ing; Je - sus so dear! Je - sus so dear! }
 wel - come In - to his fold, In - to his fold! } Do not de - lay, do not de - lay;
 la - bor, Quick - ly be - gin, Quick - ly be - gin.
 - tone - ment, Glo - ry a - bove, Glo - ry a - bove. }



Je - sus is call - ing you, children, Do not de - lay, do not de - lay, Je - sus is call - ing you!



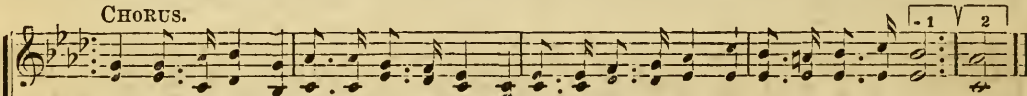
1. Down by the banks of soft - ly-gliding Ke - dron, Hear the dear Sa - viour's a - go-niz - ing cry!—
2. Sleep-ing, for-get - ful of their Lord and Mas - ter, Thus the dis - ci-ples spent those precious hours;
3. Dark are the 'wa - ters of the flow-ing Ke - dron, Dark - er the hour that Je - sus suffered there;
4. What are our griefs, oh, what our transient sor - rows When we re - mem-ber Christ's great a - go - ny?



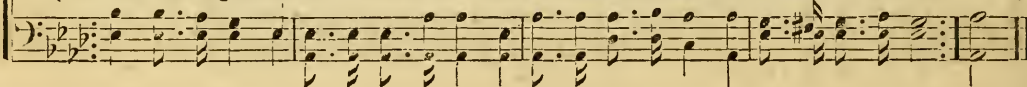
Pray - ing, en-treat - ing of his heav'nly Fa - ther, That the cup of woe may from his lips pass by.
 One has de - sert - ed for the base be-tray - al, One will soon de - ny him, mov'd by cra - ven fears.
 Geth - se - ma - ne is now the sa - cred gar - den, Hallowed by our Saviour's a - gon - iz - ing pray'r.
 What are our loss - es, when the great sal - va - tion, Purchased by his blood we have e - ter - nal - ly!



CHORUS.



{ What tongue can tell the a - go - ny and sor-row That the Saviour suffered in Gethse - ma - ne? }
 { For our transgressions on the fa - tal morrow Je - sus died that we might be for ev - er.....free. }

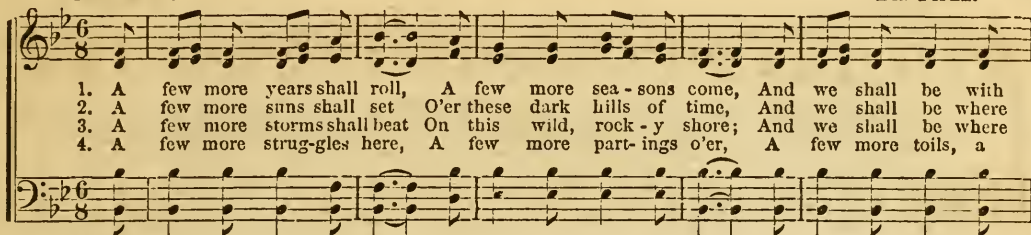


PILGRIMS' SONG.

93

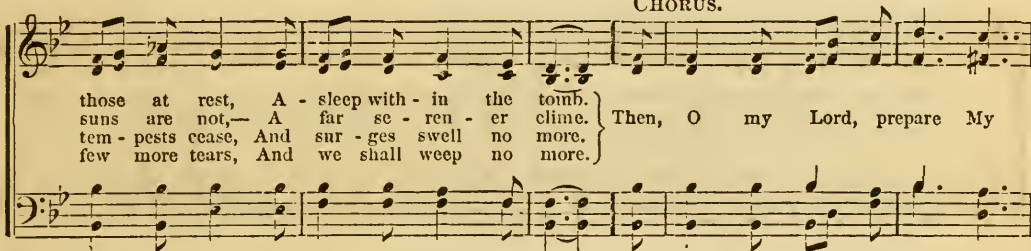
DR. BONAR.

DR. PIPER.

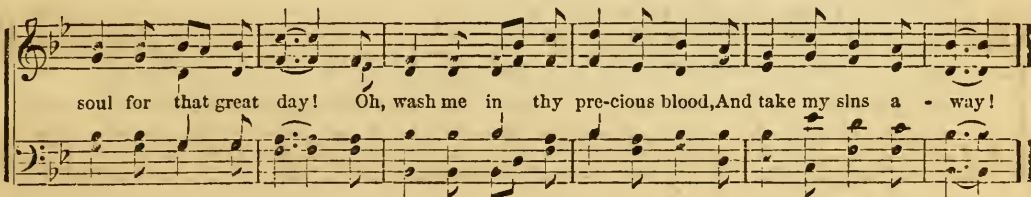


1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea-sons come, And we shall be with
 2. A few more suns shall set O'er these dark hills of time, And we shall be where
 3. A few more storms shall beat On this wild, rock-y shore; And we shall be where
 4. A few more strug-gles here, A few more part-ings o'er, A few more toils, a

CHORUS.



those at rest, A - sleep with - in the tomb. } Then, O my Lord, prepare My
 suns are not, — A far se - ren - er clime. }
 tem - pests cease, And sur - ges swell no more. }
 few more tears, And we shall weep no more. }



soul for that great day! Oh, wash me in thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a - way!

F. R. LATTA.

W. O. P.

Not too fast.

1. Our mission ful-fill-ing, At work or at play, If tempted to question What oth-ers may say, Let's
 2. When silence is round us, When closes the night, He qui-et-ly whls-pers, And own-eth the right; It
 3. When-ev-er the tempter Would lead us astray, Oh, may we have courage To answer him nay! Our

ev-er re-mem-ber, Our actions He sees; The Lord, who is great-er Than a-ny of these!
 matters but lit-tle What others may say. If we are but care-ful The Lord to o-bey.
 foes may de-ride us, And loudly de-fame; But Je-sus is for us—We'll trust in his name!

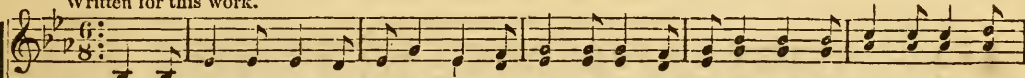
CHORUS.

Our mission ful-fill-ing, At work or at play; Our spirits should question, What Jesus may say.

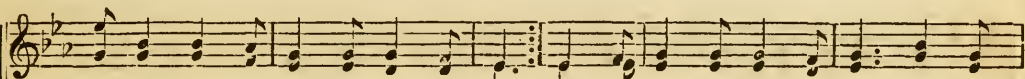
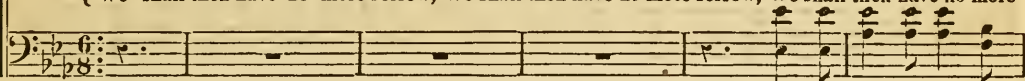
THERE IS REST BEYOND THE RIVER.

* 97

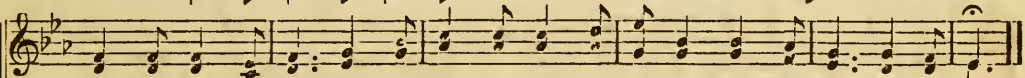
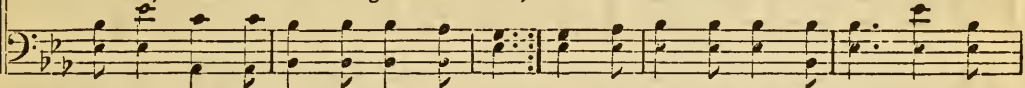
Written for this work.



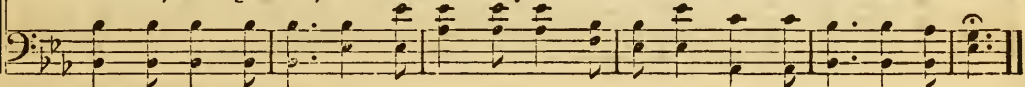
1. { There is rest beyond the riv-er, There is rest beyond the riv-er, There is rest beyond the
List - en now, ye worn and wea-ry, List - en now, ye worn and weary, List - en now, ye worn and
2. { There's a light beyond the riv-er, There's a light beyond the riv-er, There's a light beyond the
We shall walk therein for - ev - er, We shall walk therein for - ev - er, We shall walk therein for -
3. { There is joy beyond the riv-er, There is joy beyond the riv-er, There is joy beyond the
We shall then have no more sorrow, We shall then have no more sorrow, We shall then have no more



riv - er, For the children of the Lord. } There will come a day of rest, Yes a
wea-ry, List - en to that cheer-ing word. }
riv - er, 'Tis the glo - ry of the Lord. } Nev - er more will there be night, No more
- ev - er If we love his ho - ly word. }
riv - er, Ev - er - last - ing, deep and pure. } Je - sus calls us to that home, To that
sor-row, When we reach the gold - en shore. }



bles - ed day of rest, In that land be - yond the riv - er, In the land of the blest.
dark and drea - ry night; In that land be - yond the riv - er, All is light, glorious light.
bles - ed, an - gel home, In that land be - yond the riv - er Je - sus bids us to come.



WHITER THAN SNOW.

E. R. LATTÀ.

"Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

H. S. PERKINS.

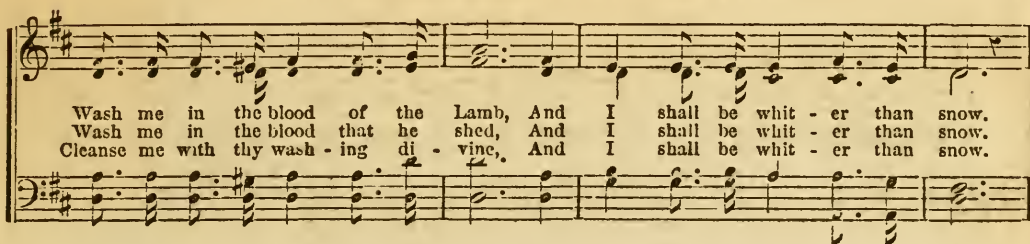
1. Bless - ed be the foun - tain of blood, To a world of sin - ners re - veal'd;
 2. Thorn - y was the crown that he wore, And the cross his bo - dy o'er - came;
 3. Fa - ther, I have wan - dered from thee; Of - ten has my heart gone a - stray;

Bless - ed be the dear Son of God, On - ly by his stripes we are healed:
 Griev - ous were the sor - rows he bore, But he suf - fered not thus in vain;
 Crim - son do my sins seem to me, Wa - ter can - not wash them a - way:

Though I've wan - dered far from his fold, Bring - ing to my heart pain and woe;
 May I to that foun - tain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be - low;
 Je - sus to that foun - tain of thine, Lean - ing on thy prom - ise I'll go;

WHITER THAN SNOW. Concluded.

99

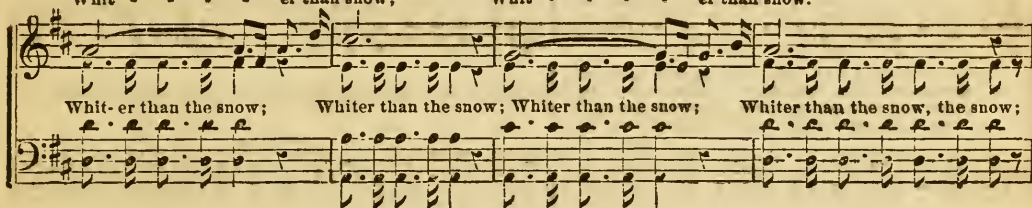


Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.
 Wash me in the blood that he shed, And I shall be whiter than snow.
 Cleanse me with thy washing-dvine, And I shall be whiter than snow.

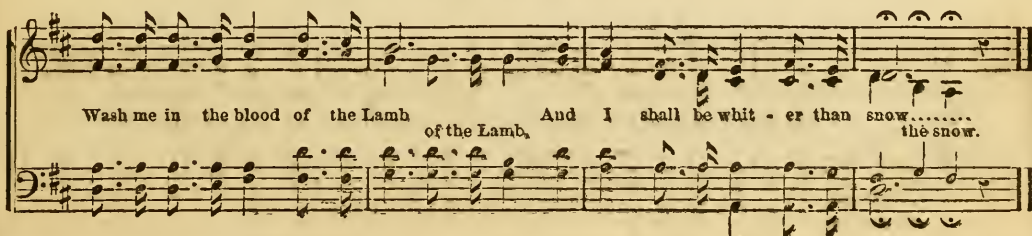
CHORUS.

Whit - - - er than snow;

Whit - - - er than snow.



Whit-er than the snow; Whiter than the snow; Whiter than the snow; Whiter than the snow, the snow;



Wash me in the blood of the Lamb of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.....
 the snow.

LITTLE CHILDREN, PRESS ONWARD.

ELLEN M. HASTINGS.

W. O. PERKINS.

1. Little children, press onward in serving the Lord. Yes, firmly and boldly press on: 'Tis the path that the saints, now in
 2. There are many will urge you to give up the cause, And tell you of hardships therein; They are lovers of e - vil, and
 3. What are hardships and trials that here we may find, If Jesus our Saviour we love? He will ev - er be near us, so
 4. In the footsteps of Jesus, then, let us press on, And patiently fol - low him here; When the battle is o - ver, the

CHORUS.

heaven, have trod, And each now is wearing a crown.
 hate God's just laws. And gladly would tempt you to sin,
 loving and kind, And guide us to heaven above.
 vic - to - ry won, The heavenly crown will appear.

Dear children then boldly press on, The vic - to - ry scone will be

press on

won;
 And when life shall be o'er, on the heav - en - ly shore, You will all find a bright, shining crown,
 will be won,

WHOSOEVER WILL.

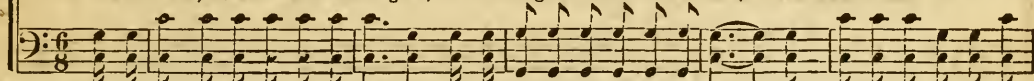
101

E. R. LATTA.

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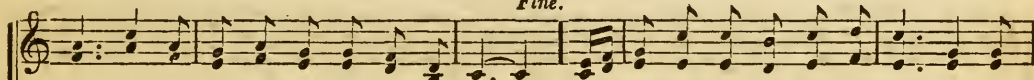


1. Whoso- ev - er will come to the wa - ters, Whoso- ev - er his sins will for-sake, May come to the fountain of
2. For the Bride and the Bridegroom are calling, And the Spirit invites you to come; Who- ev - er shall hear the glad
3. Dearest Lord, we will wander no long-er, We no longer in sin will a-bide; We welcome the blest invi-

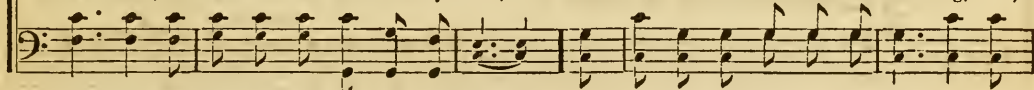


D.C. Whoso- ev - er will come to the wa - ters, Whoso- ev - er his sins will forsake, May come to the fountain of

Fine.

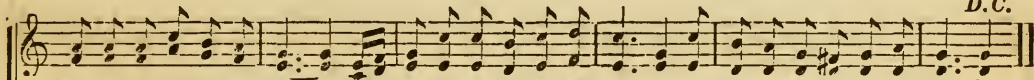


mer - cy, May come and may free-ly par-take; Oh, why will ye stay in the des-ert? Oh,
wel-come Shali bid you no long-er to roam; Oh, why will ye wan-der from Je - sus? Oh,
- ta - tion, And has-ten in faith to thy side; What-ev - er will hind-er our com-ing, Oh,

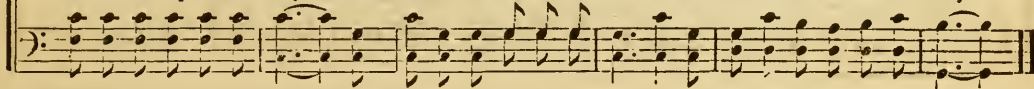


mer - cy, May come and may free-ly par-take.

D.C.



why will ye perish and die? Draw nigh to the Rock that is smitten—Come all without money, and buy.
why in the wilder-ness dwell? Draw nigh to the cru-ci-fied Sa-viour, Who loveth the sinner so well.
take from our spirits a - way; We come to the Rock that is smitten—We come to the Sa-viour to - day.



1. I've found the path my Saviour trod;— It is in hope set free; It leads be-yond the
 2. It's like a state of deep dis-tress To scan life's boist'rous sea; But speak in hope of
 3. The brightest scene of earth's de-light Shall in ob-liv-ion be When God shall call his

swelling flood: Then what's this world to me? 'Tis but a dream of dis-con-tent, If
 realms of bliss; Then what's this world to me? 'Tis like a sha-dow in dis-guise, Till
 children home; Then what's this world to me? I soon shall leave all na-ture's ties, When

hope no long-er be; And left me here but to lument; Then what's this world to me.
 I'm from sin set free; For a home of life when nature dies; Then what's this world to me.
 Christ has set me free; And have e-ter-nal rest my prize, From sin and sor-row free.

WHEN THE HARVEST APPEARS.

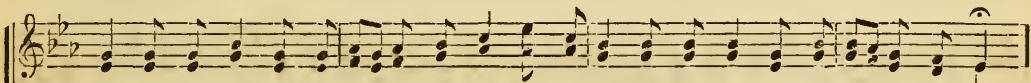
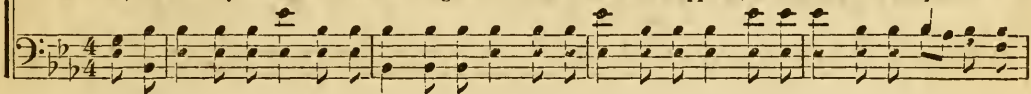
103

E. R. L.

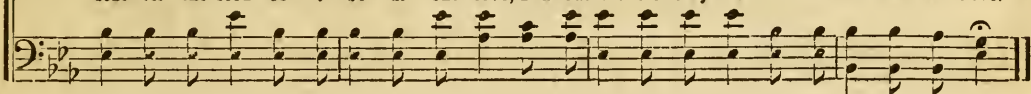
W. O. P.



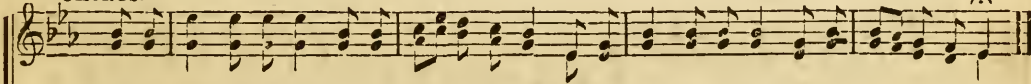
1. When the harvest appears From the seed that we sow, Shall we view it with joy, Or behold it with woe? We are
2. What-so - ev - er we sow We shall gath - er a - gain, And our hearts shall rejoice, Or be sor - row - ful then; If we
3. Oh, how ma - ny there be Who are sow - ing in vain! When the harvest appears, Oh, what sorrow and pain! Let us



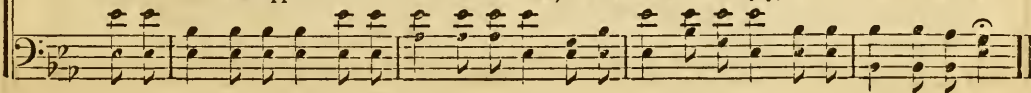
scat - ter - ing seed, And our spir - its shall see, In the end of the world, What the harvest shall be.
 scat - ter but tares, We shall ga - ther the same; What a har - vest 'twill be, Of re - gret and of shame!
 scat - ter the seed Of o - bo - di - ent love, That our harvest may be Life e - ter - nal a - bove.



CHORUS.



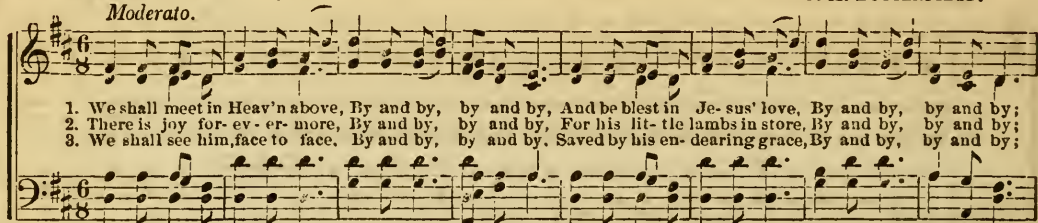
When the har - vest appears From the seed that we sow, Shall we view it with joy, Or be - hold it with woe?



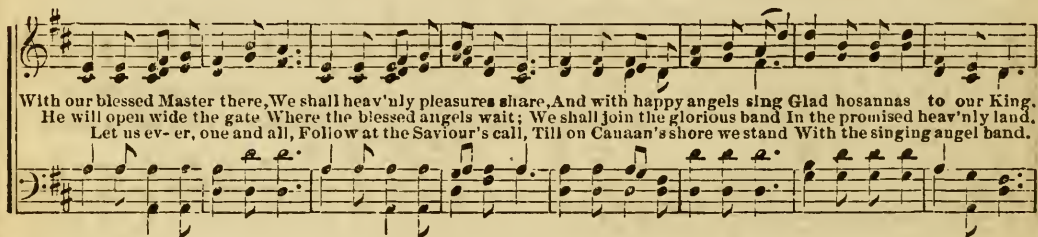
WE SHALL MEET, BY AND BY.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

J. A. BUTTERFIELD.

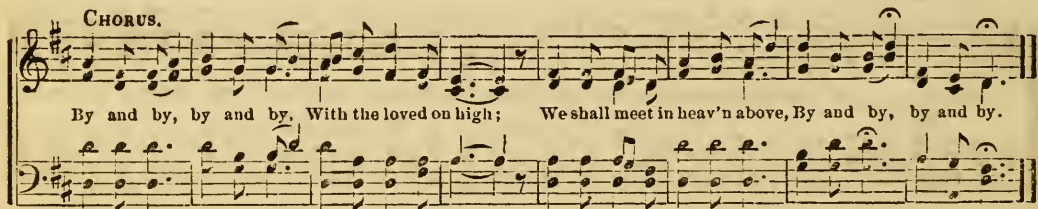
Moderato.


1. We shall meet in Heav'n above, By and by, by and by, And be blest in Je-sus' love, By and by, by and by;
 2. There is joy for-ev-er-more, By and by, by and by, For his lit-tle lambs in store, By and by, by and by;
 3. We shall see him, face to face, By and by, by and by, Saved by his en-dearing grace, By and by, by and by;



With our blessed Master there, We shall heav'nly pleasures share, And with happy angels sing Glad hosannas to our King.
 He will open wide the gate Where the blessed angels wait; We shall join the glorious band In the promised heav'nly land.
 Let us ev-er, one and all, Follow at the Saviour's call, Till on Canaan's shore we stand With the singing angel band.

CHORUS.



By and by, by and by, With the loved on high; We shall meet in heav'n above, By and by, by and by.

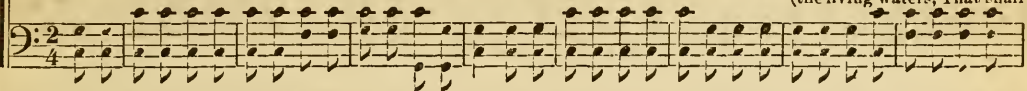


1. Oh, we love our faithful Pastor, Who is doing Jesus' will: Let us help him in his labor. Holding up his hands, my neighbor, As we

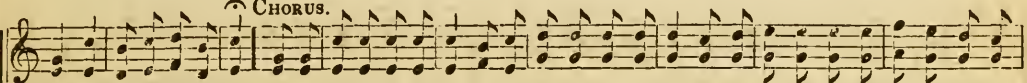
2. Let us cheer our much loved Pastor In his daily walks abroad, As our hearts in grace are growing, Let the seed he has been sow-
(ing Bring forth

3. We will stand up with our Pastor, In the battle for the right, We will strive against temptation, We will labor for salvation,
(That our

4. Come, oh, come and hear our Pastor, You who stand outside the door, Come, O thirsting sons and daughters! Drink, oh, drink
(the living waters, That shall



CHORUS.

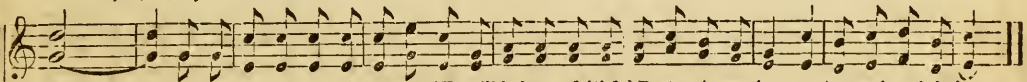
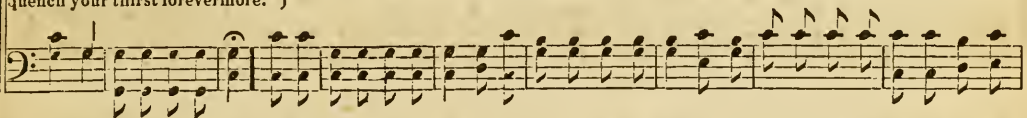


climb together Zion's hill.
fruit to smoothe his toilsome road.
deeds be pleasing in God's sight,
quench your thirst forevermore.

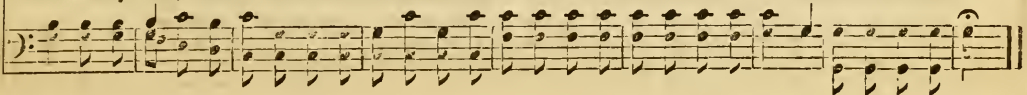
Let us help him with our pray'rs,

Let us lighten many cares

Let us share his heavy burdens, As they

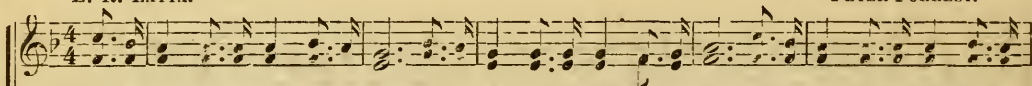


come,..... Then as swift hours follow faster, We will help our faithful Pastor, As we journey to our heav'nly home.
as they come,

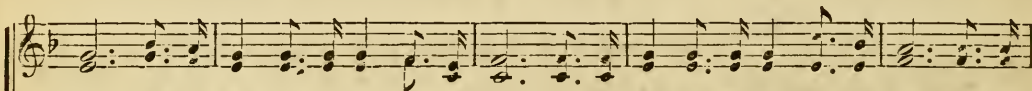
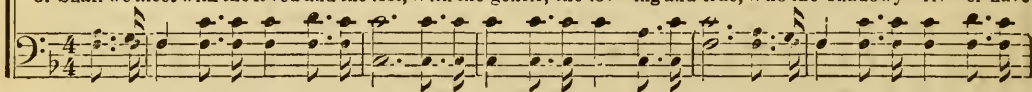


E. R. LATTA.

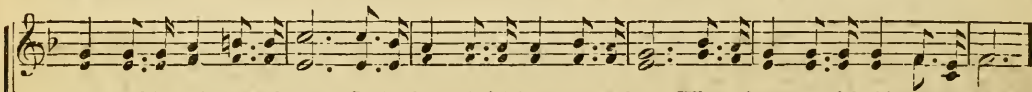
PETER FORREST.



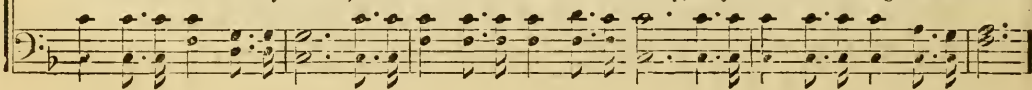
1. Shall we meet with the loved and the lost Who have quitted this storm-beaten shore? Who the shadowy river have
2. Shall we meet with the loved and the lost We so ten - der - ly cherished of yore? Who the shadowy riv - er have
3. Shall we meet with the loved and the lost, With the gentle, the lov - ing and true, Who the shadowy riv - er have



crossed, And can nev - er return to us more? If their spir - its the Sav - iour did love, They have
crossed—Who have left us and gone on be - fore? If we faith - ful - ly serve him be - low, Who on
crossed—Who have passed from our sorrow - ful view? Lo, we fol - lowed them down to the deep, And their



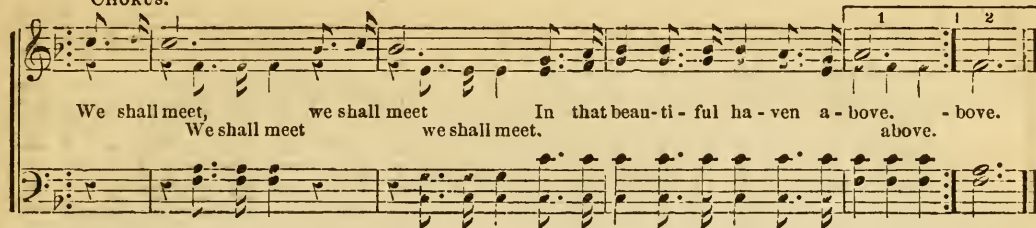
anchored in safe - ry and peace, In that beau - ti - ful ha - ven a - bove, Where the songs of the blest never cease.
Cal - va - ry suffered for men, To that beau - ri - ful home we shall go, Where we nev - er shall lose them a - gain
foreheads we fer - vent - ly kissed; But in vain did we sor - row and weep, They were lost to our sight in the mist.



IN THAT BEAUTIFUL HAVEN ABOVE. Concluded.

107

CHORUS.

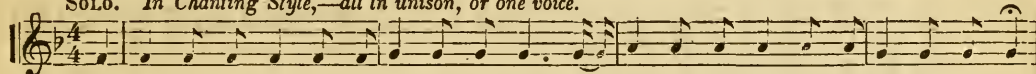


We shall meet, we shall meet In that beau-ti-ful ha-ven a-bove. -bove.
We shall meet we shall meet. above.

WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD!

* *

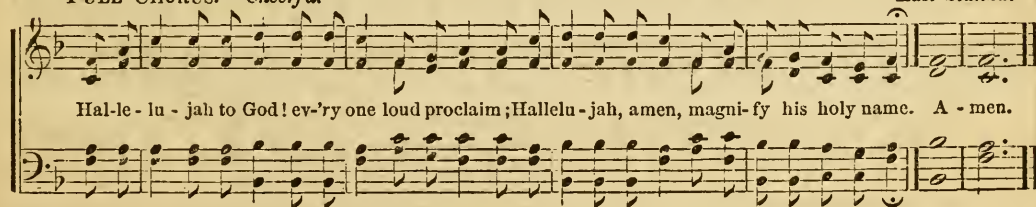
SOLO. *In Chanting Style,—all in unison, or one voice.*



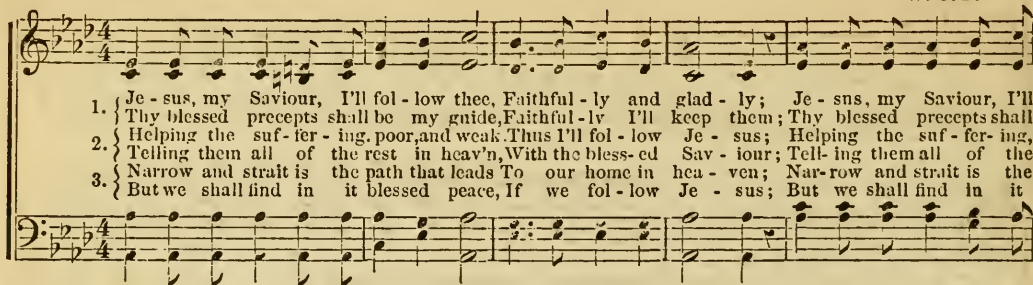
1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Je - sus, who died and is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spir- it of Light, Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be kindled with fire from a - bove

FULL CHORUS. *Cheerful*

Last Stanza.

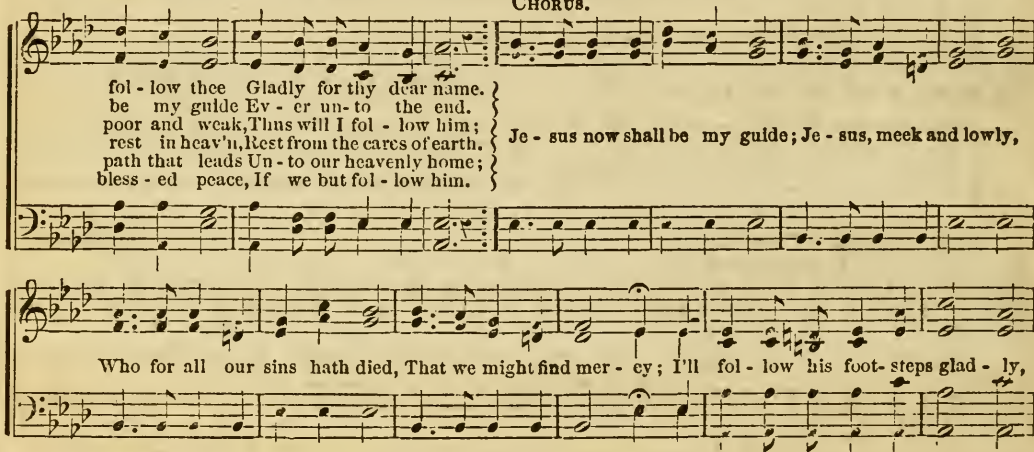


Hal-le - lu - jah to God! ev'-ry one loud proclaim; Hallelu-jah, amen, magni-fy his holy name. A - men.



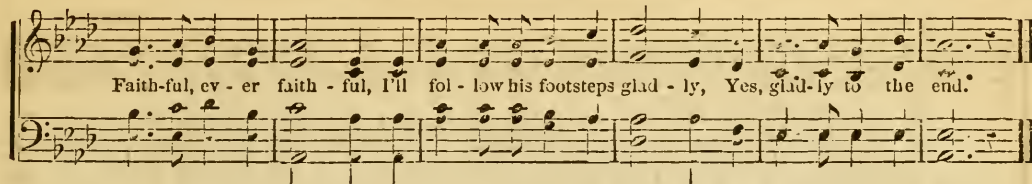
1. { Je - sus, my Saviour, I'll fol - low thee, Faithful - ly and glad - ly; Je - sus, my Saviour, I'll
 Thy blessed precepts shall be my guide, Faithful - ly I'll keep them; Thy blessed precepts shall
 2. { Helping the suf - fer - ing, poor, and weak, Thus I'll fol - low Je - sus; Helping the suf - fer - ing,
 Telling them all of the rest in heav'n, With the bless - ed Sav - iour; Tell - ing them all of the
 3. { Narrow and strait is the path that leads To our home in hea - ven; Nar - row and strait is the
 But we shall find in it blessed peace, If we fol - low Je - sus; But we shall find in it

CHORUS.



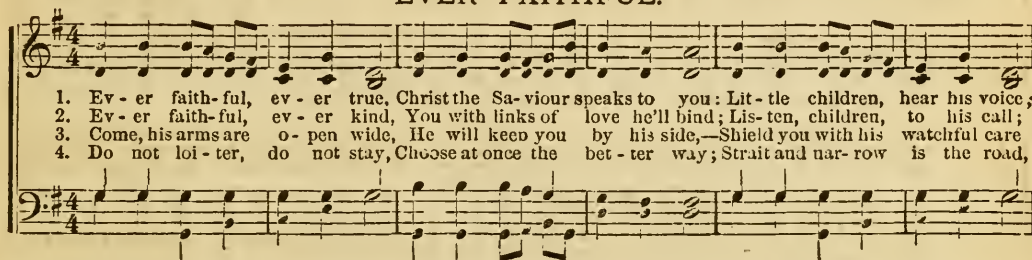
fol - low thee Gladly for thy dear name. }
 be my guide Ev - er un - to the end. }
 poor and weak, Thus will I fol - low him; }
 rest in heav'n, Rest from the cares of earth. } Je - sus now shall be my guide; Je - sus, meek and lowly,
 path that leads Un - to our heavenly home; }
 bless - ed peace, If we but fol - low him. }

Who for all our sins hath died, That we might find mer - cy; I'll fol - low his foot - steps glad - ly,



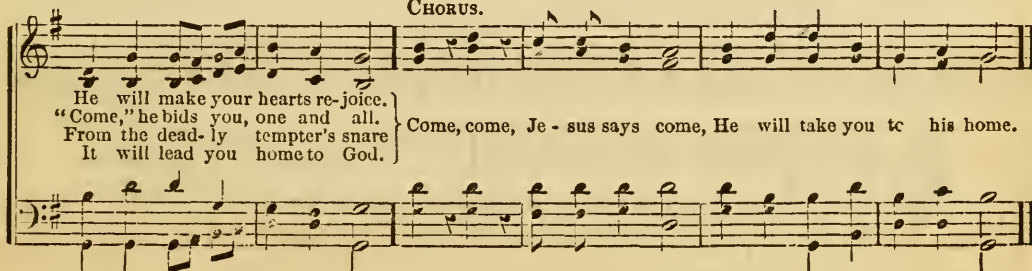
Faith-ful, ev - er faith - ful, I'll fol - low his footsteps glad - ly, Yes, glad-ly to the end.

EVER FAITHFUL.



1. Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er true, Christ the Sa-viour speaks to you: Lit-tle children, hear his voice;
2. Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er kind, You with links of love he'll bind; Lis-ten, children, to his call;
3. Come, his arms are o - pen wide, He will keep you by his side, —Shield you with his watchful care
4. Do not loi - ter, do not stay, Choose at once the bet - ter way; Strait and nar - row is the road,

CHORUS.



He will make your hearts re-joice.
 "Come," he bids you, one and all,
 From the dead-ly tempter's snare
 It will lead you home to God.

Come, come, Je - sus says come, He will take you to his home.

A. J. F.
Spirited.

J. H. ANDERSON.

1. Oh, we love to sing of heaven, Of that bright and happy shore, Where the saints will sing fore-er And re-
2. There is joy forever yon - der, In the mansions of the sky; And the saints are clad in glo - ry When they
3. Oh, we love to sing of heaven, We have dear friends gone before, And thro' all the realms of beauty They are

- joice for - ev - er - more; There they walk a - bout the ci - ty On the shin - ing streets of gold, Where the
reach that land on high; There the an - gel harps are ring - ing All a - round the throne of love, And the
hap - py ev - er - more: There we'll find those dear lost ones, And we'll join them in our song, And we'll

CHORUS.

face of Christ, their Saviour, They may evermore behold. Oh, we love, love to sing, Love to
an - gel choirs are singing In that glo - ry - land above. sing of that bright haven. While the a - ges roll along. Oh, we love, love to sing.

sing of heav'n, that happy land, Oh, we love, Yes, we love, love to sing, Love to sing of heav'n,
 happy land, love to sing that bright and happy land.

The musical score is in 2/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major (one flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. There is a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3' and an accent 'f'.

AWAKING FROM SWEET SLUMBER.

GERMAN AIR.

Joyfully.

(MORNING HYMN.)

1. A - wak - ing from sweet slum - ber, Re - stored by qui - et sleep, We praise our heavenly
 2. We thank him for the morn - ing, The sun - light and the dew; May we be ev - er
 3. May he, with his rich bless - ing, Our hearts with mer - cy fill; And toward our home in

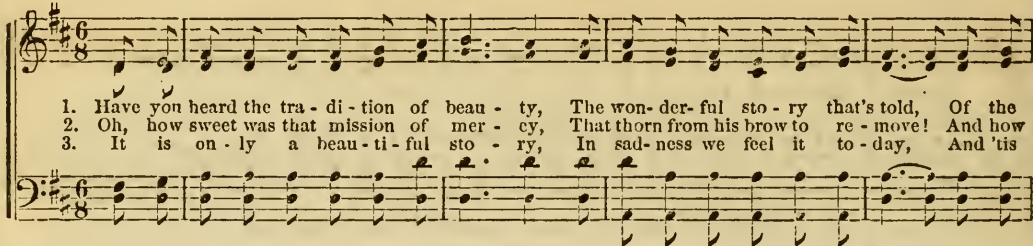
The musical score is in 4/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major (one flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff has a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The second staff has a bass clef and a 4/4 time signature.

Fa - ther, Who doth us safe - ly keep. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
 grate - ful To him, the good and true. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
 heav - en Lead on, and guide us still. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

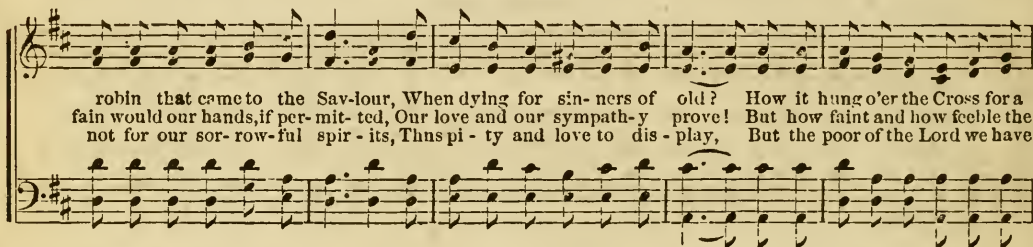
The musical score is in 4/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major (one flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff has a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The second staff has a bass clef and a 4/4 time signature.

E. R. LATTA.

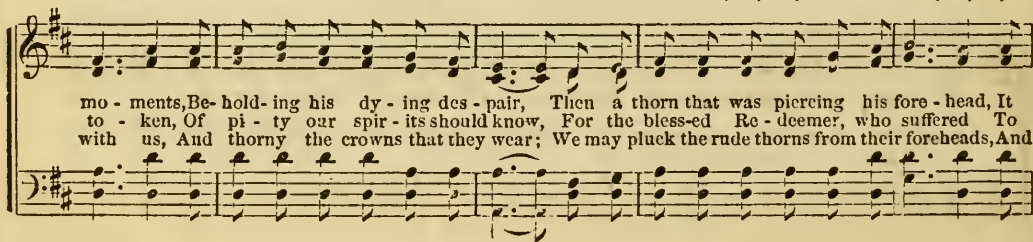
W. O. PERKINS.



1. Have you heard the tra - di - tion of beau - ty, The won - der - ful sto - ry that's told, Of the
 2. Oh, how sweet was that mis - sion of mer - cy, That thorn from his brow to re - move! And how
 3. It is on - ly a beau - ti - ful sto - ry, In sad - ness we feel it to - day, And 'tis



robin that came to the Sav - lour, When dy - ing for sin - ners of old? How it hung o'er the Cross for a
 fain would our hands, if per - mit - ted, Our love and our sym - path - y prove! But how faint and how feeble the
 not for our sor - row - ful spir - its, Thus pi - ty and love to dis - play, But the poor of the Lord we have



mo - ments, Be - hold - ing his dy - ing des - pair, Then a thorn that was pierc - ing his fore - head, It
 to - ken, Of pi - ty our spir - its should know, For the bless - ed Re - deem - er, who suf - fered To
 with us, And thorny the crowns that they wear; We may pluck the rude thorns from their foreheads, And

CHORUS.

plucked from the crown that was there.
save us from death and from woe.
feel that the Saviour is there.

Have you heard the tradition of beauty, The wonder-ful story that's

told, Of the rob-in that came to the Sav-iour, When dy-ing for sin-ners of old?....

MY HOUSE IS BUILT.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

W. O. PERKINS.

1. Oh, let me sing the blessed song, "Arise, my soul, a - rise!" My house is built in heaven a-bove, My
2. Oh, precious "house not made with hands," Where angel feet have trod, By faith I see thy walls, within The

man - sion in the skies; Dear Je - sus tells me in his word, That he himself will come, When
ci - ty of our God: So let me live on earth be - low, That when I come to die, With

CHORUS.

I have done with earthly cares, And take my spir - it home. } Oh, mansion bright! Oh, dwelling fair! A -
Je - sus I may sweetly go, And claim my house on high. }

- bove the shin - ing sun, Through Je - sus' blood I'll soon be there, My earthly tri - als done.

GOOD BYE TO THE OLD YEAR.

115

Rev. M. J. SAVAGE.

H. S. PERKINS.

Cheerfully.

1. The sleigh-bells jin - gle in their glee, The joy - ous chil - dren shout; And so with harmless
 2. Our hearts are mer - ry as the bells, While, with our voi - ces clear, We sing the words that
 3. Then jin - gle, jiu - gle, clear and sweet, Each voice and bell in tune; The years run on with

CHO.—The sleigh-bells jin - gle in their glee, The joy - ous chil - dren shout; And so with harmless

Fine. A little slower.

rev - el - ry, The good old year goes out; For God, who in the year gone by Hath
 hope fore - tells, And wel - come the New Year; For God, who in the year gone by Did
 hur - rying feet, Now Win - ter, and now June; But God doth give us all the year, And

rev - el - ry, The good old year goes out.

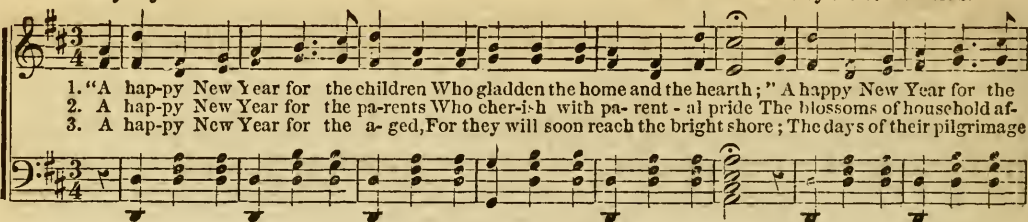
D. C. for Cho.

blessed us ev - 'ry day, And led us through its flowery path, And Winter's snow - y way.
 bless us ev - 'ry day, Will lead us in the steps we take A - long our for - ward way.
 all the years we'll sing, They lead us to a country where The whole year long is Spring.

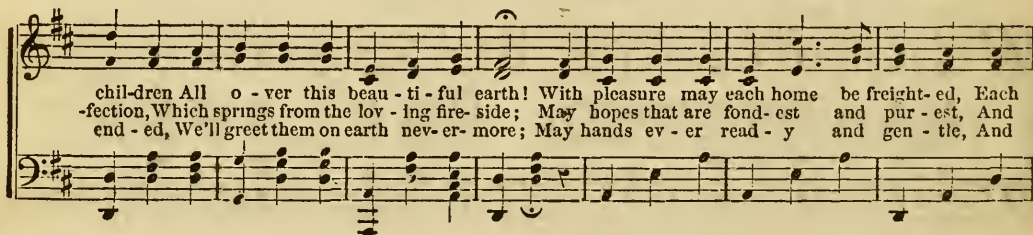
A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Cheerfully.

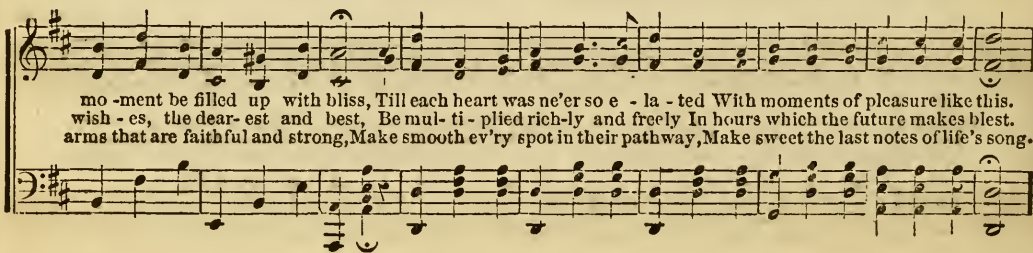
Words and Music by H. S. PERKINS.



1. "A hap-py New Year for the children Who gladden the home and the hearth;" A happy New Year for the
 2. A hap-py New Year for the pa-rents Who cher-ish with pa-rent - al pride The blossoms of household af-
 3. A hap-py New Year for the a-ged, For they will soon reach the bright shore; The days of their pilgrimage



chil-dren All o-ver this beau-ti-ful earth! With pleasure may each home be freight-ed, Each
 -fection, Which springs from the lov-ing fire-side; May hopes that are fond-est and pur-est, And
 end-ed, We'll greet them on earth nev-er-more; May hands ev-er read-y and gen-tle, And



mo-ment be filled up with bliss, Till each heart was ne'er so e-la-ted With moments of pleasure like this.
 wish-es, the dear-est and best, Be mul-ti-plied rich-ly and freely In hours which the future makes blest.
 arms that are faithful and strong, Make smooth ev'ry spot in their pathway, Make sweet the last notes of life's song.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR. Concluded.

117

1st Division. 2nd Division. All. 1st. 2nd. All.

Happy New Year, happy New Year, happy New Year to all; Happy New Year, happy New Year, happy New Year to all!

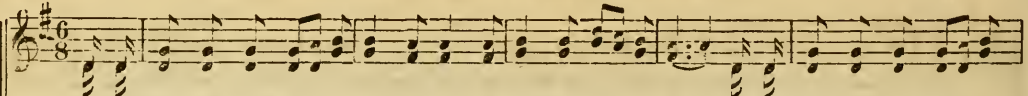
JESUS IS MINE.

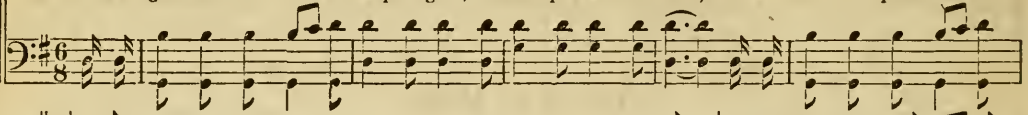
From "Goodly Pearls."

JNO. R. SWENBY. By per.

1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev-'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!
 3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawning light, Je - sus is mine!

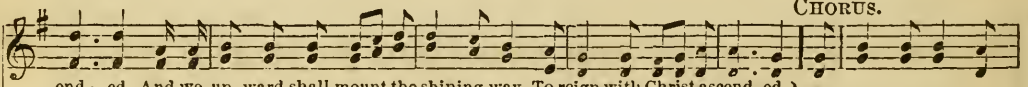
Dark is the wil - derness, Earth has no rest - ing - place; Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
 Per - ishing things of clay, Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart away - Je - sus is mine!
 All that my soul has tried Left but an ach - ing void; Je - sus has sat - is - fied, - Je - sus is mine!

- 
1. There's a crown in the land where sorrows cease; For those who watch and wait For the Saviour to come and
 2. And this crown is for those whose armor bright Reflects their leader's face; 'Tis thro' Je - sus a - lone they
 3. Ev - ry tear shall be wiped from sorrow's eye; The heart long bowed by grief To this ref - uge so sweet for
 4. There are gar - ments of white and harps of gold, Whose raptures fill the soul, For all those who press on with

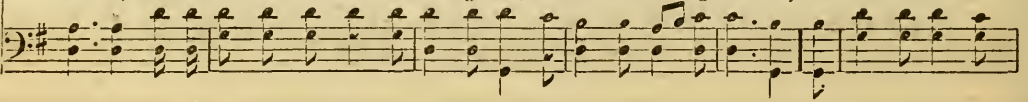


whis - per peace, And ope the pearl - y gate; And the an - gels are wait - ing for the day When earth's long strife
 win the fight, Support - ed by his grace; If we keep it un - stained, unsoiled by sin, Our hope shall fail us
 help may fly, And find a full re - lief; We have kn - dred and friends within that land, Who watch for our ap -
 cou - rage bold, To reach the shining goal; Grasp the shield and the sword and feel no fear, Our Leader's gone be -

CHORUS.



end - ed, And we up - ward shall mount the shining way, To reign with Christ ascend - ed.
 nev - er; All the young and the old this crown may win And wear the crown forev - er. } And we shall wear that
 - pear - ing; On the beau - ti - ful shore they waiting stand, And joy to see us near - ing.
 - fore us, And the end of the strife is drawing near; The crown is beaming o'er us. }



THAT BEAUTIFUL CROWN. Concluded.

119

Two systems of musical notation. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff contains a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

crown forev - er, And reign with the Lord above When we have passed be - yond the riv - er, Up to the land of
love; Oh, that beau - ti - ful crown! That beau - ti - ful crown In the land of light and love!

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

ELLEN M. HASTINGS.

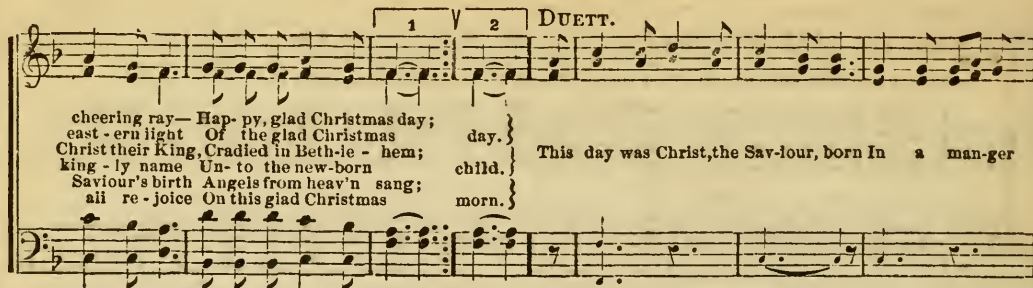
W. O. PERKINS.

Two systems of musical notation. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff contains a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1. { Bright dawns the morn - ing of Christ - mas day! Chant a joy - ful wel - come To the re - turn of its
Now we re - joice as our tongues u - nite In the song of wel - come: Turn we with joy to that
2. { An - gels in glo - ry re - joice and sing, While the trembling shepherds Hear the stran - ges to - ry of
Led by a star then the wise men came To the man - ger low - ly, Ren - der - ing hom - age and
3. { Hope and sal - va - tion for all the earth Came on Christmas morn - ing; Good will to men at the
Now let us join with our heart and voice In the an - gel cho - rus; With that bright throng we will

CHRISTMAS CAROL. Concluded.

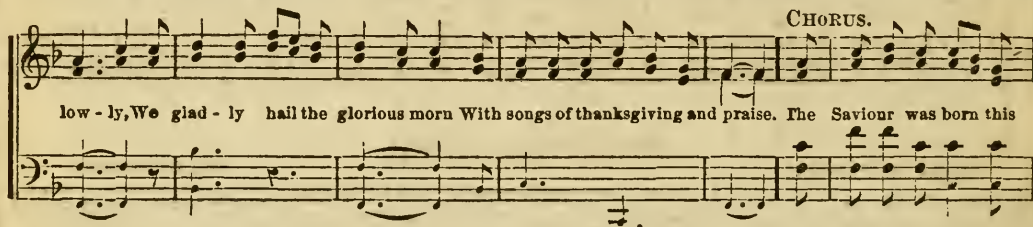
1 2 DUETT.



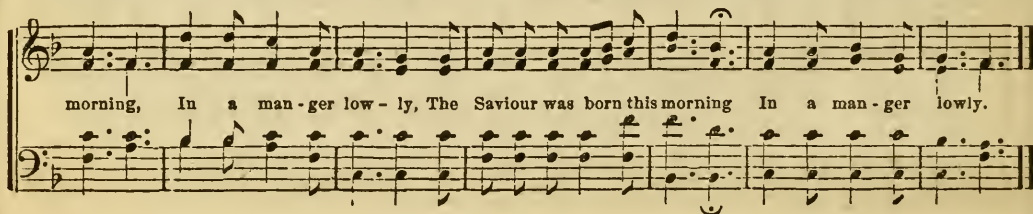
cheering ray— Hap- py, glad Christmas day;
 east- ern light Of the glad Christmas day;
 Christ their King, Cradled in Beth- le- hem;
 king- ly name Un- to the new-born child.
 Saviour's birth Angels from heav'n sang;
 all re- joice On this glad Christmas morn.

This day was Christ, the Sav- iour, born In a man- ger

CHORUS.



low- ly, We glad- ly hail the glorious morn With songs of thanksgiving and praise. The Sav- iour was born this



morning, In a man- ger low- ly, The Sav- iour was born this morning In a man- ger lowly.

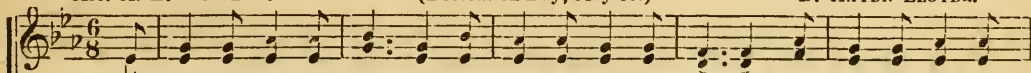
WE BRING OUR FRAGRANT OFFERINGS.

121

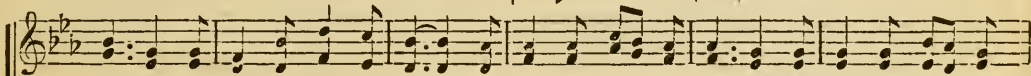
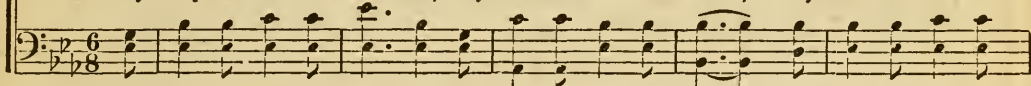
Mrs. A. E. WINSLOW.

(Decoration Day, May 30.)

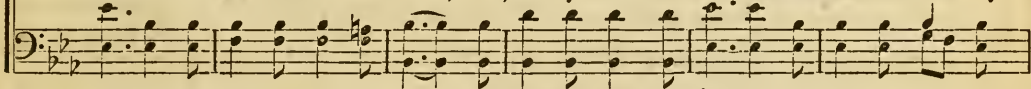
D. HAYDN LLOYDE.



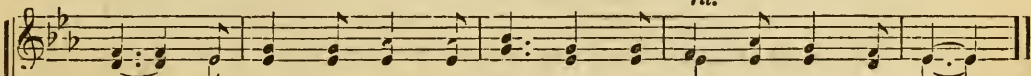
1. We bring our fragrant off-rings To deck the he-ro's grave; We bring the dear old
2. From Sum-ter's walls the ech-oes Thrill'd northern hills and plains— The dear old flag dis-
3. To - day the star-ry ban-ner Waves o'er our broad do-main,— Made sa-cred by the
4. They sleep be-neath the wa-ters, They slum-ber on the shore; They rest where southern



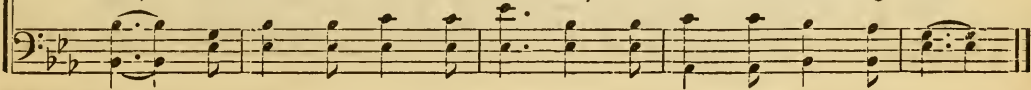
ban-ner A-bove his head to wave; And true and ten-der mem'ries Come down the fad-ing
-honored, And Freedom was in chains; Oh, nev-er hearts more loy-al Laid down the tasks of.
mem-'ry Of blood and tears and pain; A sac-ri-fice most precious, A her-i-tage most
mountains O'er-look them ev-er-more; Oh, man-y lone hearts mourneth The soldier's low-ly



rit.




years, And pass be-fore our vis-ion— A pic-ture set in tears.
peace, And ral-lied to the con-flict For lib-er-ty's re-lease.
dear,— So rev-'rent-ly our off-'rings We seat-ter, year by year.
bed; And with our flow'rs we bless them,— The nn-re-turn-ing dead!

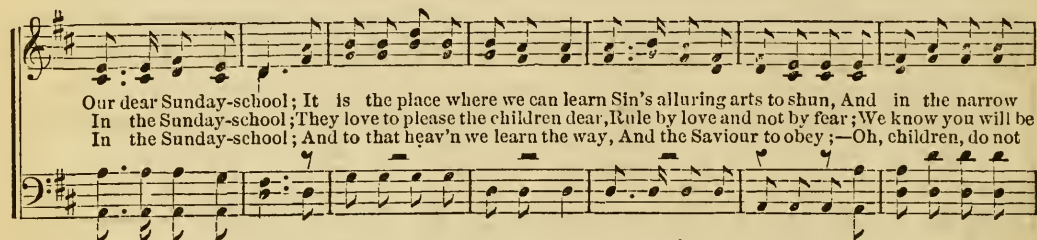


Written for this Work

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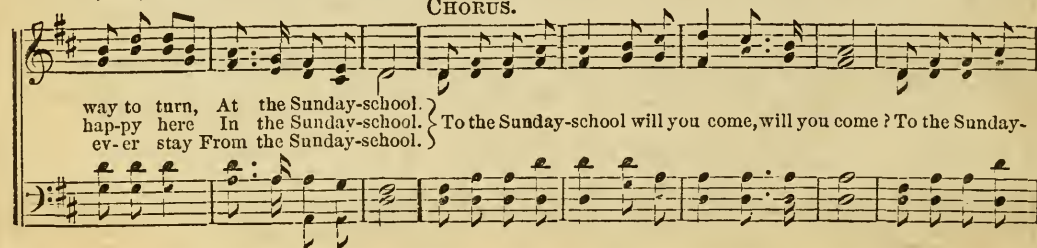


1. Come, children, will you come with me To the Sunday-school? We want you, ev - 'ry - one, to see
 2. No hard task-mas - ter there we find, In the Sunday-school; For ev - 'ry teach - er is so kind
 3. And here we learn sweet songs to sing, In the Sunday-school; Of heav'n and Christ, our Saviour King,

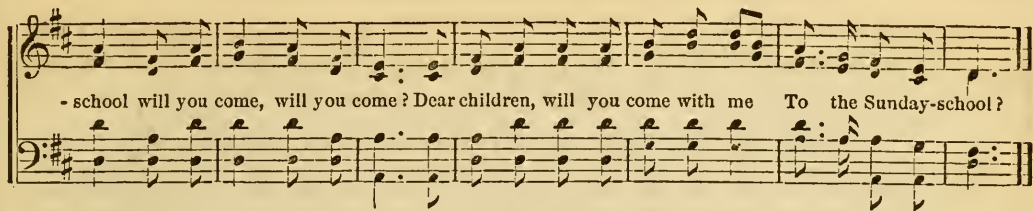


Our dear Sunday-school; It is the place where we can learn Sin's alluring arts to shun, And in the narrow
 In the Sunday-school; They love to please the children dear, Rule by love and not by fear; We know you will be
 In the Sunday-school; And to that heav'n we learn the way, And the Saviour to obey;—Oh, children, do not

CHORUS.

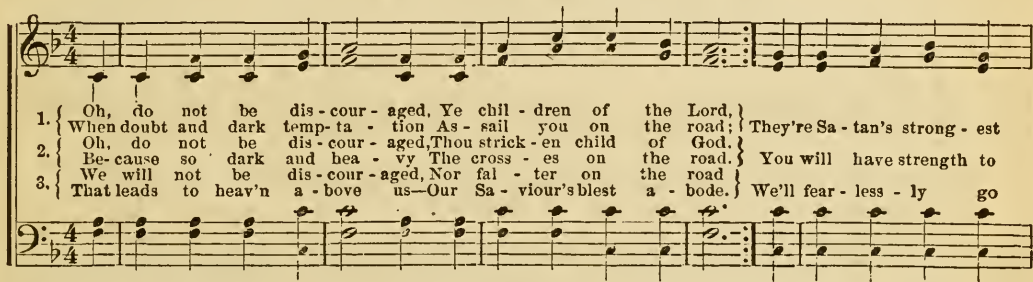


way to turn, At the Sunday-school.
 happy here In the Sunday-school. } To the Sunday-school will you come, will you come? To the Sunday-
 ev - er stay From the Sunday-school. }

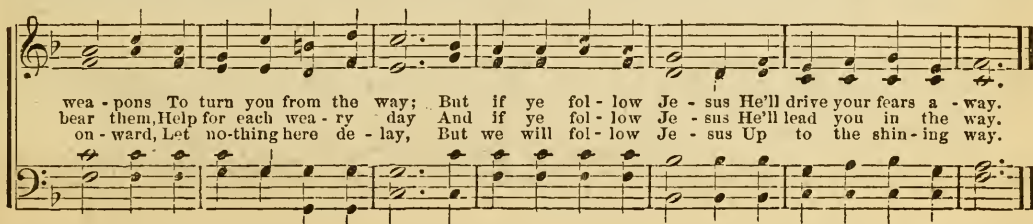


- school will you come, will you come? Dear children, will you come with me To the Sunday-school?

OH, DO NOT BE DISCOURAGED.



1. { Oh, do not be dis-cour-aged, Ye chil-dren of the Lord, }
 When doubt and dark temp-ta-tion As-sail you on the road; They're Sa-tan's strong-est
 2. { Oh, do not be dis-cour-aged, Thou strick-en child of God, }
 Be-cause so dark and hea-vy The cross-es on the road, } You will have strength to
 3. { We will not be dis-cour-aged, Nor fal-ter on the road }
 That leads to heav'n a-bove us-Our Sa-viour's blest a-bode. } We'll fear-less-ly go



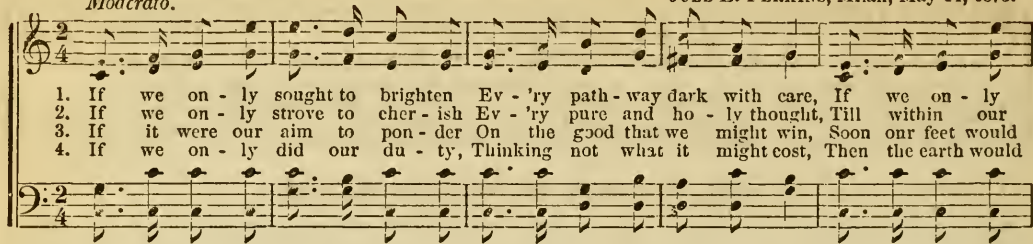
wea-pons To turn you from the way; But if ye fol-low Je-sus He'll drive your fears a-way.
 bear them, Help for each wea-ry day And if ye fol-low Je-sus He'll lead you in the way.
 on-ward, Let no-thing here de-lay, But we will fol-low Je-sus Up to the shin-ing way.

WE SHOULD HEAR THE ANGELS SINGING.

From "Merry's Musenm."

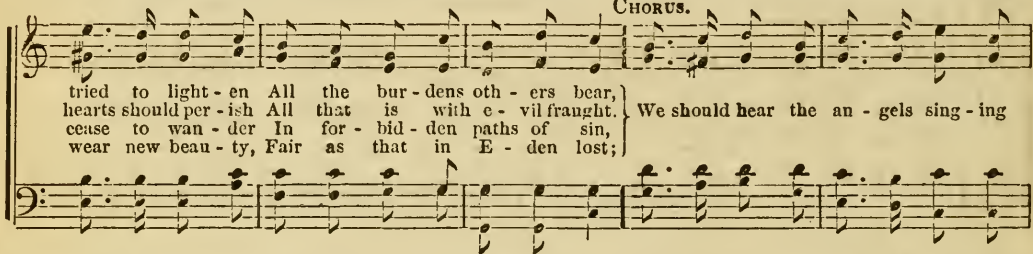
"Bear ye one another's burdens."

JULE E. PERKINS, Milan, May 14, 1873.

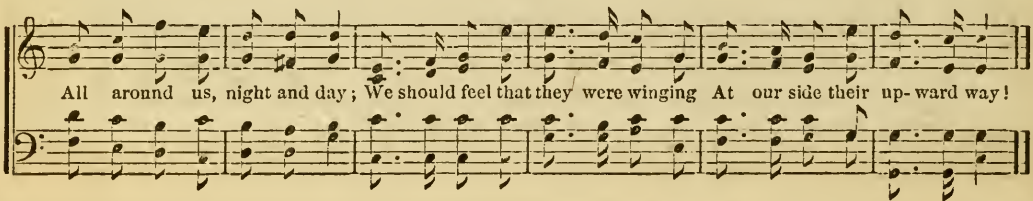
Modcrato.


1. If we on - ly sought to brighten Ev - 'ry path - way dark with care, If we on - ly
 2. If we on - ly strove to cher - ish Ev - 'ry pure and ho - ly thought, Till within our
 3. If it were our aim to pon - der On the good that we might win, Soon our feet would
 4. If we on - ly did our du - ty, Thinking not what it might cost, Then the earth would

CHORUS.



tried to light - en All the bur - dens oth - ers bear, }
 hearts should per - ish All that is with e - vil fraught. } We should hear the an - gels sing - ing
 cease to wan - der In for - bid - den paths of sin,
 wear new beau - ty, Fair as that in E - den lost;



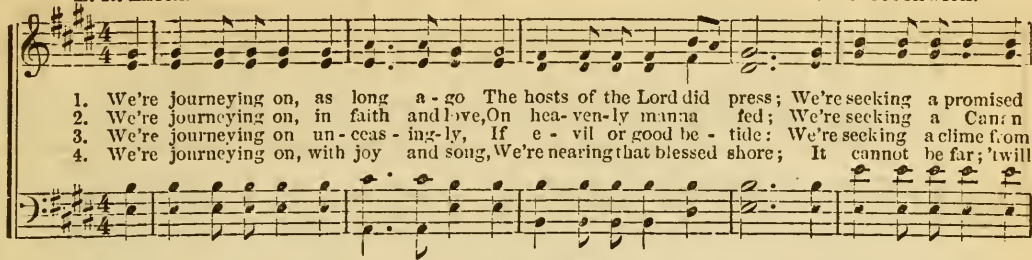
All around us, night and day; We should feel that they were winging At our side their up - ward way!

JUST OVER THE WILDERNESS.

123

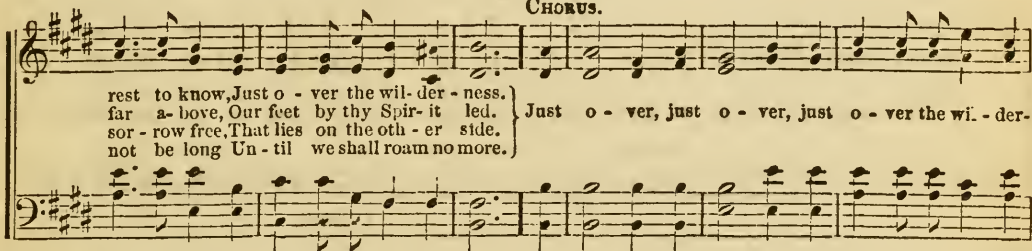
E. R. LATTA.

HARRY SOUTHWICK.

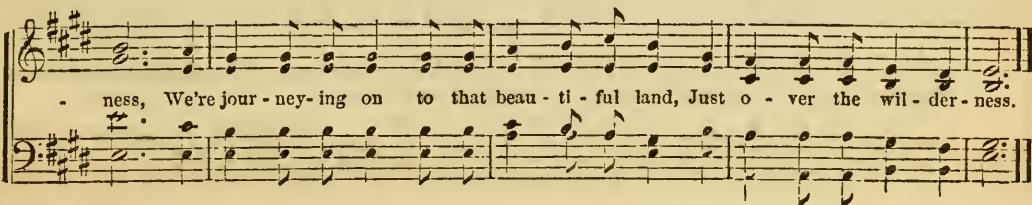


1. We're journeying on, as long a - go The hosts of the Lord did press; We're seeking a promised
 2. We're journeying on, in faith and love, On hea - ven - ly manna fed; We're seeking a Can - n
 3. We're journeying on un - ceas - ing - ly, If e - vil or good be - tide: We're seeking a clime from
 4. We're journeying on, with joy and song, We're nearing that blessed shore; It cannot be far; 'twill

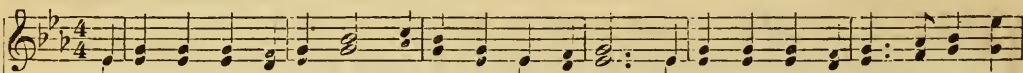
CHORUS.



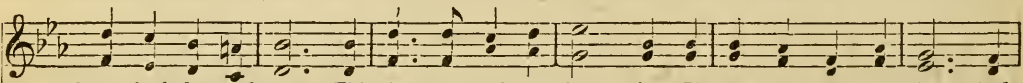
rest to know, Just o - ver the wil - der - ness. } Just o - ver, just o - ver, just o - ver the wi - der -
 far a - bove, Our feet by thy Spir - it led. }
 sor - row free, That lies on the oth - er side. }
 not be long Un - til we shall roam no more. }



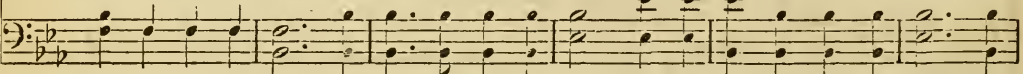
- ness, We're jour - ney - ing on to that beau - ti - ful land, Just o - ver the wil - der - ness.



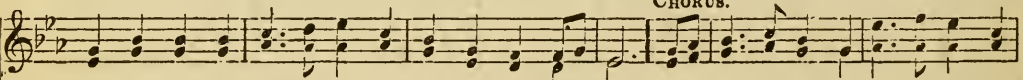
1. The children now are gath-ring, With parents, teachers dear; With happy fa-ces, see them come, From
2. The Lord has kindly guarded These friends and children dear From sickness, danger, and from harm, Through-
3. The friends and parents, teachers, That greet us here to-day, Will join our songs of love and praise, To
4. And now with heads bow'd lowly, And hushed our warbling notes, The prayer that God would kindly bless, Like



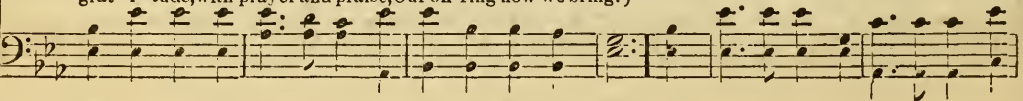
homes both far and near; This is our cel-e-bra-tion, The an-ni-ver-sary day; And
 - out an-oth-er year; And now, with hearts so joy-ful, We'll sing our songs of praise, For
 cheer us on the way; It is the glad oc-ca-sion When both the old and young, In
 in-cense upward floats; Each heart with love is warm-ing To God, our Sav-iour King; With



CHORUS.

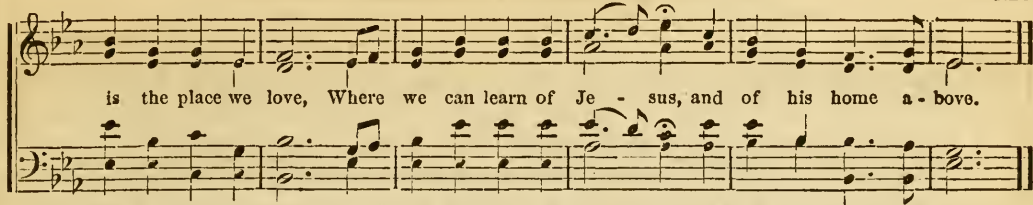


let us join in sweet ac-cord, And sing this joy-ous day.
 all the gifts that God has sent, To crown our youthful days. } The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, This
 one loud voice of har-mony, Send up their grateful song.
 grat-i-tude, with prayer and praise, Our off'ring now we bring. }



CELEBRATION SONG. Concluded.

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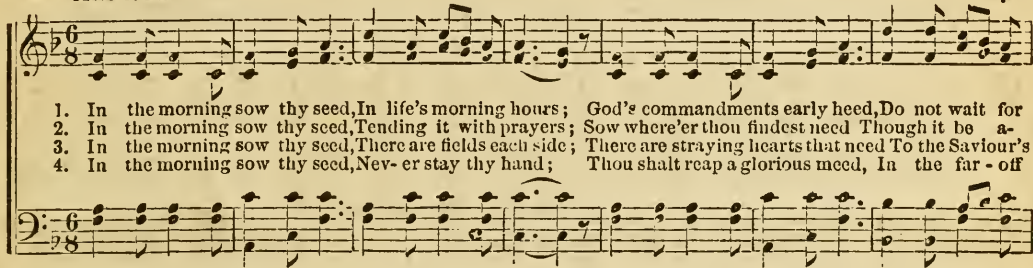


is the place we love, Where we can learn of Je - sus, and of his home a - bove.

IN THE MORNING SOW THY SEED.

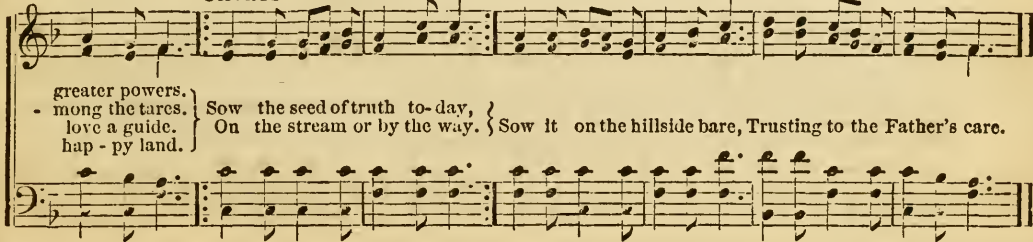
MISS S. M. FINCH.

*



1. In the morning sow thy seed, In life's morning hours; God's commandments early heed, Do not wait for
2. In the morning sow thy seed, Tending it with prayers; Sow where'er thou findest need Though it be a-
3. In the morning sow thy seed, There are fields each side; There are straying hearts that need To the Saviour's
4. In the morning sow thy seed, Nev- er stay thy hand; Thou shalt reap a glorious meed, In the far - off

CHORUS.



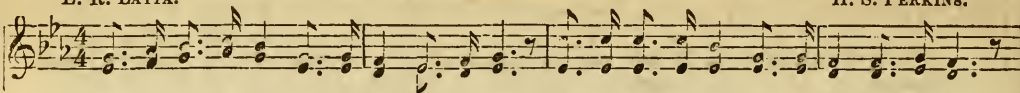
greater powers. } Sow the seed of truth to-day, } } Sow it on the hillside bare, Trusting to the Father's care.
- mong the tares. } On the stream or by the way. }
love a guide. }
hap - py land. }

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

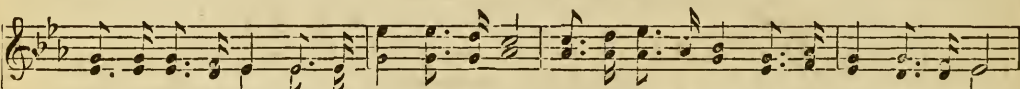
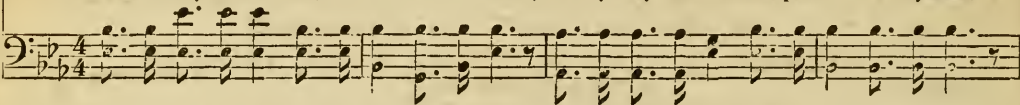
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." Ps. 61-2.—Read Matt. vii., 24-29.

E. R. LATTA.

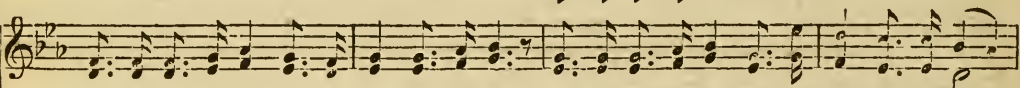
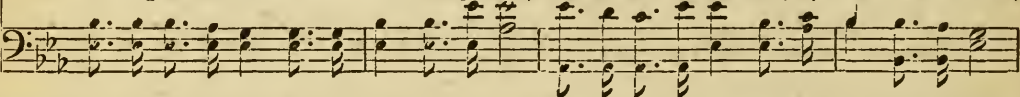
H. S. PERKINS.



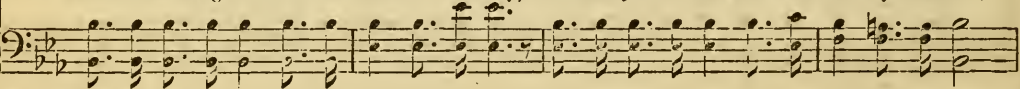
1. Hea - vy is the bur - den of sin that I bear, Wea - ry and disheartened I faint by the way;
2. Ear - ly will I seek thee, while thou art so near, Glad - ly to thy keeping my heart I re - sign;
3. Darkness may surround me, and loud be the storm, Wild - ly may the bil - lows pass o - ver my head,

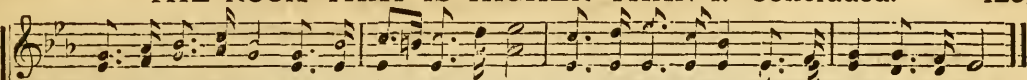


Ev - er - blest Redeem - er my sor - row and care, Trust - ing on thy promise, on thee do I lay;
Fond - ly will I fol - low thy coun - sels so dear, Trust - ing to thy guid - ance and fa - vor di - vine;
Trust - ing to the wonders the Lord will perform, In the midst of ter - rors, my heart shall not dread;

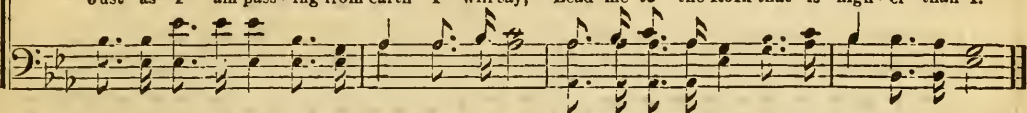


Vain - ly might I trust in a mor - tal for aid— Vain - ly, when for peace and for par - don I cry;
If the tempter com - eth to draw me a - side, Whither but to Je - sus for help shall I fly?
When the mes - sage com - eth to call me a - way, And to join the Boatman—this bod - y shall die;





Ev - er un - to Je - sus my plea shall be made—Lead me to the Rock that is high - er thnn I.
 Safe - ly in his pres - ence my soul shall a - bide—Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.
 Just as I am pass - ing from earth I will say, "Lead me to the RoIk that is high - er than I."

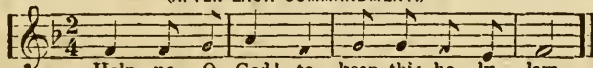


HELP US TO KEEP THY HOLY NAME. Response.

W. N. EVANS.

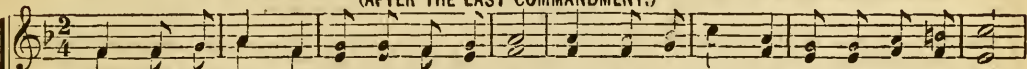
(AFTER EACH COMMANDMENT.)

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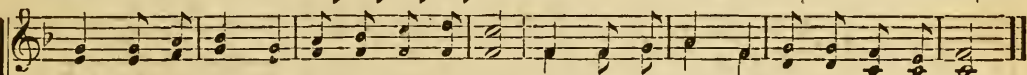
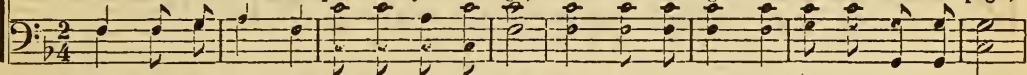


Help us, O God! to keep this ho - ly law.

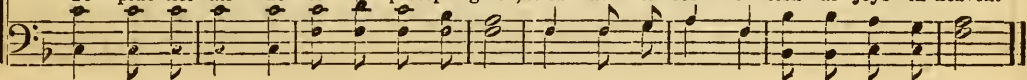
(AFTER THE LAST COMMANDMENT.)



1. We hear thy laws, and we would fain o - bey; Lead us, O Lord! in thy most ho - ly way;
2. And as we on - ward pass from youth to age, Be our de - light to scan the sa - cred page;



Grant us thy Spir - it, help to sin no more, And lead our foot - steps to the heav'nly shore.
 To prac - tice all the ho - ly precepts given, And fit us for e - tern - al joys in heaven.

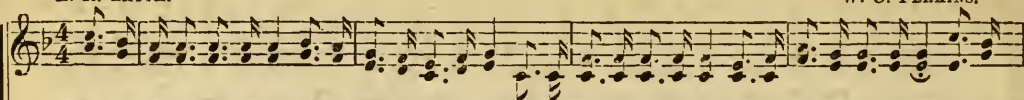


"SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES."

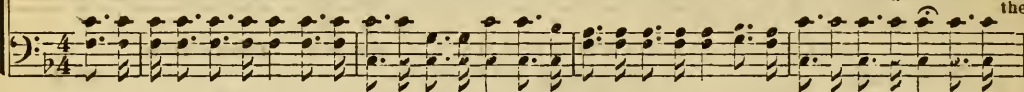
"I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."—Last words of Rev. ALFRED COOKMAN.

E. R. LATTA.

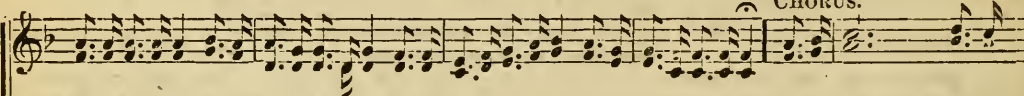
W. O. PERKINS.



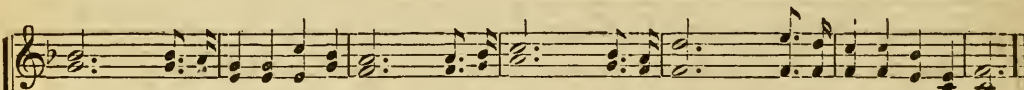
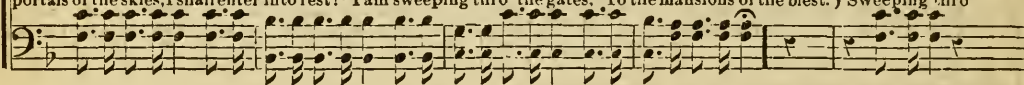
1. "I am sweeping thro' the gates," To the realm of endless day! For a gentle, loving voice Whispers me to come away! 'Tis a
2. "I am sweeping thro' the gates," For the messenger has come; I am leaving earth behind, For a bright, eternal home; Angel
3. "I am sweeping thro' the gates," Open wide they stand for me! The celestial river clear, And the streets of gold I see! Thro' ^{the}



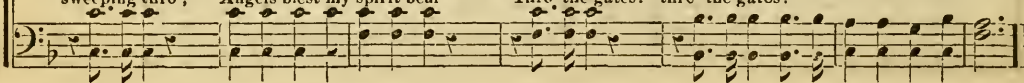
CHORUS.



blessed sound to hear, 'Tis the welcome of my Lord! He is calling from above, Calling me to my reward. } Sweeping thro'!
 music greets mine ear. Heaven opens to my view! I am ready to depart, I am bidding all adieu! } sweeping
 portals of the skies, I shall enter into rest! "I am sweeping thro' the gates," To the mansions of the blest. } Sweeping thro'



thro'! Angels blest my spirit bear Thro' the gates! thro' the gates! Pearly gates so bright and fair.
 sweeping thro', Angels blest my spirit bear Thro' the gates! thro' the gates!

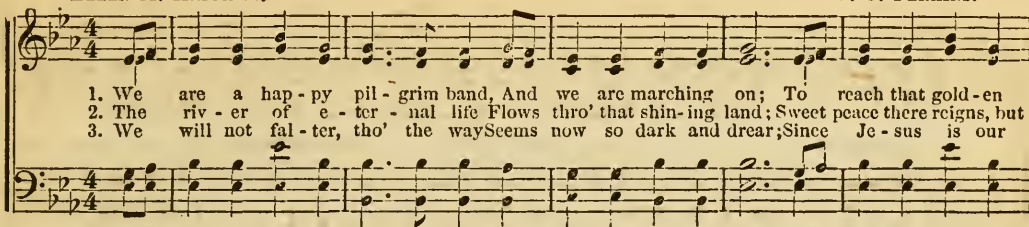


THE SHINING LAND.

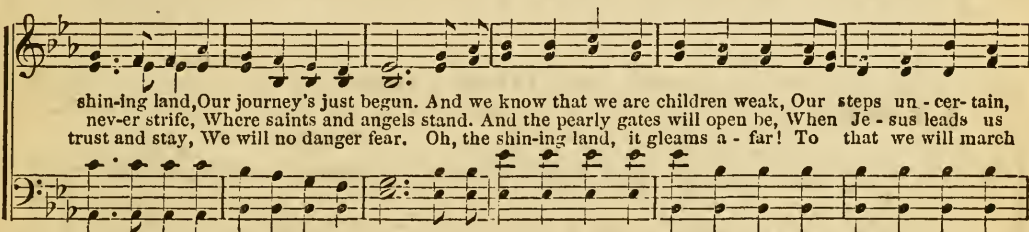
ELLEN M. HASTINGS.

W. O. PERKINS.

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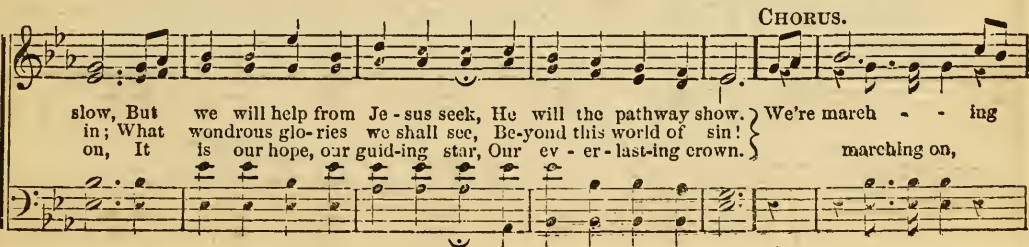


1. We are a hap - py pil - grim band, And we are marching on; To reach that gold - en
 2. The riv - er of e - ter - nal life Flows thro' that shin - ing land; Sweet peace there reigns, but
 3. We will not fal - ter, tho' the way Seems now so dark and drear; Since Je - sus is our



shin - ing land, Our journey's just begun. And we know that we are children weak, Our steps un - cer - tain,
 nev - er strife, Where saints and angels stand. And the pearly gates will open be, When Je - sus leads us
 trust and stay, We will no danger fear. Oh, the shin - ing land, it gleams a - far! To that we will march

CHORUS.



slow, But we will help from Je - sus seek, He will the pathway show. } We're march - - ing
 in; What wondrous glo - ries we shall see, Be - yond this world of sin! }
 on, It is our hope, our guid - ing star, Our ev - er - last - ing crown. } marching on,

THE SHINING LAND. Concluded.

on that shining land to find, We're march - ing on that shining land to find.
marching on, marching on, marching on,

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. It contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

THE BEAUTIFUL HOME.

C. H. GEORGE.

D. A. FRENCH.

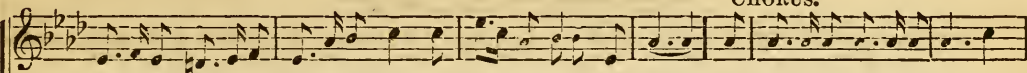
1. There's a beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful E - den a - bove, Where crys - tal wa - ters flow; And
2. There's a beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful ci - ty up there, Whose streets are paved with gold, And
3. There's a beau - ti - ful man - sion just o - ver the wave. For all who stem the tide; And the

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. It contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

THE BEAUTIFUL HOME. Concluded.

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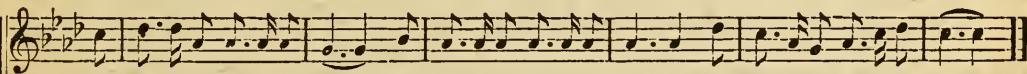
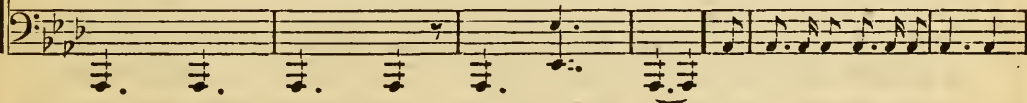
CHORUS.



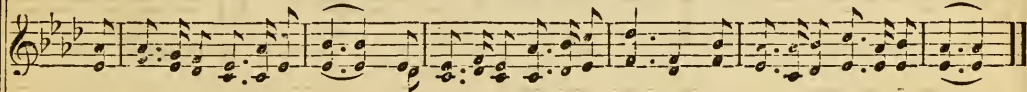
all are at-tired in that garden of love, In robes as white as snow. } The Spir- it is beck-on-ing thith-er,
Gabriel is guarding the entrance with care, For all who pass are en-rolled. } heav-en-ly ar-my is wait-ing the brave Up-on the oth-er side.



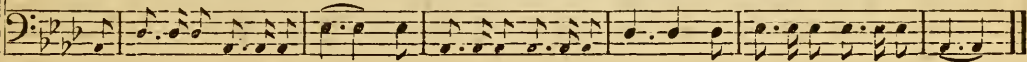
The Spir-it is beck-on-ing thith-er,



For us to be read-y to come; The an-gels still guard the broad river, And Jesus will pilot us home.



For us to be read-y to come; The an-gels still guard the broad river, And Jesus will pilot us home.



JESUS IS OUR SHEPHERD.

D. HAYDEN LLOYDE.

(CONCERT EXERCISE FOR SMALL CHILDREN.)

MOTTO SONG, with Recitations, for 18 little girls and boys, each contributing a letter, which the Superintendent receives and places upon a board, properly arranged, forming the beautiful Motto, "JESUS IS OUR SHEPHERD,"

1st. SUPERINTENDENT:—"Under the figure of Shepherd, in the Bible, Jesus is called, 'Our *Shepherd*,' 'Jehovah *Shepherd*,' 'The *Shepherd* of the Sheep,' 'The Way, the Door of the Sheepfold,' 'The Good *Shepherd*,' The Great *Shepherd*,' 'The Chief *Shepherd*,'"

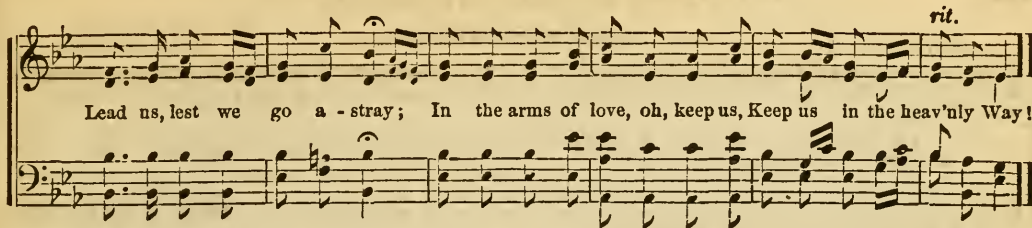
2d. RESPONSE BY THE SCHOOL.—"He shall gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom." "He shall feed his flock like a *Shepherd*." "The Lord is my *Shepherd*; I shall not want." "I am the good *Shepherd*;" "There shall be one Fold and one *Shepherd*."

3d.—SCHOOL sing first stanza of Song, after which the Recitations.

1. Je - sus says we all must love him, Help - less, just like lambs, are we; And he does so
 2. Heav'n - ly *Shep - herd*, wilt thou watch us, Guard us thro' the night and day? Pit - y show us,
 3. Keep us near thee, lest we wan - der; Wilt thou warn us from each snare? Teach our youthful

CHORUS.

kind - ly tell us That "OUR SHEPHERD" he will be.
 lit - tle chil - dren, We, like lambs, so of - ten stray. } Je - sus, ten - der *Shepherd*, lead us
 hearts to praise thee For thy kind and ten - der care. }



RECITATION:—J Stands for Jesus, our Shepherd and King,
 E The Example that he came to bring;
 S Is the Standard he taught us to bear;
 U The Unspeakable truths to declare;
 S Is the Sword his Spirit imparts;

 I Is the Image of Christ in our hearts;
 S Is the Shield from Satan and strife;

 O Is an Offering—the way unto life;
 U Understanding;—Oh, shun death and sin!
 R The Reward all the ransomed shall win;

 S Is Salvation, by God freely given;
 H Stands for Holiness, leading to heaven;
 E The Eternal rest Christ will provide;
 P Stands for Pardon thro' the One crucified;
 H Is the Home he has gone to prepare;
 E The Enjoyment the saints shall have there;
 R Is the Rescued through Jesus, our King;
 D Is the Death that knoweth no sting.

ONE DIVISION OF SCHOOL RECITE:—Jesus is our SHEPHERD,
 He claims us as his own;

THE OTHER DIVISION RECITE:— O Father, grant that we may chant
 His praises round thy throne!

ALL REPEAT:— JESUS IS OUR SHEPHERD.

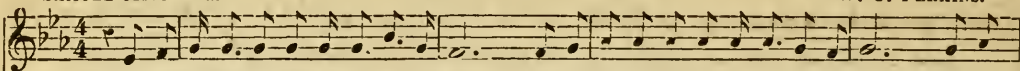
Sing 2d stanza of Song, then all read the 23d Psalm, after which close with 3d stanza.

LITTLE MINNIE O'ER THE RIVER.

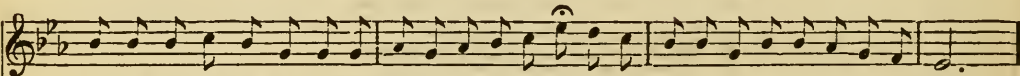
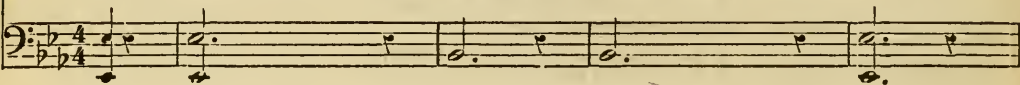
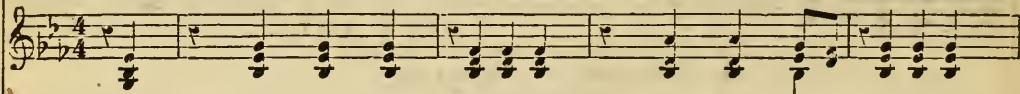
SAMUEL MITCHELL.

(SUITABLE FOR CONCERT.)

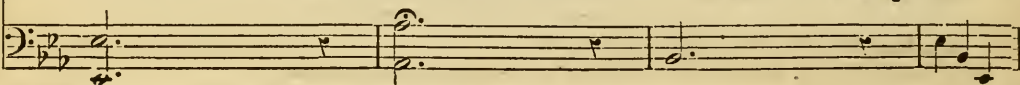
W. O. PERKINS.



1. Lit-tle Minnie,o'er the riv-er, is at home With her Saviour and her Giver, ne'er to roam; Where the
2. Lit-tle Minnie,o'er the riv-er, here below Oh, we miss you,as we journey to and fro! But we
3. Lit-tle Minnie,o'er the riv-er, gone before, Shall we meet you when the storms of life are o'er? When we've



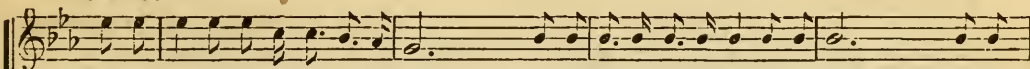
golden gates are swinging, There, with angels, she is singing; Minnie, darling, o'er the riv-er, Is at home.
 hope in heav'n to meet you, With the seraph band to greet you, Clad in garments pure and spotless As the snow.
 left this world for- ev-er, And have cross'd the sil-ver river, Will you greet us, Minnie, on the Other shore?



LITTLE MINNIE O'ER THE RIVER. Concluded.

137

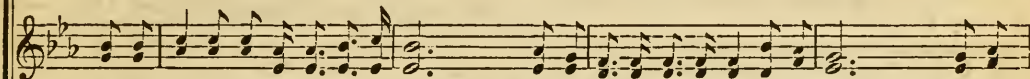
CHORUS.



We shall all join our Minnie, o - ver there,

If the gates are left a - jar o - ver there;

While our



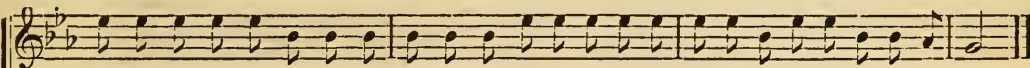
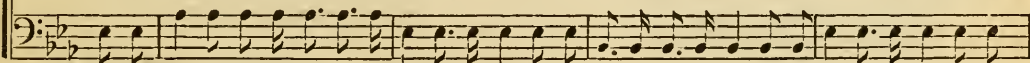
We shall all join our Minnie, o - ver there,

If the gates are left a - jar o - ver there;

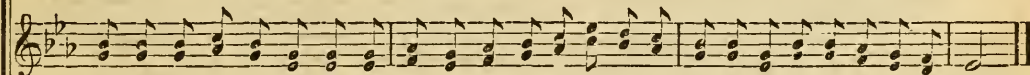
While our

o-ver there,

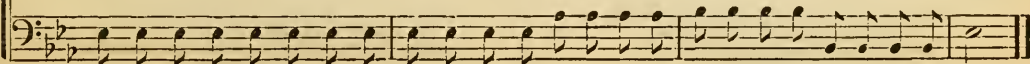
o-ver there,



tri- bute we are bringing, And with an-gels we are singing, Heav'nly music will be ringing O- ver there.



tri- bute we are bringing, And with an-gels we are singing, Heav'nly music will be ringing O- ver there.



JESUS, THE ROCK OF AGES.

CONCERT EXERCISE.

EDMUND CLARK, in "National Sunday School Teacher."

Arr. by H. S. P.

EXPLANATION:—Prepare an arch (any size, preserving the proportions,) of wood, painted white, or covered with flowers and evergreens. Before commencing, place the word, "Jesus" upon the upper part of the arch, in the centre. The letters, made of pasteboard covered with evergreens or flowers, will be handed to the Superintendent at the proper time, forming the words "The Rock of Ages," which will extend the entire length of the arch. The Exercise will require nineteen scholars.

1st.—Singing by the whole School: "Jesus is calling you," page 93.

RECITATION.—FIRST SCHOLAR: "And thou shalt call his name JESUS; for he shall save his people from their sins."—MATT. 1: 21.

CLASS RECITE:

"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;—
The glories of my God and King,
The triumph of his grace."

SECOND SCHOLAR: "Who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high."—HEB. 1: 3.

CLASS:

"His deep distress has raised us high;
His duty and his zeal
Fulfilled the law which mortals broke,
And finished all thy will."

THIRD SCHOLAR: "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."—ACTS 5: 12.

CLASS:

"Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace."

FOURTH SCHOLAR: "Wherefore God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name above every one."—PHIL. 2: 9.

CLASS:

"He is our life, our joy, our strength,
In him all glories meet;
He is a shade above our heads,
A light to guide our feet."

FIFTH SCHOLAR: "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you; continue in my love."—JOHN 15: 9.

CLASS:

"Jesus, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music in my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear."

SIXTH SCHOLAR: "That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."—PHIL. 2: 10-11.

CLASS:

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fears."

THE WHOLE SCHOOL SING: "Following Jesus," p. 108.

SUPT: "We have presented to you the name of Jesus; will you tell us what are some of his most prominent characteristics, as displayed in his life?"

SEVENTH SCHOLAR: (Presenting T.) "He was TRUE."

EIGHTH SCHO.: (Presenting H.) "He was HUMBLE."

NINTH SCHO.: (Presenting E.) "He was EXALTED."

TENTH SCHO.: (Presenting R.) "He was RIGHTEOUS."

ELEVENTH SCHO.: (Presenting O.) "He was OBEDIENT to the Father"

TWELFTH SCHO.: (Presenting C.) "He was COMPASSIONATE."

THIRTEENTH SCHO.: (Presenting K.) "He was KIND."

SCHOOL SING: "The Rock that is higher than I." p. 128.

FOURTEENTH SCHO.: (Presenting O.) "He was OMNIPOTENT."

FIFTEENTH SCHO.: (Presenting F.) "He was FORGIVING."

SIXTEENTH SCHO.: (Presenting A.) "He was ANOINTED."

SEVENTEENTH SCHO.: (Presenting G.) "He was GLORIFIED."

EIGHTEENTH SCHO.: (Presenting E.) "He was given for our EXAMPLE."

TWENTIETH SCHO.: (Presenting S.) "He was SPOTLESS."

CLASS RECITE:

"On lips of bard and scroll of seer,
From age to age went down the name;
Until the Shiloh's promised year,
And CHRIST, THE ROCK OF AGES, came."

SCHOOL SING:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Save from wrath and make me pure."

"IF I WERE A VOICE." Chant.

1. If I were a voice, a persuasive voice, That could travel the..... wide world through,
 2. I would fly o'er land and sea, Where a human..... heart might be,
 3. If I were a voice, a consoling voice, I would fly on the wings..... wings of the air;
 4. I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day, And point to the..... realms a - bove;

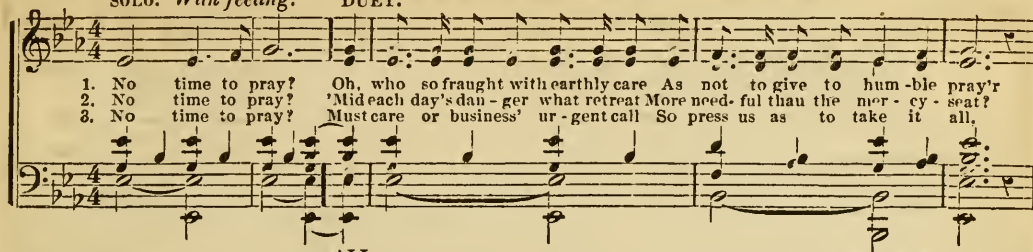
I would fly on the wings of the morning light, And speak to men with a..... gen - tle might,
 I would tell them a tale, or sing them a song In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong,
 The houses of sorrow and guilt I'd seek, And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
 I would fly, I would fly over city and town, And drop like happy sun - light down,

And tell them to be true, And tell them to be true.
 And tell them to be good, And tell them to be good.
 And whis - per of sweet hope, And whis - per of sweet hope.
 And whis - per, "God is love!" And whis - per, "God is love!"

Chanting Style, tempo ad lib. "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you."—JAMES 4: 8.

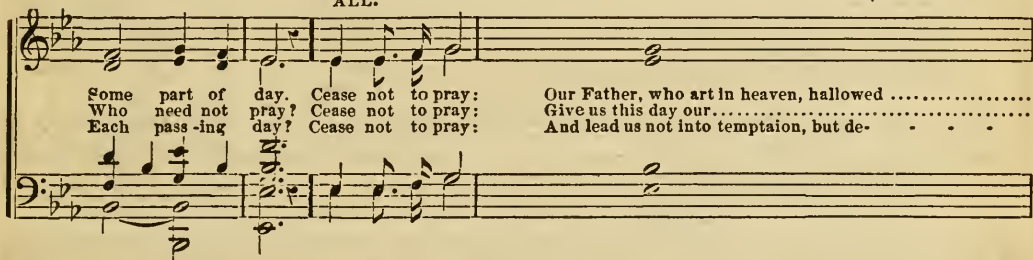
SOLO. *With feeling.*

DUET.

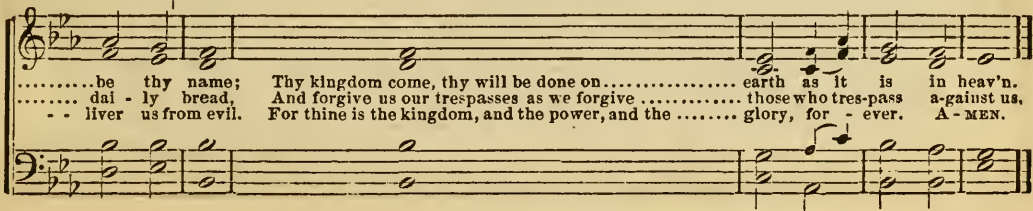


1. No time to pray? Oh, who so fraught with earthly care As not to give to hum-ble pray'r
 2. No time to pray? 'Mid each day's dan-ger what retreat More need-ful than the mer-cy-seat?
 3. No time to pray? Must care or business' ur-gent call So press us as to take it all.

ALL.



Some part of day. Cease not to pray: Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed
 Who need not pray? Cease not to pray: Give us this day our
 Each pass-ing day? Cease not to pray: And lead us not into temptaion, but de- . . .



.....be thy name; Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heav'n.
 dai-ly bread, And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who tres-pass a-against us,
 - - - liver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - ever. A - MEN.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. Chant.

H. S. PERKINS.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed..... be thy name,
 2. Give us this day our dal - ly bread,
 3. And lead us not into temptation, but de- - - - - liver us from evil.

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on..... earth as it is in heaven.
 And forgive us our debts as..... we for - give our debtors.
 For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - ever, A - MEN. A - MEN.

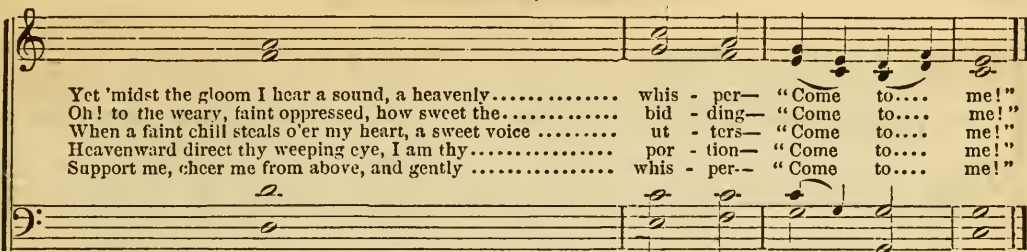
"COME TO ME" Hymn Chant.

W. O. P.

1. With tearful eyes I look around, Life seems a dark and..... storm - y sea,
 2. It tells me of a place of rest—It tells me where my soul may flee;
 3. When nature shudders, loth to part From all I love, en- - - - - joy and see;
 4. Come, for all else must fail and die, Earth is no resting- - - - - place for thee,
 5. Oh, voice of mercy! voice of love! in conflict, grief and a - go - ny,

COME TO ME, Concluded.

143

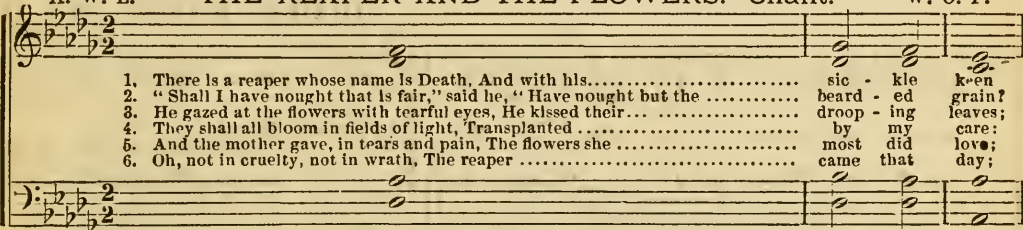


Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound, a heavenly..... whis - per— "Come to.... me!"
 Oh! to the weary, faint oppressed, how sweet the..... bid - ding— "Come to.... me!"
 When a faint chill steals o'er my heart, a sweet voice ut - ters— "Come to.... me!"
 Heavenward direct thy weeping eye, I am thy..... por - tion— "Come to.... me!"
 Support me, cheer me from above, and gently whis - per— "Come to.... me!"

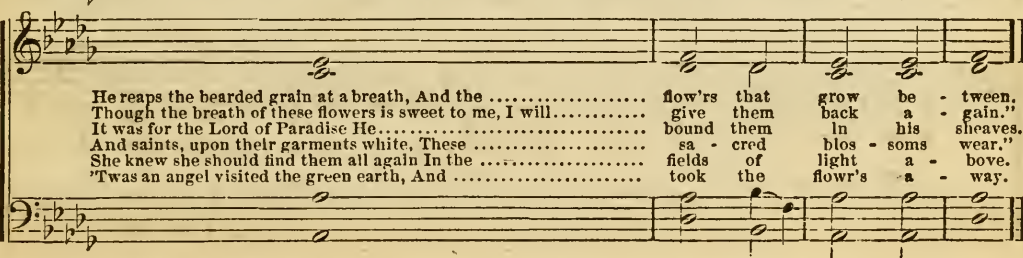
H. W. L.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS. Chant.

W. O. P.



1. There is a reaper whose name is Death, And with his..... sic - kle keen
 2. "Shall I have nought that is fair," said he, "Have nought but the beard - ed grain?
 3. He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes, He kissed their... droop - ing leaves;
 4. They shall all bloom in fields of light, Transplanted by my care:
 5. And the mother gave, in tears and pain, The flowers she most did love;
 6. Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath, The reaper came that day;



He reaps the bearded grain at a breath, And the flow'rs that grow be - tween.
 Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me, I will..... give them back a - gain."
 It was for the Lord of Paradise He..... bound them in his sheaves.
 And saints, upon their garments white, These sa - cred blos - soms wear."
 She knew she should find them all again In the fields of light a - bove.
 'Twas an angel visited the green earth, And took the flow'rs a - way.

BENEDICTION.

(CLOSING.)

H. S. P.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the....love of God, And the communion of the Holy Ghost be

with us all, now and ev - er - more, A - MEN.

GLORIA PATRI. **

Glory be to the Father, }
and } to the Son, and

to the Ho - ly Ghost; { As it was in the beginning, is }
now, and } ev - er shall be, world without end, A - MEN.

DEVOTIONAL SONGS.

143

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. (Bethany.)

MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, Day - light all gone, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
 3. Or, if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon and stars for - got,

That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
 My rest a stone, Yet, in my dreams, I'd be Near - er, my
 Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be Near - er, my

God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

ALL HAIL THE POWER. (Coronation.)

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring
 2. You chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, — A rem - nant weak and small, — Hail
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball, To

forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all, Bring
 him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all, Hail
 him all ma - jes - ty a - scribe, And crown him Lord of all, To

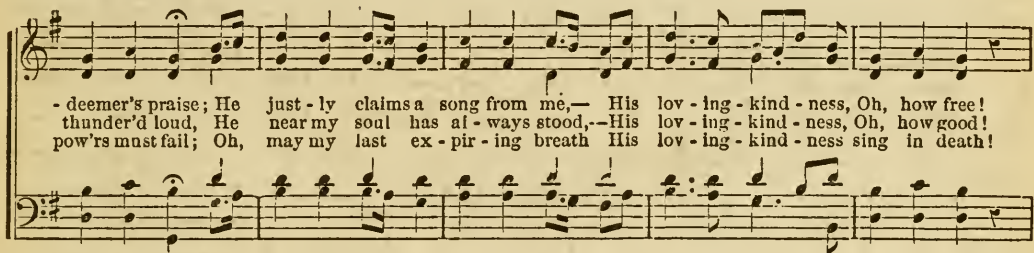
forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord..... of all.
 him who save you by his grave, And crown him Lord..... of all.
 him all ma - jes - ty a - scribe, And crown him Lord..... of all.

LOVING-KINDNESS.


147



1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing the great Re-
 2. When trou - ble, like a gloom - y cloud, Has gath - er'd thick and
 3. Soon shall I pass the gloom - y vale, Soon all my mor - tal



- deemer's praise; He just - ly claims a song from me, — His lov - ing - kind - ness, Oh, how free!
 thunder'd loud, He near my soul has al - ways stood, — His lov - ing - kind - ness, Oh, how good!
 pow'r's must fail; Oh, may my last ex - pir - ing breath His lov - ing - kind - ness sing in death!



Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing - kindness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, — Oh, how free!
 Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing - kindness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, — Oh, how good!
 Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing - kindness, His lov - ing - kind - ness Sing in death!

1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home:
 2. What tho' the tempests rage? Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil-grimage, Heav'n is my home:
 3. There, at my Saviour's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glo-ri-fied, Heav'n is my home:

Dan-gers and sorrows stand Round me on ev-ry hand; Heav'n is my fa-therland; Heav'n is my home.
 And time's wild wint'ry blast Soon will be o-ver past; I shall reach home at last; Heav'n is my home.
 There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best, There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

GREENVILLE.

ROUSSEAU. *Fine.*

1. { Come, thou fount of ev-ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to grate-ful lays; }
 { Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise; }
 D. C. Fill my soul with sa-cred pleas-ure, While I sing re-deem-ing love,
 2. { Je-sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wan-d'ring from the fold of God, }
 { He, to save my soul from dan-ger, In-ter-posed his pre-cious blood: }
 D. C. Life and health and peace po-ssess-ing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.

GREENVILLE. Concluded.

149

D. C.

Teach me some me - lo - dious mea - sure, Sung by rap - tur'd saints a - bove;
 Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;

GENTLY, LORD. (Autumn.)

Moderato.

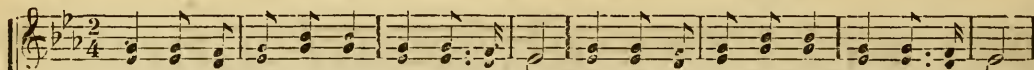
1. Gen - tly, Lord, O gently lead us, Thro' this lonely vale of tears; Thro' the changes thou'st decreed us,
 D.S. Let thy goodness nev - er fail us,
2. In the hour of pain and anguish, In the hour when death draws near, Suf - fer not our hearts to languish,
 D.S. Till, by an - gel bands at - tend - ed,

Fine.

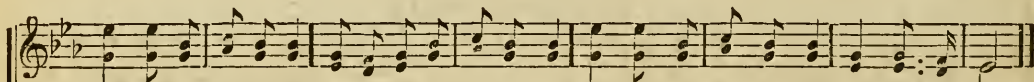
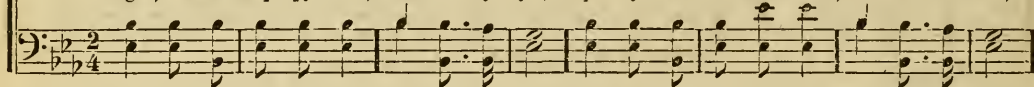
D. S. al Fine.

Till our last great change appears; When temptation's darts assail us, When in de - vious paths we stray,
 Lead us in thy per - fect way.
 Suf - fer not our souls to fear; And, when mortal life is end - ed, May we on thy bo - som rest;
 We awake among the blest.

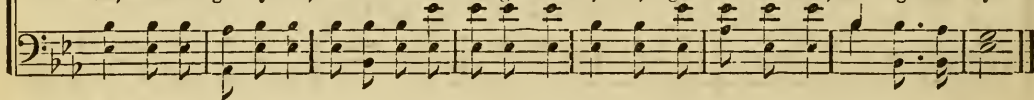
THERE IS A HAPPY LAND. 6s, 4s & 7s.



1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day;
2. Come to the hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will ye doubting stand, Why still de - lay?
3. Bright, in that hap - py land, Beams ev - ry eye; Kept by a Fa - ther's hand, Love can - not die;

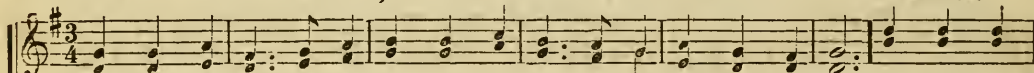


Oh, how they sweetly sing, Worthy is our Saviour-King, Loud let his prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye.
 Oh, we shall hap-py be, When, from sin and sorrow free, Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest, blest for aye.
 Oh, then to glo-ry run, Be a crown and kingdom won; And, bright above the sun, We reign for aye.

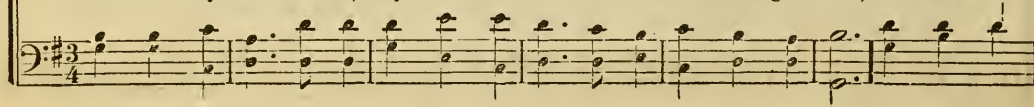


COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

"AMERICA."



1. Come, thou Al-might-ty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Fa-ther, all-
2. Come ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-



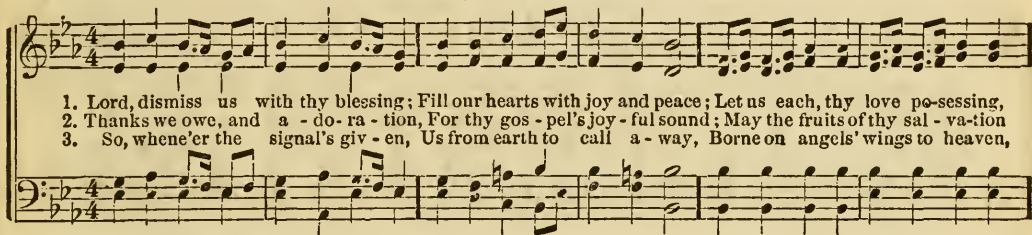
COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING. Concluded.

131

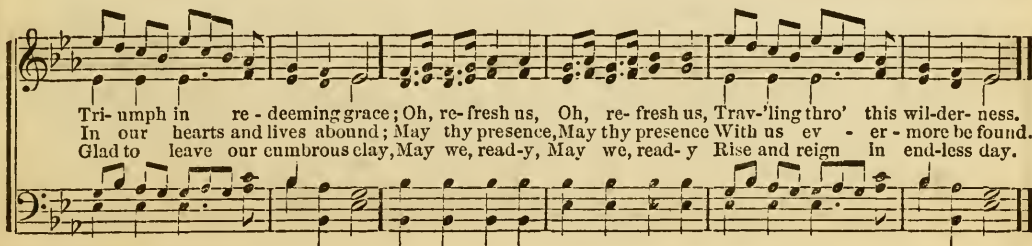


glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.
- might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.

LORD, DISMISS US.

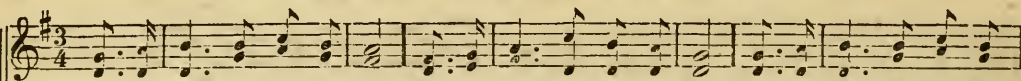


1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, thy love pos - sessing,
2. Thanks we owe, and a - do - ra - tion, For thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound; May the fruits of thy sal - va - tion
3. So, whene'er the signal's giv - en, Us from earth to call a - way, Borne on angels' wings to heaven,

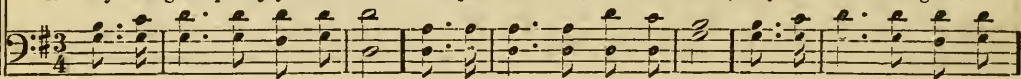


Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace; Oh, re - fresh us, Oh, re - fresh us, Trav - ling thro' this wil - der - ness.
In our hearts and lives abound; May thy presence, May thy presence With us ev - er - more be found.
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay, May we, read - y, May we, read - y Rise and reign In end - less day.

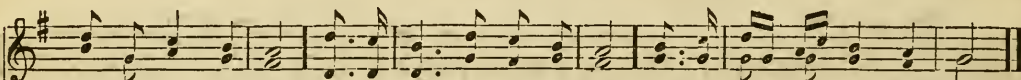
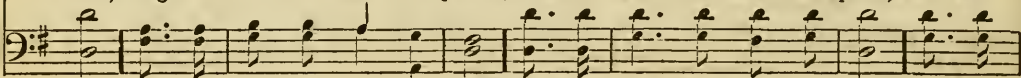
SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK.



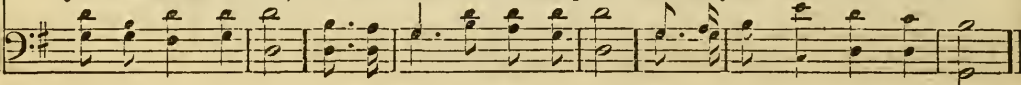
1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a bless - ing
2. While we seek supplies of grace, Thro' the dear Redeem - er's name, Show thy re - con - cil - ing
3. Here we're come thy name to praise, Let us feel thy pres - ence near; May thy glo - ry meet our
4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com - fort saints, May the fruits of grace a -

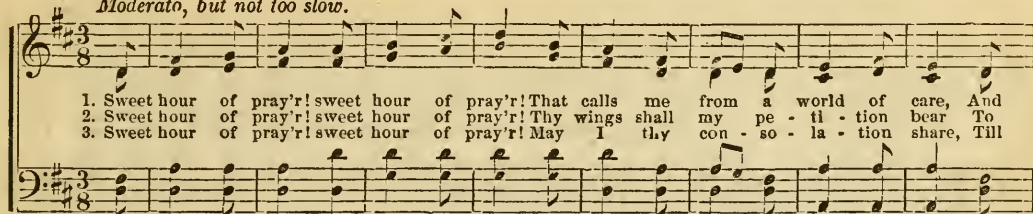


seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day; Day of all the week the best, Em - blem
face, Take a - way our sin and shame; From our world - ly cares set free, May we
eyes, While we in thy house ap - pear; Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste, Of our
- bound, Bring re - lief for all com - plaints; Such let all our Sab - baths prove, Till we



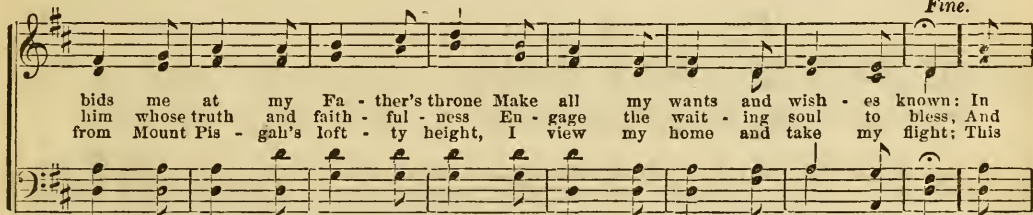
of e - ter - nal rest; Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.
rest this day in thee, From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.
ev - er - last - ing feast, Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
join the church a - bove, Such let all our Sabbaths prove Till we join the church a - bove.



Moderato, but not too slow.


1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care, And
 2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear, And
 3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy con - so - la - tion share, Till

D. C. And oft es - cap'd the tempt - er's snare By thy re - turn, sweet hour of pray'r; And
 D. C. I'll cast on him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r! I'll
 D. C. And shout, while pass - ing thro' the air,—"Fare - well, fare - well, sweet hour of pray'r And

Fine.


bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known: In
 him whose truth and faith - ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless, And
 from Mount Pis - gal's loft - ty height, I view my home and take my flight; This

oft es - cap'd the tempt - er's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of pray'r!
 cast on him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r!
 shout, while pass - ing thro' the air,—"Fare - well, fare - well, sweet hour of pray'r!"

D. C.


sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief;
 since he bids me seek his face, Be - lieve his word, and seek his grace,
 robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;

G. J. WEBB.

1. The morn'ing light is break - ing, The darkness dis - ap - pears, The sons of earth are wak - ing To
 2. See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love; And thousand hearts as - cend - ing In

D. S. Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre -
 D. S. And seek the Sa - viour's blessing—A

pen - i - ten - tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far,
 grat - i - tude a - bove; While sin - ners now con - fess - ing The Gos - pel call o - bey,

-pared for Zi - on's war.
 na - tion in a day.

HYMN.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Ye soldiers of the cross!
 Lift high his royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss;
 From victory unto victory
 His army he shall lead,
 Till ev'ry foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song;
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of Glory
 Shall reign eternally.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

133

♩ CHORUS.

1. { Oh, happy day, that fix'd my choice On thee, my Sa-viour, and my God; } Hap - py day, hap - py
 2. { Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a - broad. }
 2. { High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow That vow renew'd shall dai-ly hear; } Hap - py day, hap - py
 2. { Till in life's lat - est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear. }

d. s. Hap - py day, hap - py

Ena. day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoicing ev'ry day,
D.S.
 day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away.

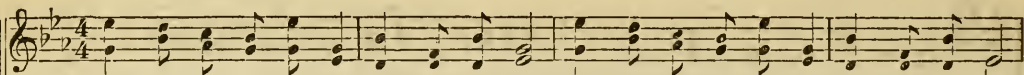
HYMN.

- 1 Sweet is the work, my God and King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
 To show thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.
 CHO.—Happy day, &c.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal care shall seize my breast;
 Ah, may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp, of solemn sound.—CHO.

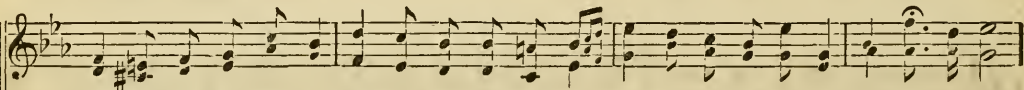
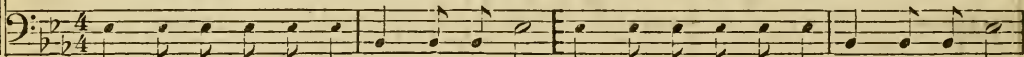
- 3 When grace has purified my heart,
 Then I shall share a glorious part;
 And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.—CHO.
- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
 All I desired or wished below;
 And every power find sweet employ
 In that immortal world of joy.—CHO.

KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

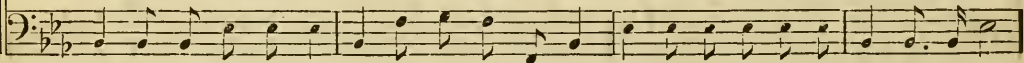
C. W. HARRIS. By per.



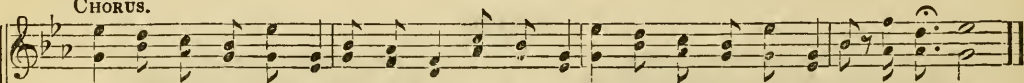
1. Kind words can nev - er die, Cherished and blest, God knows how deep they lie Stored in the breast;
2. Childhood can nev - er die; Wrecks of the past Float o'er the mem - o - ry, Bright to the last;
3. Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, Tho', like the flow'rs, Their brightest hues may fly In win - try hours;
4. Our souls can nev - er die, Tho' in the tomb We may all have to lie, Wrapt in its gloom;



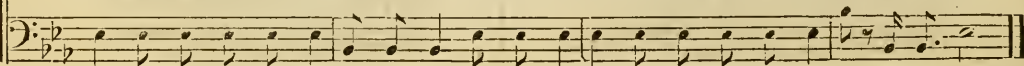
Like childhood's simple rhymes, Said o'er a thousand times, Go thro' all years and climes, The heart to cheer.
 Ma - ny a hap - py thing, Ma - ny a dai - sy spring, Float o'er time's ceaseless wing, Far, far a - way.
 But, when the gen - tle dew Gives them their charms anew, With many an ad - ded hue, They bloom again.
 What tho' the flesh de - cay, Souls pass in peace a - way, Live thro' e - ter - nal day With Christ above.



CHORUS.



Kind words can nev - er die, Nev - er die, nev - er die, Kind words can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.
 Child - hood can nev - er die, Nev - er die, nev - er die, Childhood can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.
 Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, Nev - er die, nev - er die, Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.
 Our souls can nev - er die, Nev - er die, nev - er die, Our souls can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.



HOMEWARD BOUND.

137

Fine.

1. { Out on an o - cean all bound - less we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound ; }
 Toss'd on the waves of a rough, rest - less tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound ; }
 D. c. Prom - ise of which on us each he bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

D. C.
 Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we've rode, Seek - ing our Fa - ther's ce - les - tial a - bode,

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars—
 We're homeward bound;
 Look! yonder lie the bright, heavenly shores—
 We're homeward bound;
 Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel—
 Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale,
 Oh, how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail!—
 We're homeward bound.

3 Into the harbor of heaven we glide—
 We're home at last;
 Softly we drift o'er its bright, silver tide—
 We're home at last;
 Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
 We stand secure on the glorified shore;
 Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
 We're home home at last.

OUR LABORS ARE OVER. (Sweet Home.)

Sung by I. B. SANKEY, in England.

1. { Our la - bors are o - ver, and we must be gone, } { Be watch - ful and pray'rful, and Je - sus will }
 { We leave you not friendless to strug - gle a - - lone; } { Keep close to the Sa - viour, let him lead the }

D.S. Prepare us, dear Saviour, for hea - ven, our

Fine.

1 2 D.S.

stay; } Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 (omit.....) way. }

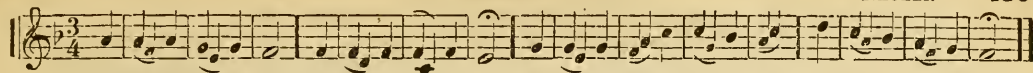
home.

2 Peace, peace be within you—the peace of our Lord;
 Look up to thy Father thro' his Holy Word;
 Be faithful and trusting where'er you may roam,
 Till called by the Saviour to heaven your home.
 CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 Prepare us, dear Saviour, for heaven, our home.

- 1 'Mid scenes of confusion, and creature complaints,
 How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
 To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
 And feel, in the presence of Jesus, at home;
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.
- 2 Sweet bonds that nite all the children of peace!
 And thrice blessed Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
 Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
 I long to behold thee in glory, at home.
 Home, home, etc.
- 3 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
 Oh, give me submission, and strength as my day;

In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
 Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
 Home, home, etc.

- 4 Whate'er thou deniest, oh, give me thy grace,
 The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
 Inspire me with patience to wait at thy throne,
 And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.
 Home, home, etc.
- 5 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,—
 No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,—
 And in thy dear image to rise from the tomb,
 With glorified millions to praise thee at home.
 Home, home, etc.

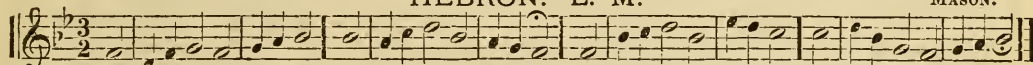


1 How gentle God's commands,
How kind his precepts are;
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

HEBRON. L. M.

MASON.

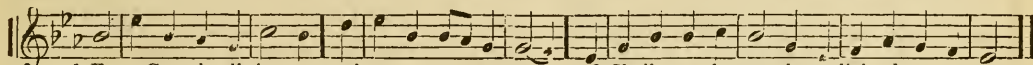
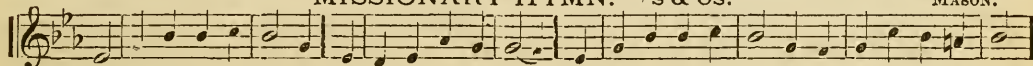


1 Thus far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

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MASON.

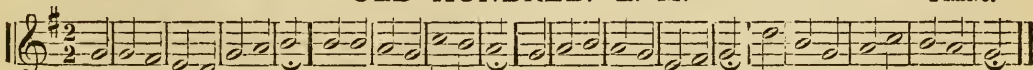


1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to man benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

FRANC.



1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

A little talk with Jesus.	58	In that beautiful heav'n	106	Thanks be to God.....	8
A happy New Year...	116	Jesus, how dear thou..	54	The angels love us	18
A song of home	78	Jesus is calling you....	93	The beautiful story....	112
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As wandering on life's	39	Jesus, only Jesus.....	73	The Christmas chimes..	23
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Celebration song	126	Let us sing praises.	66	The Sabbath Day	84
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